THE

CHILDREN'S HYMNAL,

WITH TUNES.

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Pott, Young & Co., Cooper Union.
—
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THE

CHILDREN'S HYMNAL,

WITH TUNES.

L John Ireland Tucker. COMP.

NEW YORK:
F. J. HUNTINGTON AND CO., 107 DUANE ST.
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MDCCCLXXVII

*** The Hymns contained in this volume are also printed in a cheap form, but very neatly, in a little book by themselves, without music, and with Prayers and Offices for opening and closing Sunday Schools.

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New York, November, 1874.

Lange, Little & Co.,
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PREFACE.

This Hymnal, as its name implies, is intended for the use of children. And as children may be disposed to sing Sacred music more frequently than on *one* day of the week, the book has been compiled and arranged with the hope that it may find its way into the Day, as well as the Sunday-School; and may meet with a favourable reception even in the Home-circle. Accordingly I have allowed myself a broad range in the selection of words and music, in order to bring the Hymnal within the reach of the little ones and children of a larger growth, not excluding even the "young men and maidens."

Several Hymns, which, possibly may be missed, are omitted as being too catechetical, and not sufficiently lyrical in their structure, to admit of musical treatment, being, in my opinion, better fitted to be *said* than *sung*.

Among contributors of original music composed expressly for the children's Hymnal, I mention with pleasure and cordial thanks the Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc.; Messrs. E. J. Hopkins, John Hullah, and Richard Redhead; H. S. Cutler, Mus. Doc.; W. B. Gilbert, Mus. Bac.; J. H. Cornell, Wm. Dressler, Otis R. Greene, Harrison Millard, Geo. W. Warren, S. P. Warren, and Henry Wilson.

As on previous occasions, I have been kindly and ably assisted by my friends, Mr. W. W. Rousseau and Dr. Walter. Special acknowledgments are due to Dr. Walter for his careful supervision of the book through the press, and for other valuable aid furnished by his high professional skill.

The publishers, Messrs. F. J. Huntington and Company, have helped to make this Hymnal the more attractive by the introduction of illustrations, hoping with me thereby not only to please but train the eye by presenting objects of beauty, while at the same time teaching the mind and moving the heart.

I may add that this Hymnal is the result of daily intercourse with children for many years, and is the evidence of mutual love and respect. It is the proof of my affection and reverence for those of whom our Blessed Lord declared: "Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." It is the sign, too, of my earnest endeavours to bring other dear children, besides those who are committed to my own spiritual charge, to the loving Saviour that He may "embrace them with the arms of His mercy, give unto them the blessing of eternal life, and make them partakers of His everlasting Kingdom."

J. IRELAND TUCKER.

Parsonage of The Holy Cross,
Troy, N. Y., St. Matthew's Day, 1874.

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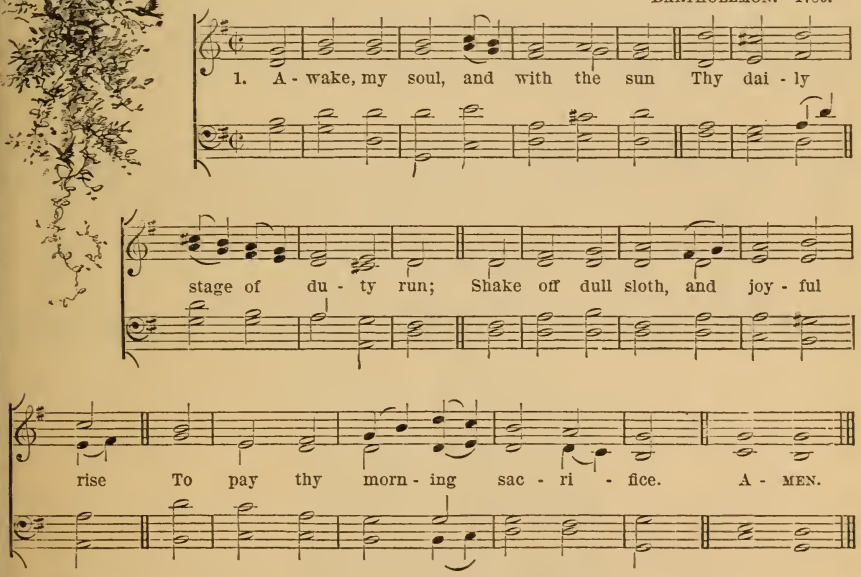
I Awake, my soul, and with the sun.

BARTHOLEMON. 1780.


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly
stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful
rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice. A - MEN.

2 Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the Eternal King.

3 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you may on my GOD attend.

4 All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

5 LORD, I my vows to Thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

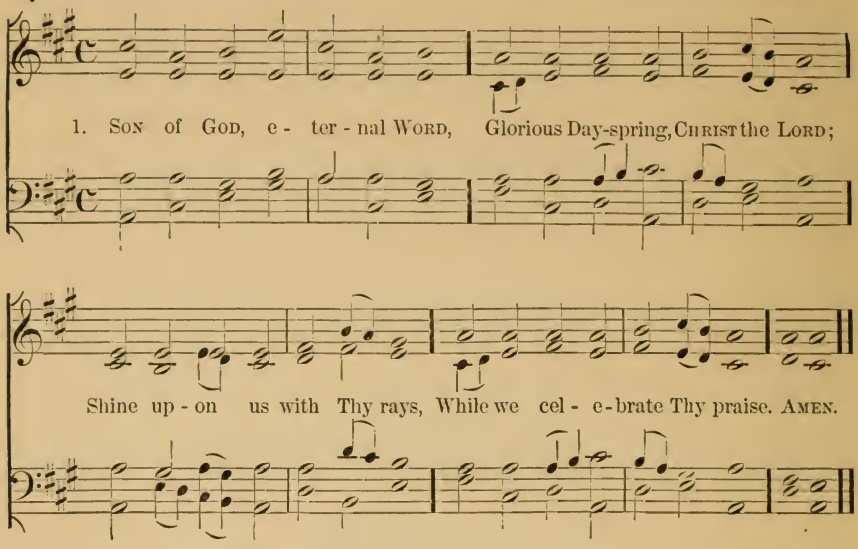
6 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

7 Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

AMEN.

4† Son of God, eternal Word.

J. Rudolph Ahle, 1664.


1. Son of God, e - ter - nal Word, Glorious Day-spring, Christ the Lord;
Shine up - on us with Thy rays, While we cel - e - brate Thy praise. Amen.

2 When Thou didst arise from death,
We were quicken'd by Thy breath;
We arose with Thee, our Head,
First-begotten from the dead.

3 Send to us the Holy Ghost,
Give the light of Pentecost;
That we may for ever bless
Thee, the Sun of Righteousness.

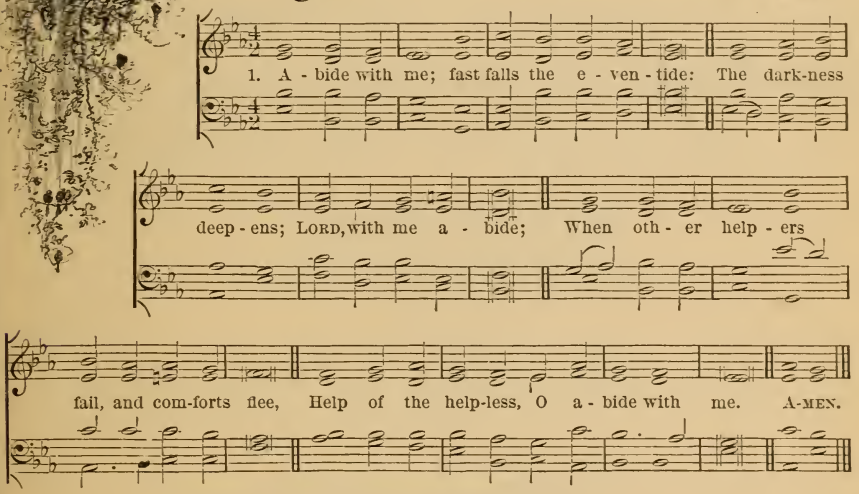
4 Keep us safe from harm and sin,
Foes around us and within;
May we know Thee ever nigh,
Ever walk as in Thine eye.

5 Lead us onward, Lord, we pray,
To the pure and perfect day,
Where we may the glory see
Of the Blessèd Trinity.

6 Glory to the Father be
Glory, Light of Light to Thee;
With the Father and the Son
Praise the Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

5 Abide with me.

W. H. MONK.


1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide: The dark-ness
deep - ens; LORD, with me a - bide; When oth - er help - ers
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me. A-MEN.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

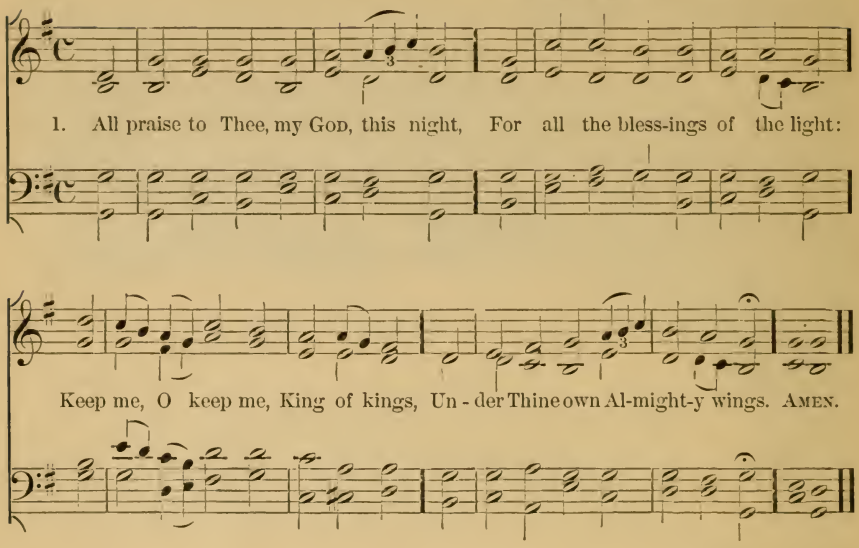
3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting, where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me. AMEN.

6 All praise to Thee, my God, this night.

A popular version of TALLIS' *Canon.*


1. All praise to Thee, my GOD, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Un - der Thine own Al-might-y wings. AMEN.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear SON,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful Day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close:
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my GOD, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

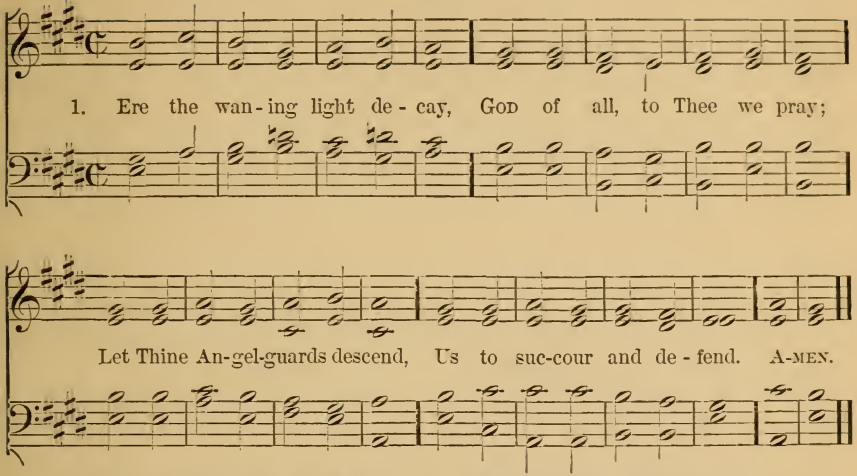
6 Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

AMEN.

Ere the waning light decay.

7

First Tune. C. E. Willing.



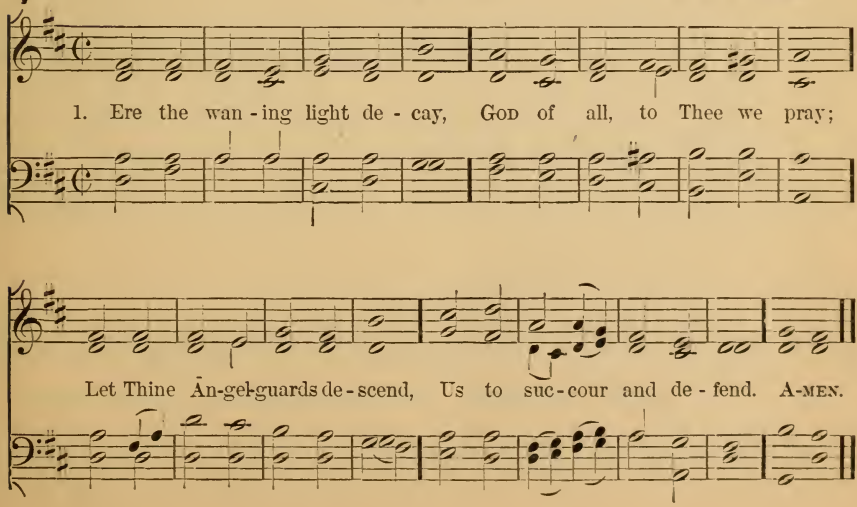
2 Guard from dreams that may affright,
Guard from terrors of the night;
Guard from foes, without, within,
Outward danger, inward sin.

3 Mindful of our only stay,
Duly thus to Thee we pray;
Duly thus to Thee we raise
Solemn hymns of grateful praise.

4 Hear our prayer, Almighty King!
Hear our praises while we sing!
Hymning with the heavenly Host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

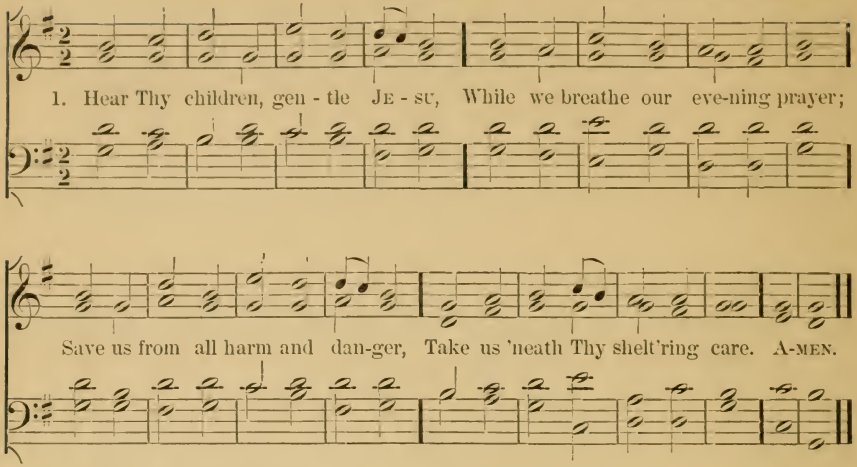
7*

Second Tune. J. W. A. Cluett.



8 Hear Thy children, gentle Jesu.

FIRST TUNE. PETER VON WINTER, 1825.


1. Hear Thy children, gen - tle Je - su, While we breathe our eve-ning prayer;
Save us from all harm and dan-ger, Take us 'neath Thy shelt'ring care. A-men.

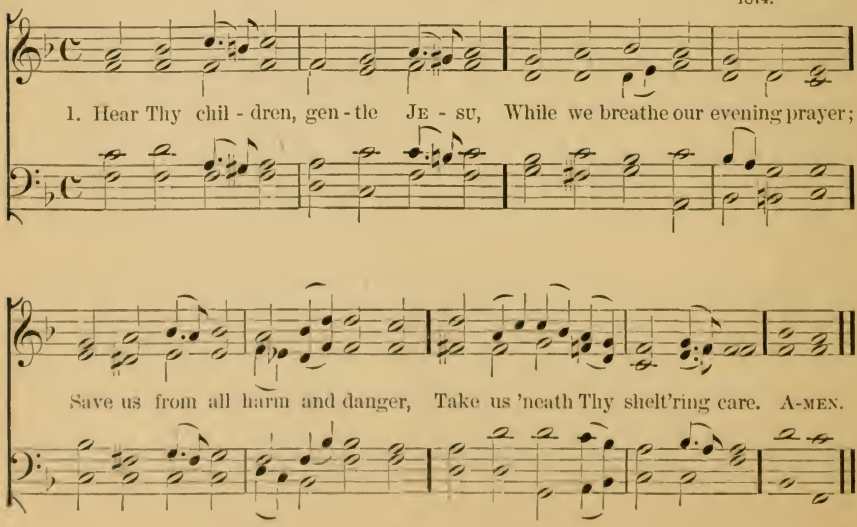
2 Save us from the wiles of Satan,
'Mid the lone and sleepful night;
Sweetly may bright Guardian Angels
Keep us 'neath their watchful sight.

3 Gentle Jesu, look in pity
From Thy great white throne above,
All the night Thy Heart is watchful,
Never close Thine eyes of love.

4 Shades of even fast are falling,
Day is fading into gloom;
When the shades of death fall round us
Lead Thine exiled children Home. Amen.

8†

SECOND TUNE. W. H. WALTER. 1874.

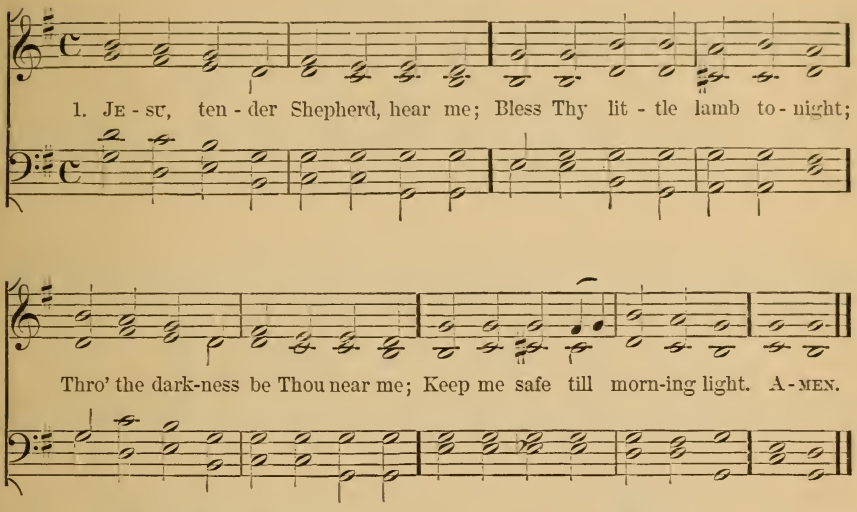

1. Hear Thy chil - dren, gen - tle Je - su, While we breathe our evening prayer;
Save us from all harm and danger, Take us 'neath Thy shelt'ring care. A-men.

Jesu, tender Shepherd, hear me.

9

From "Sacred Musical Cabinet."

First Tune.

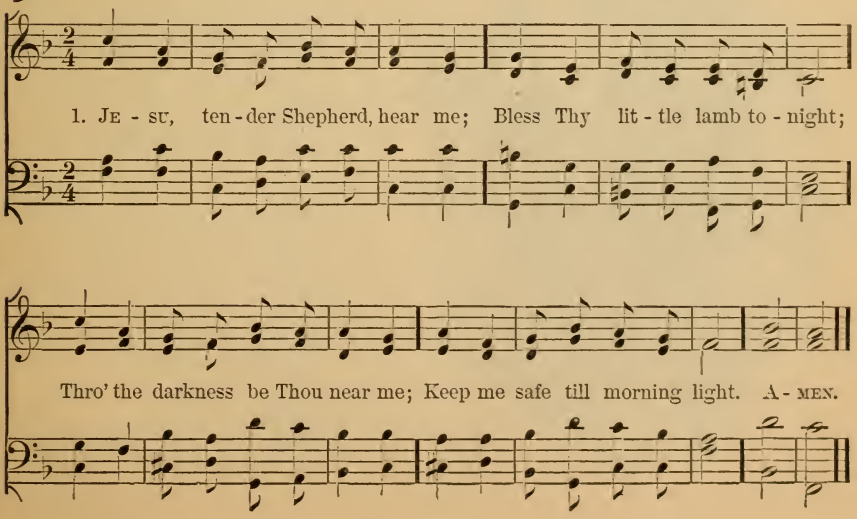

1. Je - su, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
Thro' the dark-ness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morn-ing light. A - men.

2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer!

3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us all at last to Heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell. Amen.

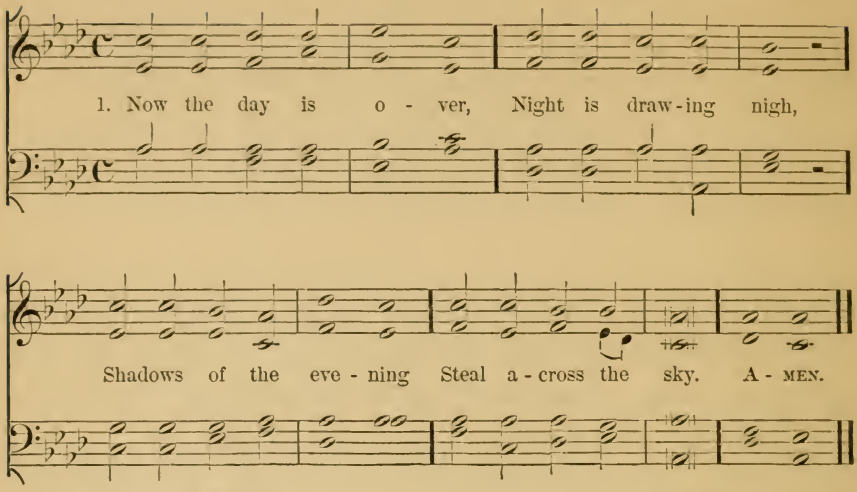
9 ✢

Second Tune. W. H. Walter, 1874.


1. Je - su, ten - der Shepherd, hear me; Bless Thy lit - tle lamb to - night;
Thro' the darkness be Thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light. A - men.

10 Now the day is over.

Rev. S. Baring Gould.



2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With Thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain,
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

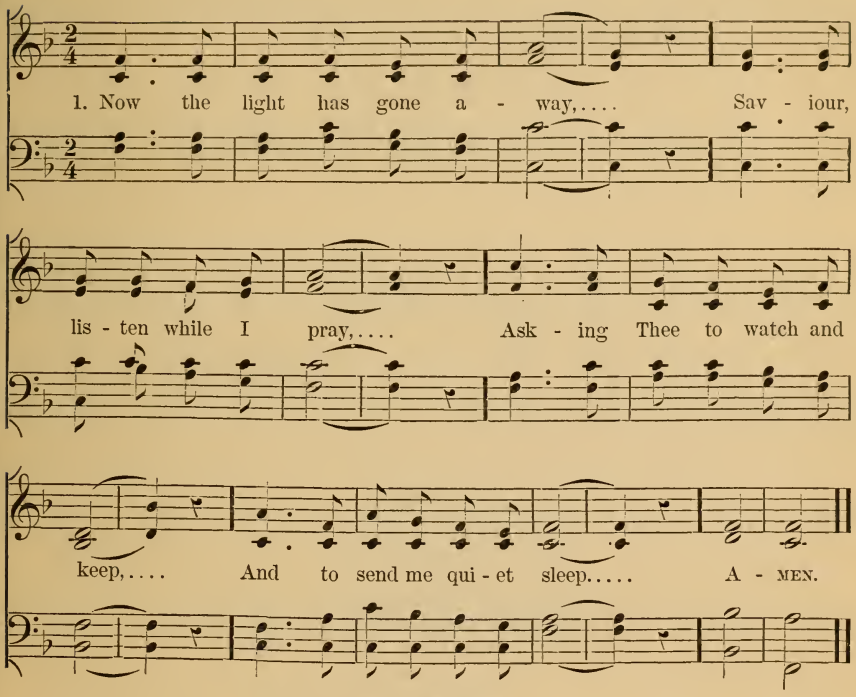
6 Through the long night watches
May Thine Angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, Blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

11† Now the light has gone away.

German Evening Hymn.



2 JESU, SAVIOUR, wash away,
All that has been wrong to-day;
Help me every day to be
Good and gentle, more like Thee.

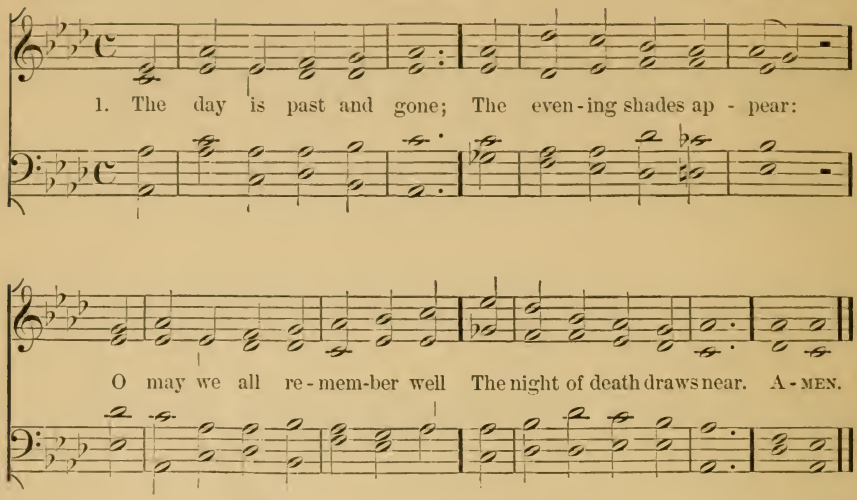
3 Let my near and dear ones be,
Always near and dear to Thee;
O bring me and all I love
To Thy happy Home above.

4 Now my evening praise I give;
Thou didst die that I might live,
All my blessings come from Thee,
O, how good Thou art to me!

5 Thou my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love Thee more and more,
Always better than before. AMEN.

12 The day is past and gone.

First Tune. R. Schumann.



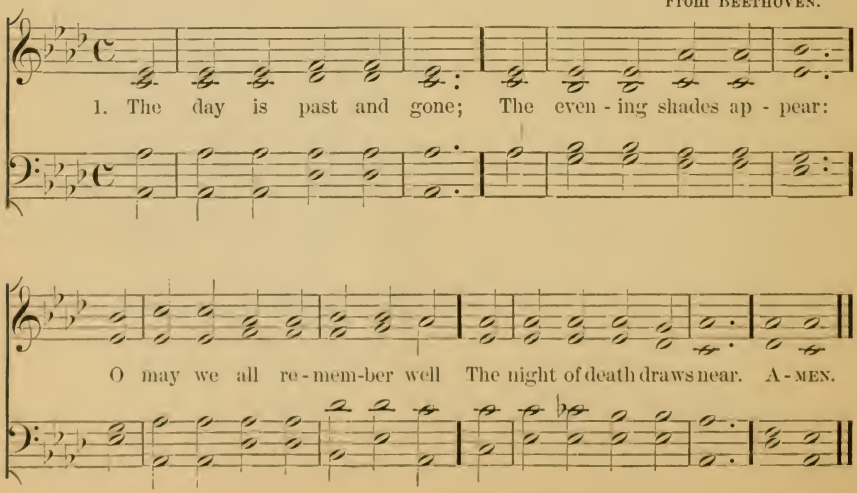
2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possest.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May Angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears. Amen.

12

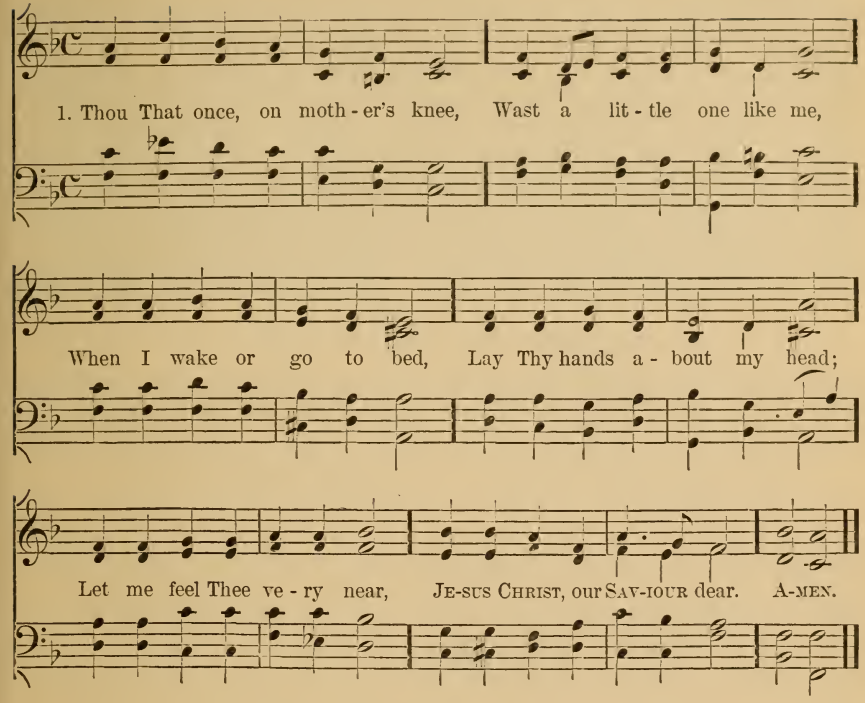
Second Tune.

From Beethoven.



13* Thou That once, on mother's knee.

J. I. T.


1. Thou That once, on moth - er's knee, Wast a lit - tle one like me,
When I wake or go to bed, Lay Thy hands a - bout my head;
Let me feel Thee ve - ry near, JE-SUS CHRIST, our SAV-IOUR dear. A-MEN.

2 Be beside me in the light,
Close by me through all the night;
Make me gentle, kind, and true,
Do what mother bids me do;
Help and cheer me when I fret,
And forgive when I forget.

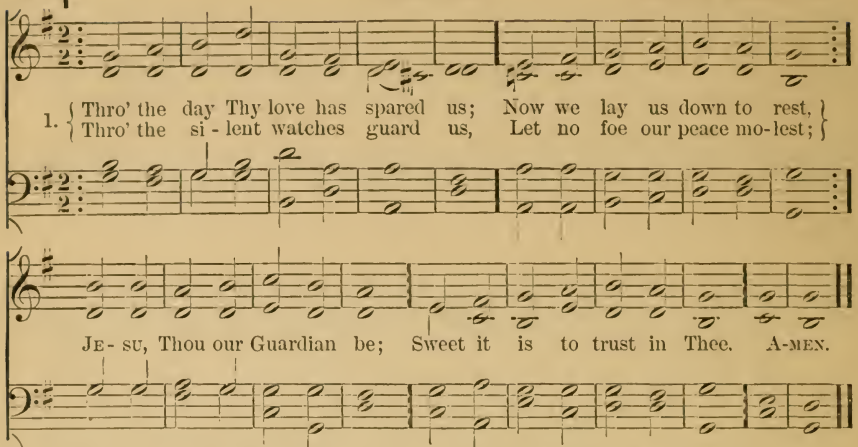
3 Once wast Thou in cradle laid,
Baby bright in manger-shade,
With the oxen and the cows,
And the lambs outside the house:
Now Thou art above the sky;
Canst Thou hear a baby cry?

4 Thou art nearer when we pray,
Since Thou art so far away;
Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
JESUS CHRIST, our SAVIOUR dear,
Thou That once, on mother's knee
Wast a little one like me. AMEN.

Through the day Thy love has spared us.

14

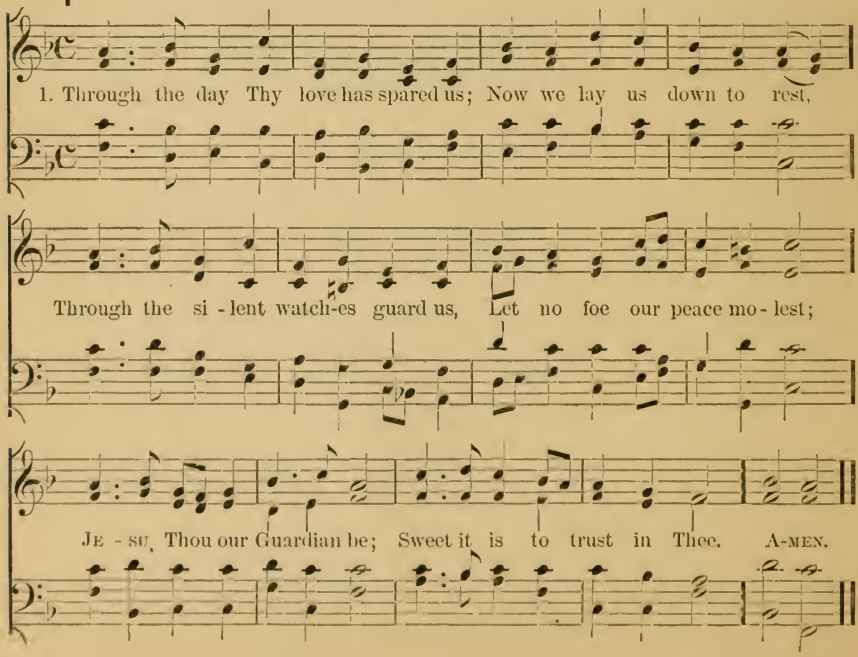
First Tune. Heinrich Albert, 1643.


1. { Thro' the day Thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest,
Thro' the si - lent watches guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest; }
Je - su, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-men.

2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's short day is past,
Rest with Thee in Heaven at last.
Amen.

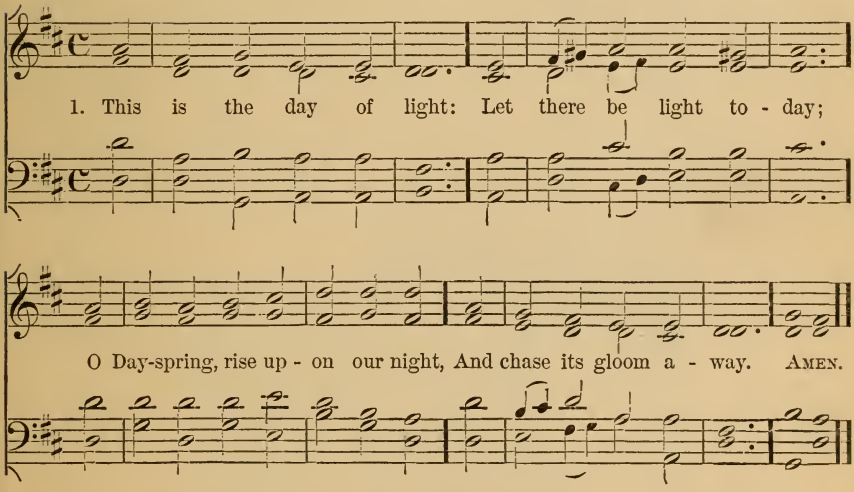
14†

Second Tune.


1. Through the day Thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest,
Through the si - lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo - lest;
Je - su, Thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-men.

15 This is the day of light.

German. Rev. Dr. Havergal.



2 This is the day of rest:
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed Thou Thy freshening dew.

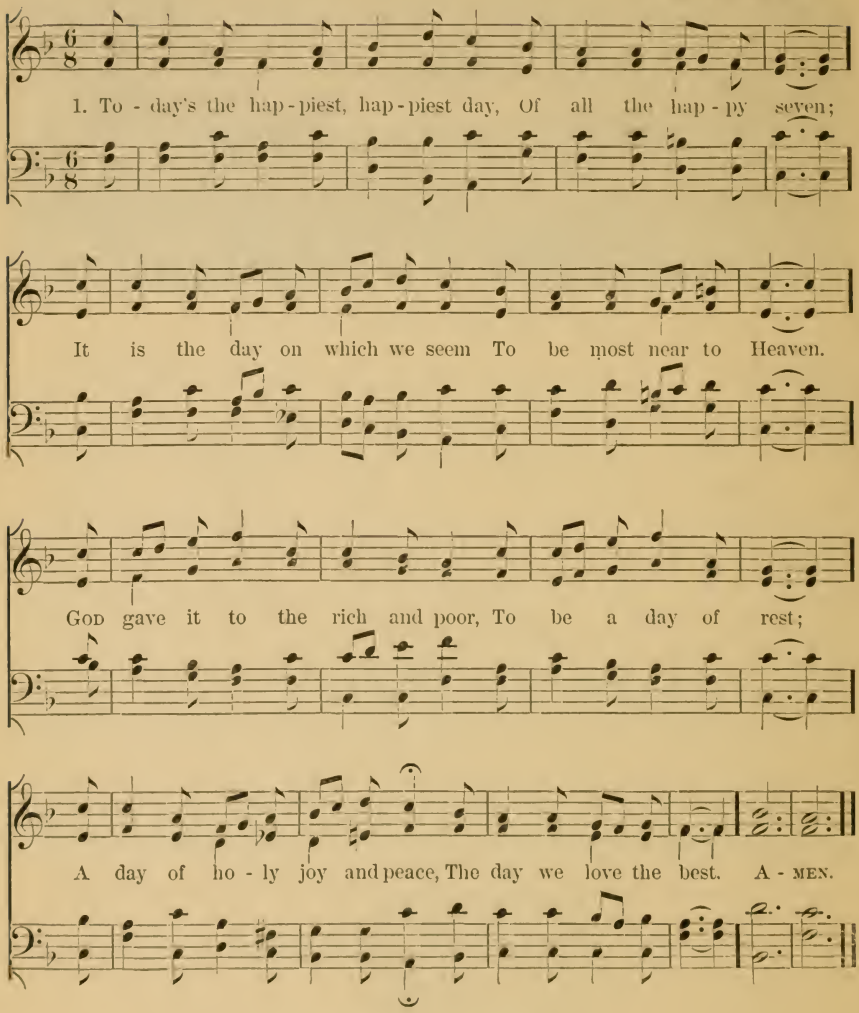
3 This is the day of peace:
Thy peace our spirits fill,
Bid Thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

4 This is the day of prayer:
Let earth to Heaven draw near:
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there;
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the first of days:
Send forth Thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death! Amen

16* To-day's the happiest, happiest day.

W. H. WALTER, 1873.

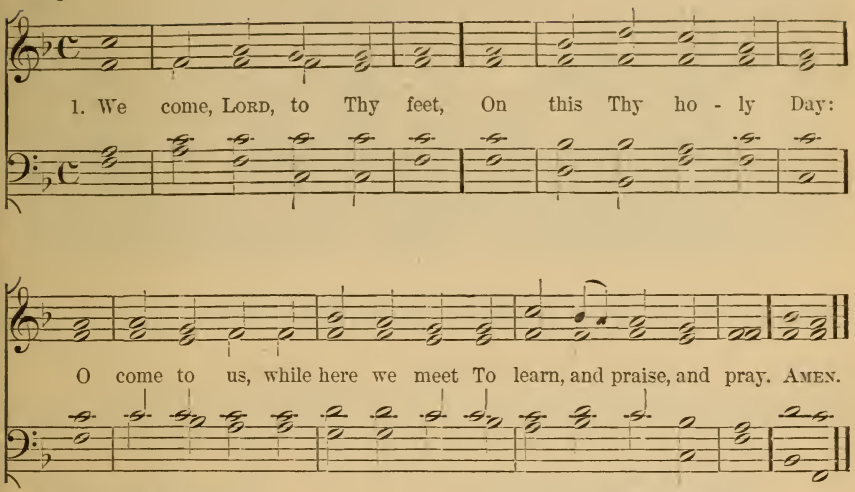

1. To - day's the hap - piest, hap - piest day, Of all the hap - py seven;
It is the day on which we seem To be most near to Heaven.
God gave it to the rich and poor, To be a day of rest;
A day of ho - ly joy and peace, The day we love the best. A - MEN.

2 On Easter Day our LORD arose,
From where He buried lay;
And every Sunday is to us,
A little Easter Day.
And that is why we love it so,
And why we ever sing
Glad hymns of praise and thankful joy
To JESUS CHRIST our King. AMEN.

We come, Lord, to Thy feet.

17

DR. GAUNTLETT.

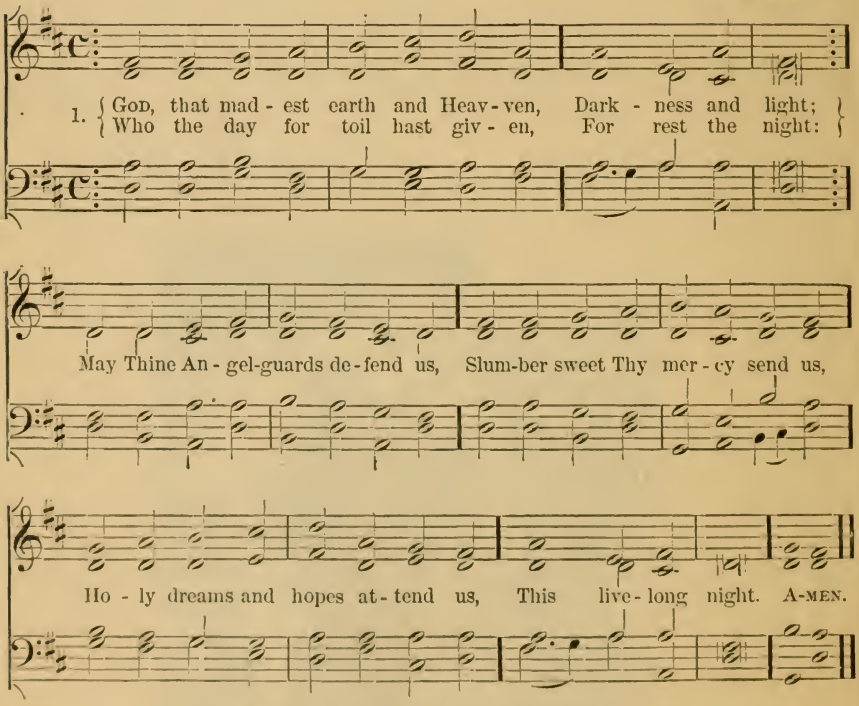


2 Our many sins forgive;
The HOLY SPIRIT send!
And teach us to begin to live
The life that knows no end.

3 LORD, fill our hearts with love;
Our teachers' labours own:
That we and they may meet above,
To sing before Thy Throne. AMEN.

18 God, that madest earth and Heaven.

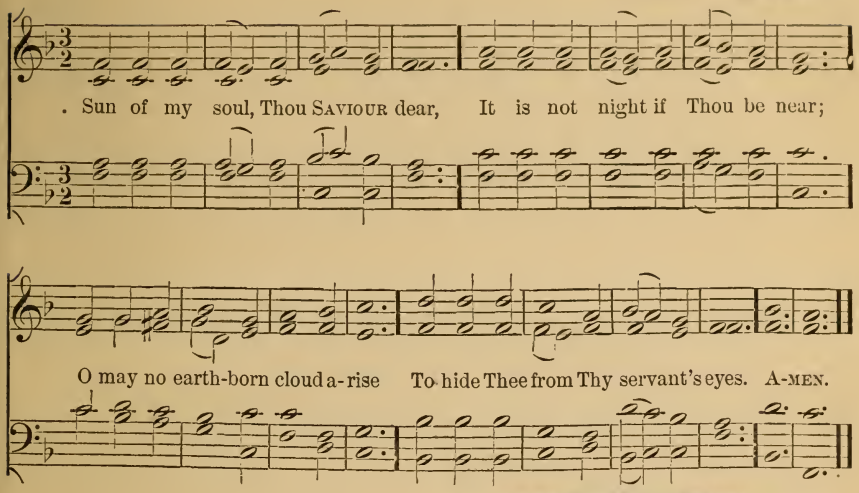
W. H. MONK.


1. God, that mad - est earth and Heav - ven, Dark - ness and light;
Who the day for toil hast giv - en, For rest the night:
May Thine An - gel-guards de - fend us, Slum-ber sweet Thy mer - cy send us,
Ho - ly dreams and hopes at - tend us, This live - long night. A-MEN.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping,
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou, our GOD, forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. AMEN.

19 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.

German. (W. H. Monk.)


Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes. A-men.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

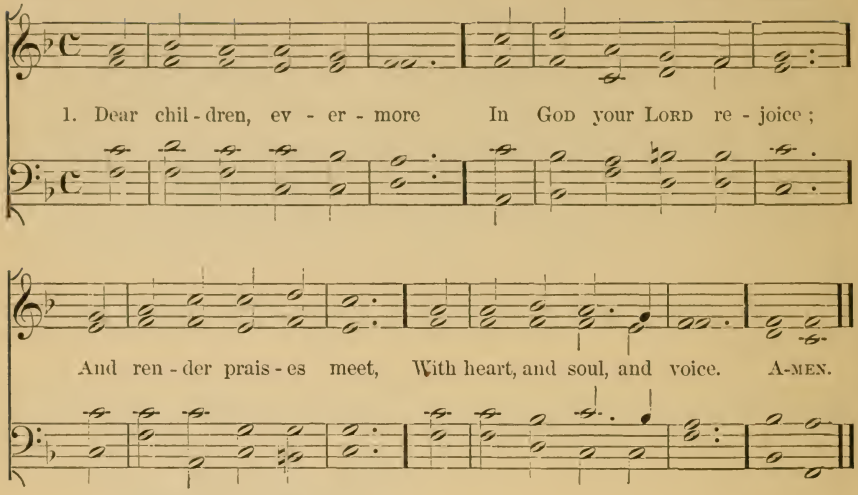
4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in Heaven above. Amen.

20 Dear children, evermore.

BISHOP JENNER.



2 In all things sober be,
For JESUS is at hand;
So live that when He comes
Accepted ye may stand.

3 Cast ye aside all care,
And with glad heart alway,
Make known your every want;
GOD loves to hear you pray.

4 With every meek request
Let praises glad ascend,
For praise like incense sweet
Should with petition blend.

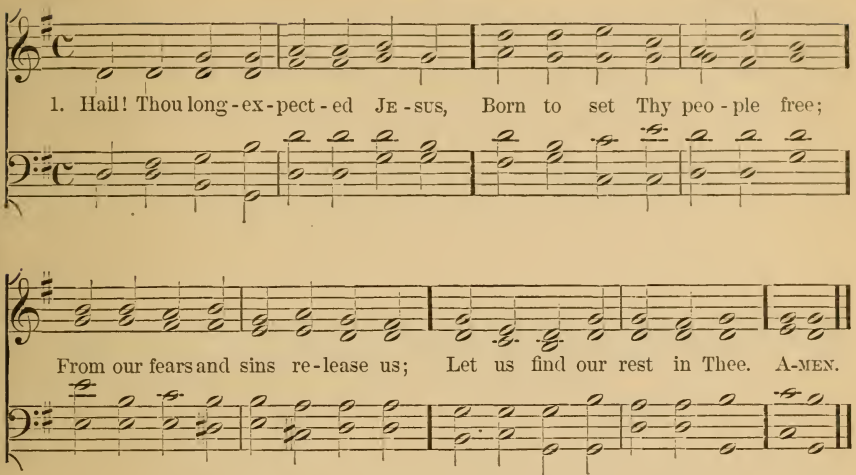
5 A glad and thankful heart
Wins blessings from the skies,
And is a sacrifice
Most precious in GOD's eyes.

6 Then in the LORD alway,
O, children dear, rejoice
And glorify His Name,
With heart, and soul, and voice.

7 So shall the peace of GOD,
Which passeth thought and word,
Keep pure your hearts and minds
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. AMEN.

21 Hail! Thou long-expected Jesus.

FIRST TUNE. DR. GAUNTLETT.


1. Hail! Thou long-ex-pect-ed JE-SUS, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;
From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee. A-MEN.

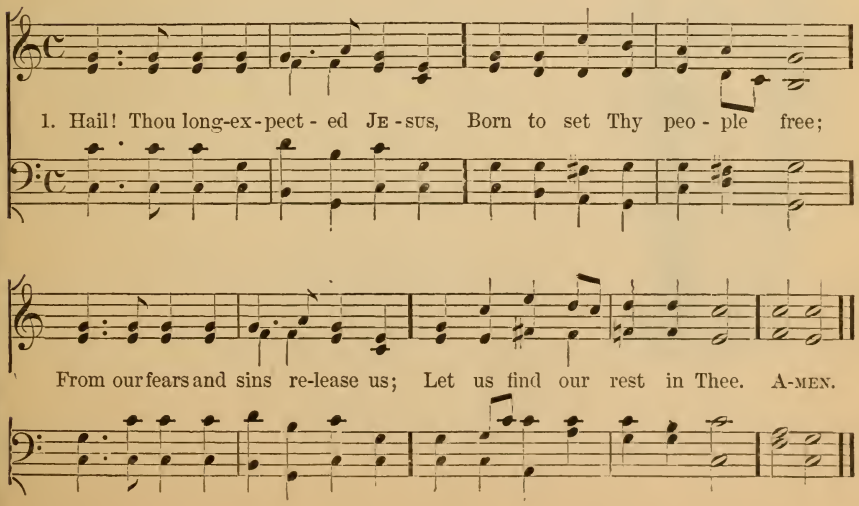
2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a Child, yet GOD our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By Thine own eternal SPIRIT,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne. AMEN.

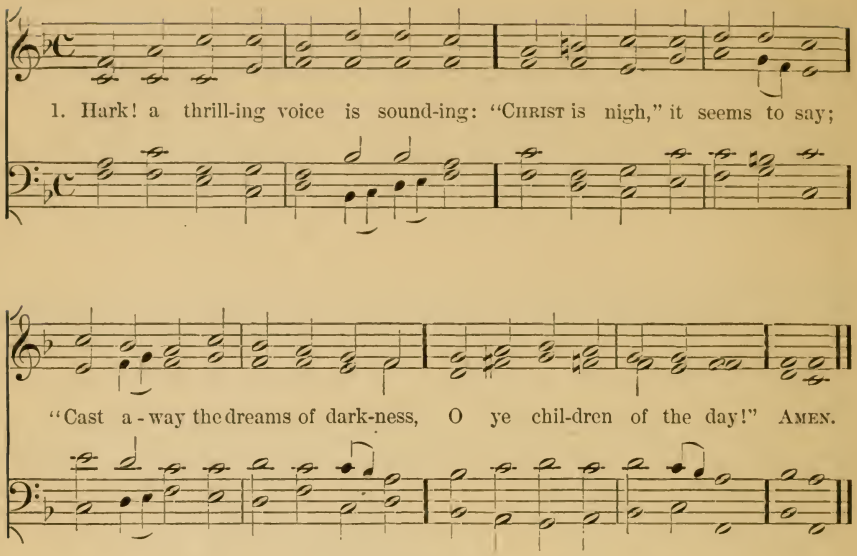
21*

SECOND TUNE. J. I. T.


1. Hail! Thou long-ex-pect-ed JE-SUS, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;
From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee. A-MEN.

22 Hark! a thrilling voice is sounding.

W. H. Monk.


1. Hark! a thrill-ing voice is sound-ing: "Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast a-way the dreams of dark-ness, O ye chil-dren of the day!" Amen.

2 Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

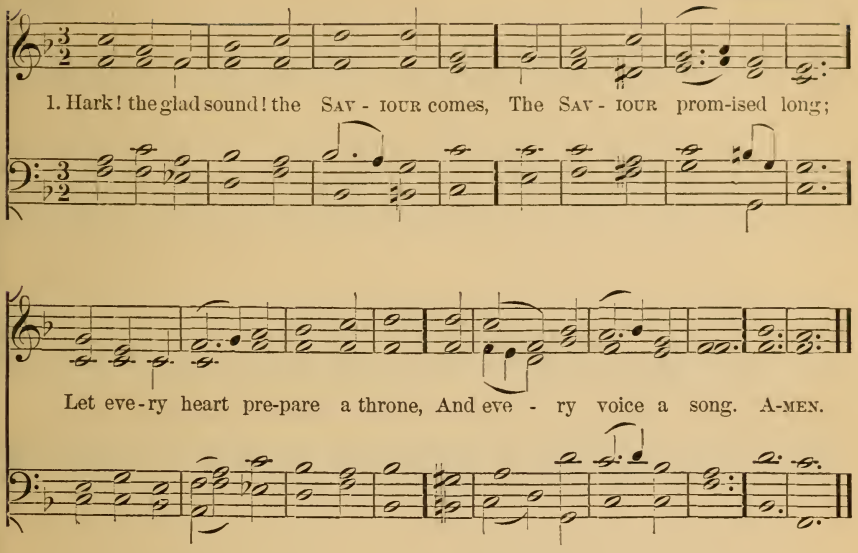
3 Lo! the Lord, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from Heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven:

4 That when next He comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

5 Honour, glory, might, and blessing,
To the Father, and the Son;
With the everlasting Spirit
While eternal ages run. Amen.

23* Hark! the glad sound.

W. H. WALTER, 1873.


1. Hark! the glad sound! the SAV - IOUR comes, The SAV - IOUR prom-ised long;
Let eve-ry heart pre-pare a throne, And eve - ry voice a song. A-MEN.

2 On Him the SPIRIT, largely pour'd,
Exerts His sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

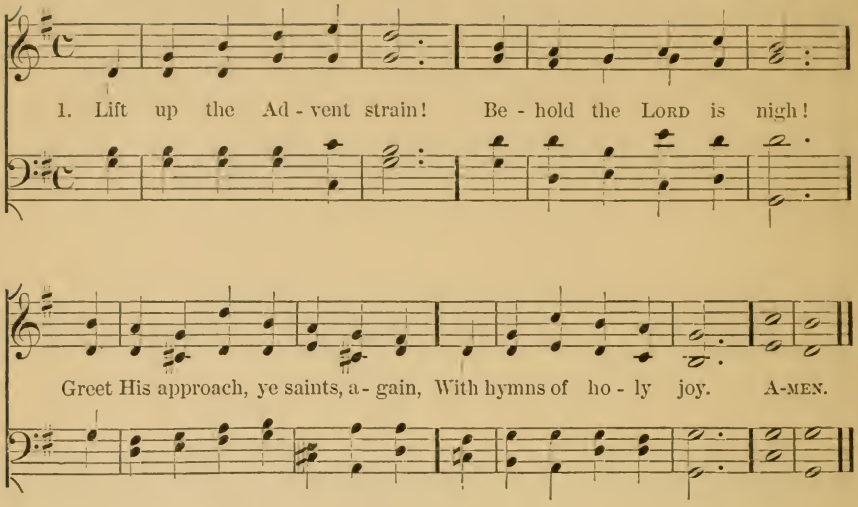
5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure:
And with the treasures of His grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And Heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name. AMEN.

Lift up the Advent strain.

24

Sir JOHN GOSS.



2 The everlasting SON,
Incarnate deigns to be;
Our GOD the form of slave puts on,
A race of slaves to free.

3 Daughter of Sion, rise
To meet Thy lowly King.
Nor let the faithless heart despise
The peace He comes to bring.

4 As Judge in clouds of light
He shall come down again,
And all His scattered saints unite
With Him in Heaven to reign.

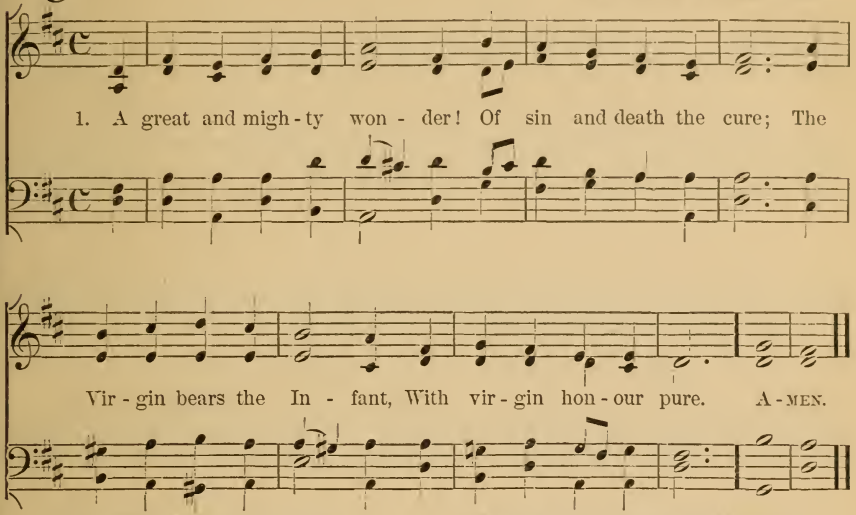
5 Before that dreadful day
May all our sins be gone,
The old man all be put away
The new man all put on.

6 JESU, all praise to Thee,
Our joy and endless rest;
We pray Thee here our Guide to be,
Our crown amid the blest. AMEN

A great and mighty wonder.

25

MELCHOIR VULPIUS. 1609.



2 The WORD is made Incarnate,
And yet remains on high:
And Cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.

3 And we with them triumphant
Repeat the hymn again;
"To GOD on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men!"

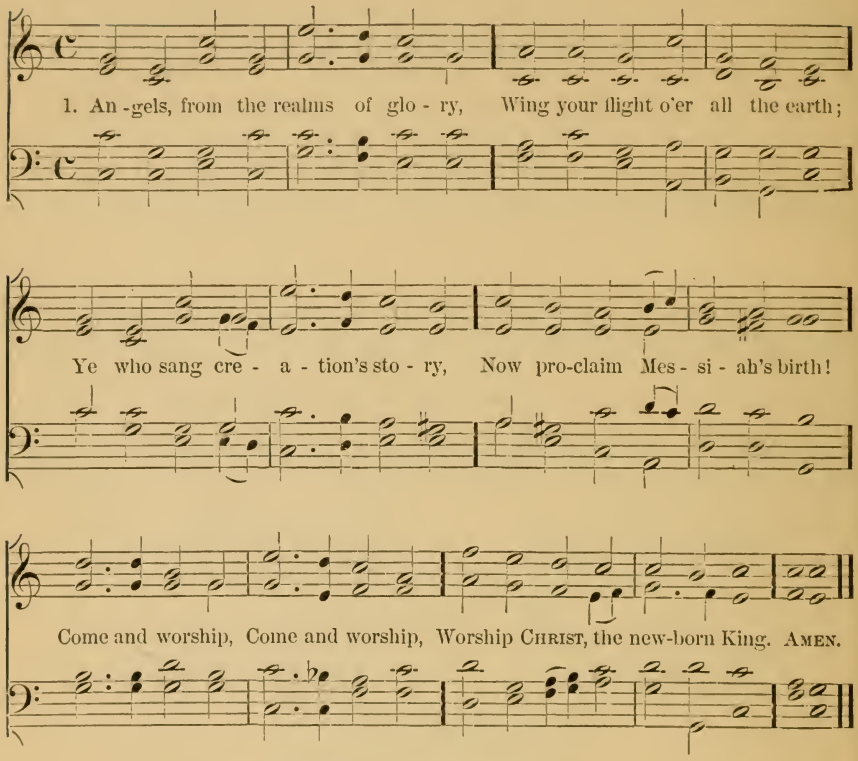
4 While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains!
Ye oceans, clap your hands!

5 Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
The SAVIOUR and the LORD.

6 And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And CHRIST shall wield His sceptre.
Our LORD and GOD for aye. AMEN.

26 Angels, from the realms of glory.

HENRY SMART.


1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth!
Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship CHRIST, the new-born King. AMEN.

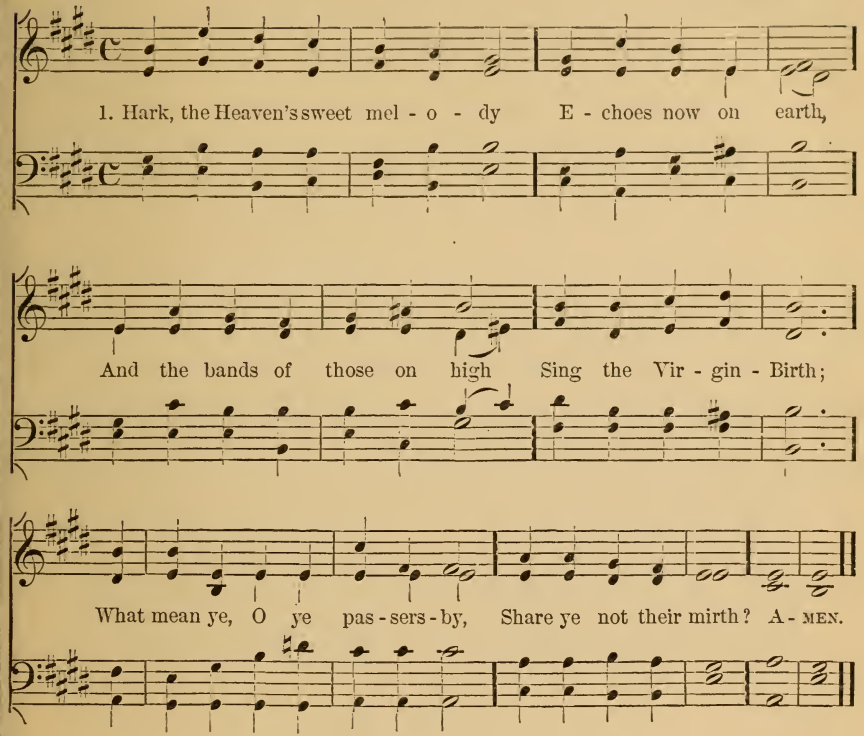
2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
GOD with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant-light:
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the LORD, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship CHRIST, the new-born King. AMEN.

27 Hark, the Heaven's sweet melody.

SIR JOHN GOSS.


1. Hark, the Heaven's sweet mel - o - dy E - choes now on earth,
And the bands of those on high Sing the Vir - gin - Birth;
What mean ye, O ye pas - sers - by, Share ye not their mirth? A - MEN.

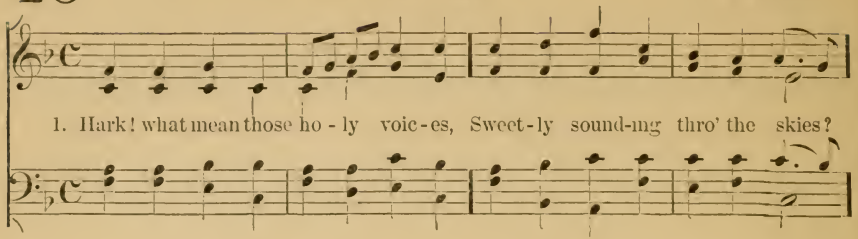
2 Shepherds watch their flocks by night;
Angel notes they hear;
Songs of glory in the height,
Peace and love brought near;
To us they sing, through Love's dear might;
Praise to CHRIST they bear.

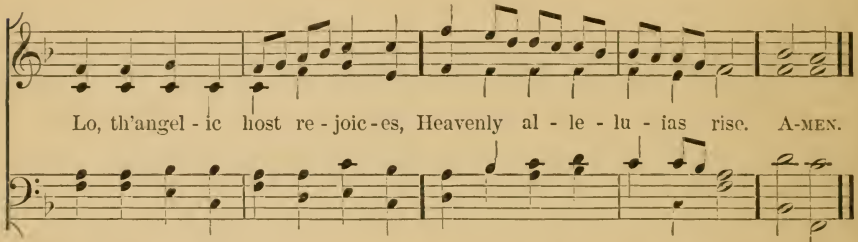
3 Of His Birth the bright stars tell,
Pouring floods of light;
Shepherds seek out Bethlehem's cell,
All those stars in sight;
They find the King of Heaven where dwell
Ox and ass of right.

4 There, within the manger laid,
They their LORD descry:
We that Child of Mother-maid
Sing with praises high;
With homage, LORD, thus duly paid
We to Thee draw nigh. AMEN.

28* Hark! what mean those holy voices.

FIRST TUNE. G. W. WARREN.





2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy—
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to GOD Most High!

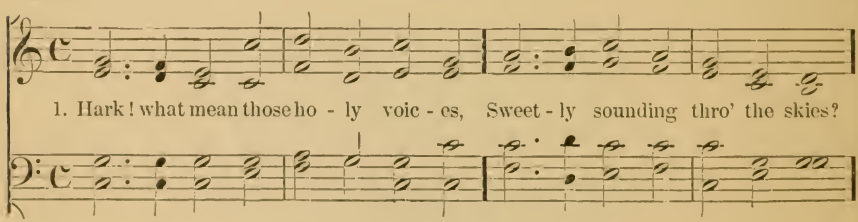
3 "Peace on earth, good-will from Heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven,
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

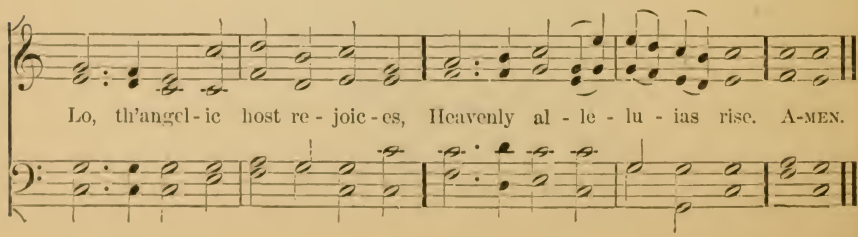
4 "CHRIST is born; the great Anointed!
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive Whom GOD appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

5 "Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His Name to magnify,
Till in Heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to GOD Most High!" AMEN.

28†

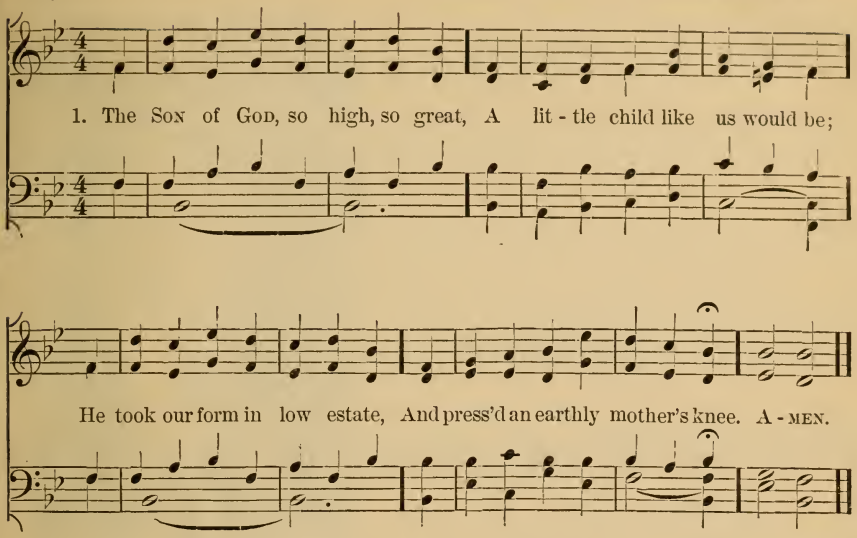
SECOND TUNE.





29 The Son of God, so high, so great.

Arranged for two or three voices, by W. H. W.


1. The Son of God, so high, so great, A lit - tle child like us would be;
He took our form in low estate, And press'd an earthly mother's knee. A - men.

2 And while the horned beasts among,
In manger rude alone He lay,
Out in the fields the Angels sung,
"A Saviour, Christ, is born to-day."

3 We did not hear the Angels chime
Their birthday hymn to shepherd's ear;
But we can think at Christmas time,
How Jesus came to help us here.

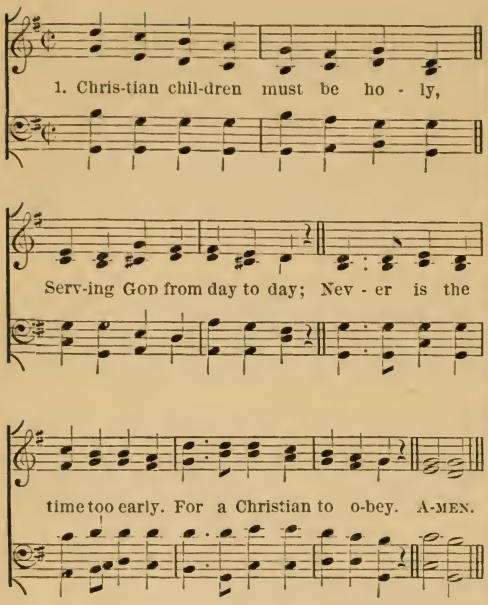
4 We cannot run as shepherds ran,
To kneel beside that manger lone,
But we can love our God, made man,
And worship at His cradle-throne.

5 For us, the King of kings came down,
For us He laid His glory by,
That we might wear an Angel's crown,
And live the life that cannot die..

6 O, teach Thy children, Holy Child,
That evermore they serve Thee thus,
And lead us by Thy mercy mild
Up to the Heaven Thou left for us. Amen.

30 Christian children must be holy.

(From "Narrative Hymns.")



2 Jesus taught us in His childhood,—
Only eight short days He saw
Ere He suffered Circumcision,
And obeyed His Father's law.

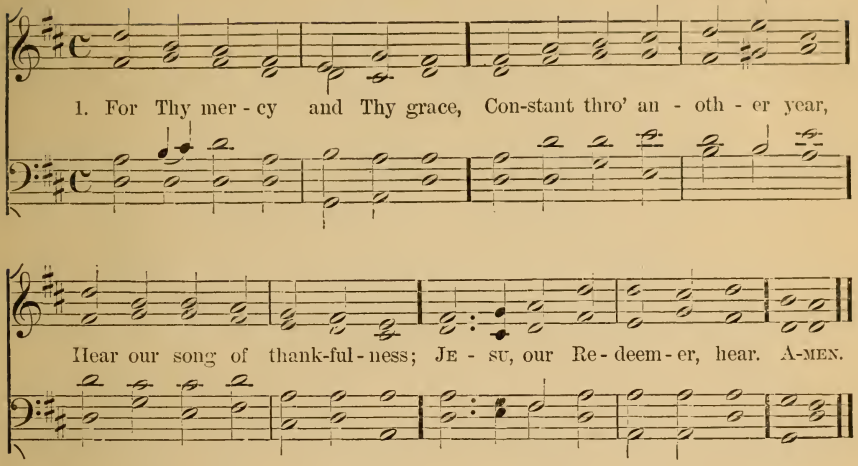
3 He, Who is our great Example,
Let no moment run to loss;
Not one precious hour He wasted,
From the cradle to the Cross.

4 Soon He sorrow'd, soon He suffer'd,—
We must meek and gentle be;
Little pain and childish trial,
Ever bearing patiently.

5 Soon He showed a Son's obedience:
We must early learn to do
Not our own will, but our Father's,
And be found obedient too. Amen.

31 For Thy mercy and Thy grace.

First Tune. Rev. R. R. Chope.



2 In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living Way.

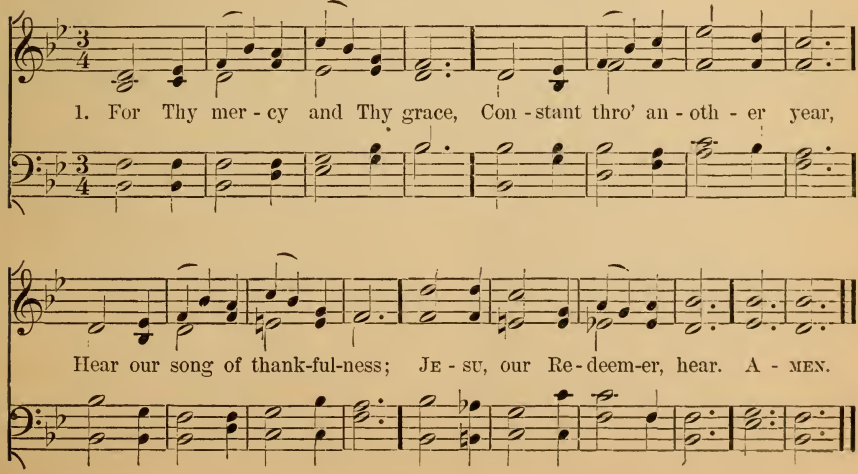
3 Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

4 Make us faithful, make us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help Thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

5 So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

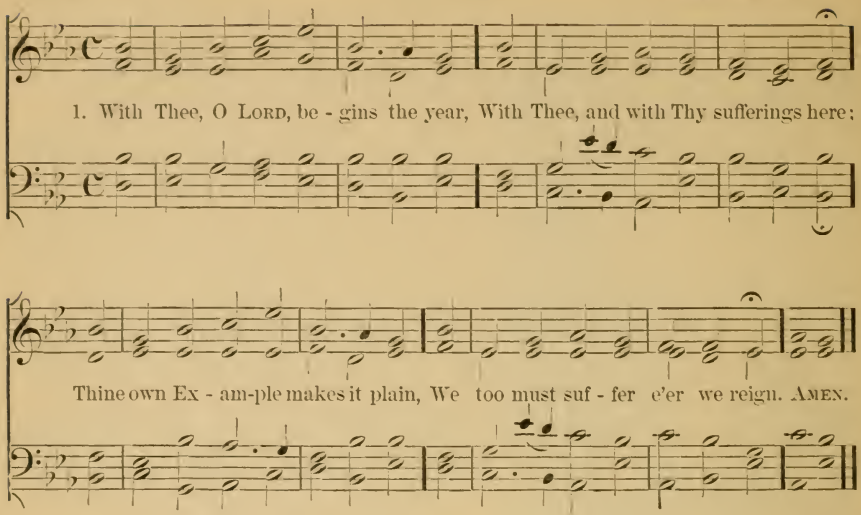
31†

Second Tune.



32† With Thee, O Lord, begins the year.

Lutheran Choral.


1. With Thee, O Lord, be - gins the year, With Thee, and with Thy sufferings here;
Thine own Ex - am-ple makes it plain, We too must suf - fer e'er we reign. Amen.

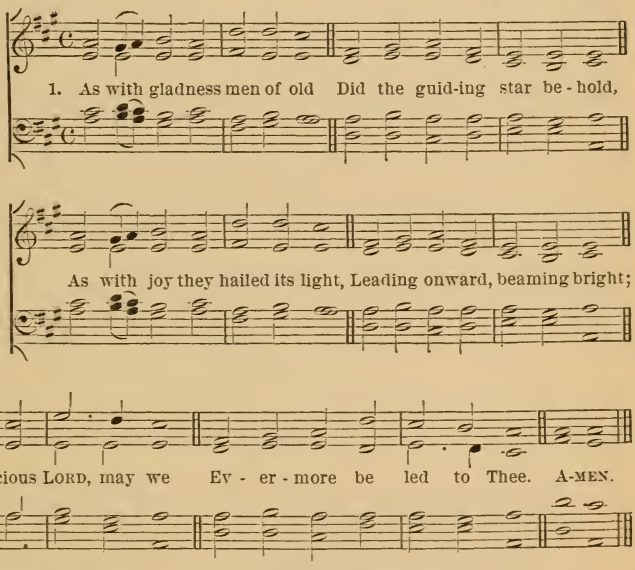
2 By giving up our will and way,
By self-denial every day,
O help us thus to spend this year
And all the time Thou giv'st us here!

3 Thy way at first seems hard and rough
Its end is joy and peace enough;
The Land where days and years are o'er
And change and grief come nevermore.

4 Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

33 As with gladness men of old.

W. H. Monk.


1. As with gladness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold,
As with joy they hailed its light, Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-men.

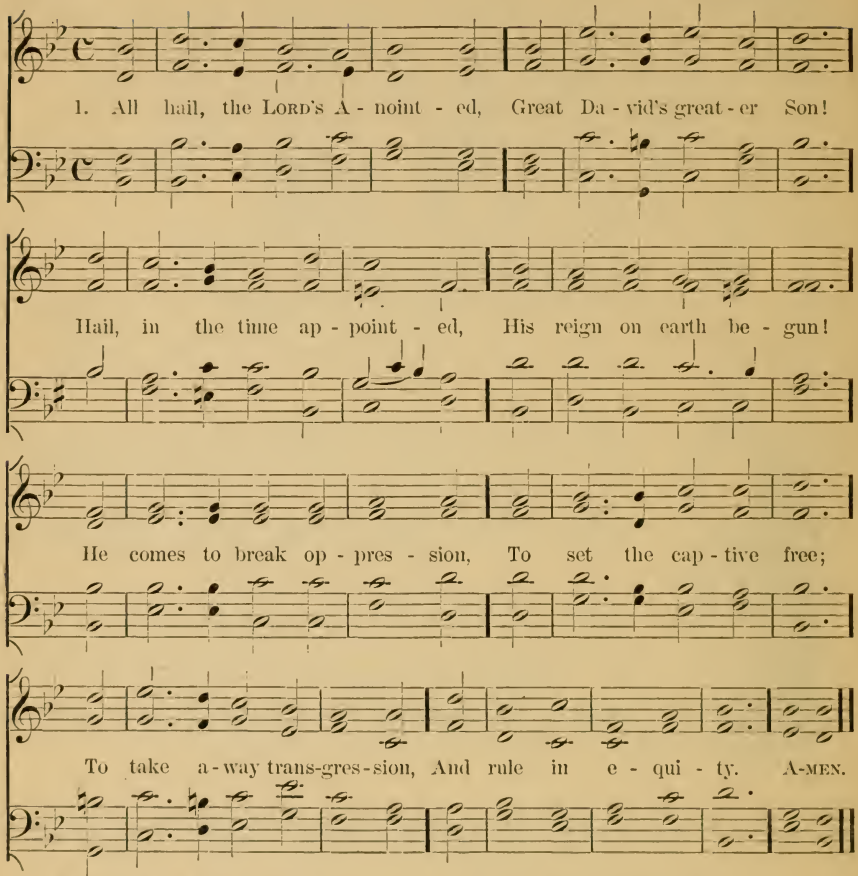
2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom Heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesu! every day
Keep us in the narrow way:
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright,
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down,
There forever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

34 All hail, the Lord's Anointed.

Rev. Dr. Havergal.

1. All hail, the Lord's A - noint - ed, Great Da - vid's great - er Son!
Hail, in the time ap - point - ed, His reign on earth be - gun!
He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap - tive free;
To take a - way trans-gres-sion, And rule in e - qui - ty. A-men.

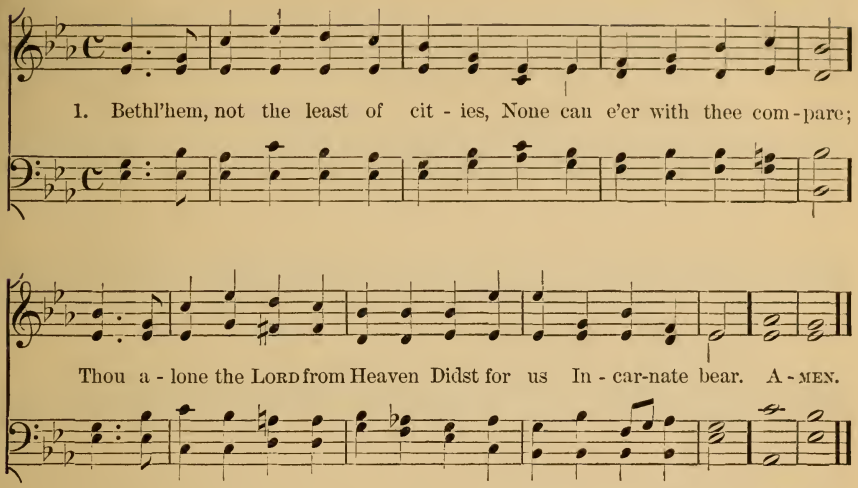
2 He comes with succour speedy
To those who suffer wrong,
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is Love. Amen.

35 Bethlehem, not the least of cities.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes.


1. Bethl'hem, not the least of cit - ies, None can e'er with thee com - pare;
Thou a - lone the Lord from Heaven Didst for us In - car-nate bear. A - men.

2 Fairer than the sun at morning,
Was the star that told His birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Veiled beneath a form of earth.

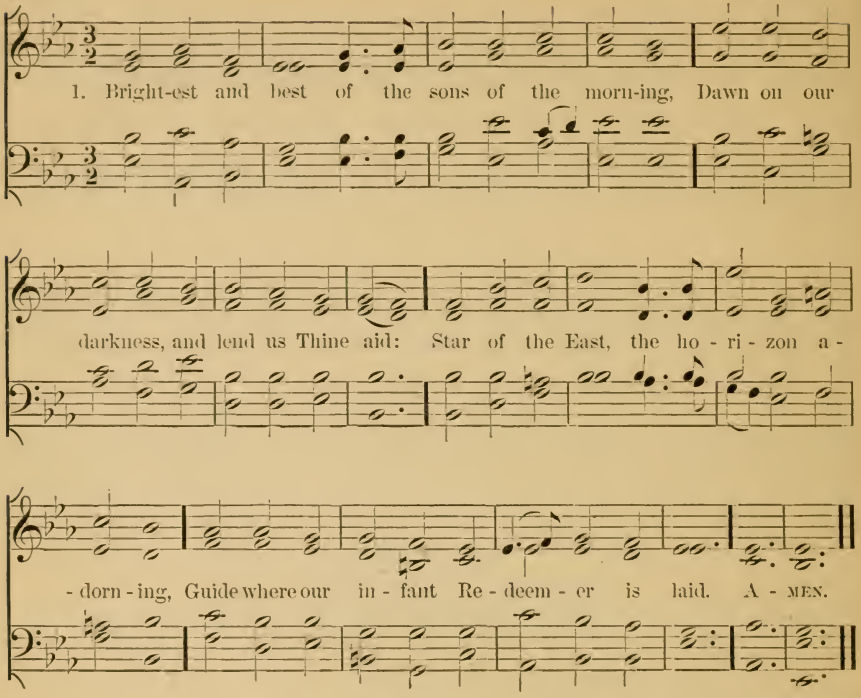
3 By its lambent beauty guided,
Eastern kings their wealth unfold;
Bending low their gifts they offer,
Gifts of incense, myrrh, and gold.

4 Offerings of mystic meaning
Incense doth the God disclose;
Gold the King of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh the future tomb foreshows.

5 Holy Jesu, in Thy brightness
To the Gentile world displayed;
With the Father, and the Spirit,
Endless praise to Thee be paid. Amen.

36† Brightest and best of the sons of the morning.

From S. WEBBE.


1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our
darkness, and lend us Thine aid: Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a -
- dorn - ing, Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid. A - MEN.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and SAVIOUR of all.

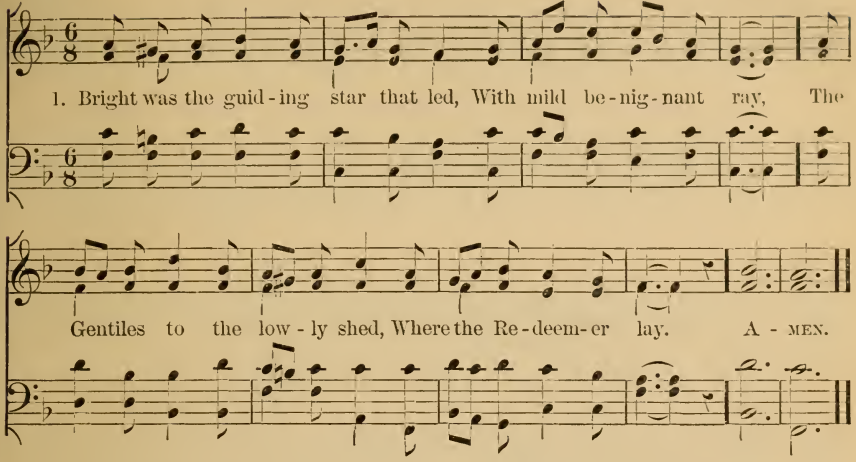
3 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to GOD are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid:
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid. AMEN.

37* Bright was the guiding star that led.

W. H. WALTER. 1873.



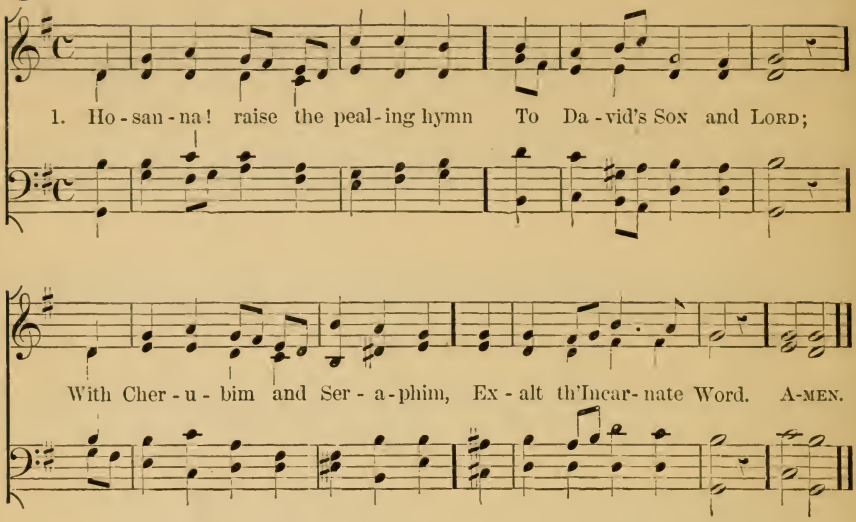
2 But, lo! a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our GOD.

3 O haste to follow where it leads,
His gracious call obey:
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way!

4 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given!
For those who follow CHRIST on earth,
Shall reign with Him in Heaven. AMEN.

38* Hosanna! raise the pealing hymn.

J. I. T.



2 Hosanna! Lord, our feeble tongue
No lofty strains can raise;
But Thou wilt not despise the young,
Who meekly chant Thy praise.

3 Hosanna! Sovereign, Prophet, Priest,
How vast Thy gifts, how free!
Thy Blood, our life, Thy Word, our feast,
Thy Name, our only plea.

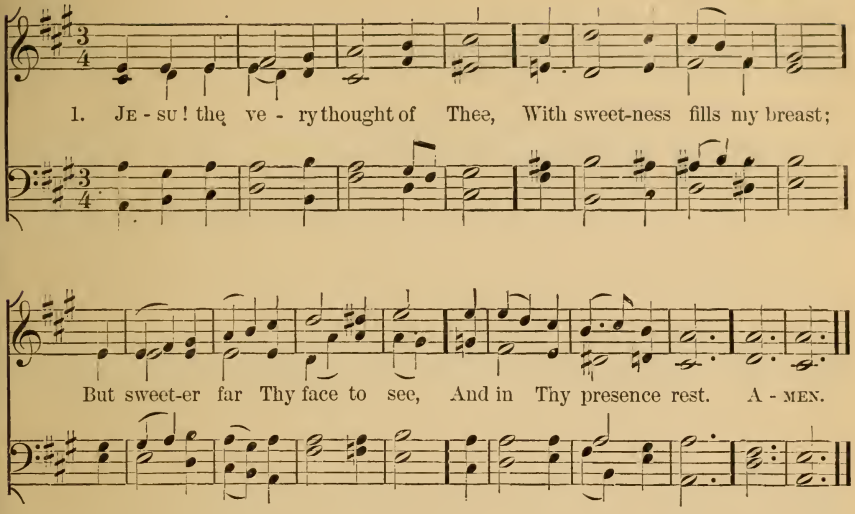
4 Hosanna! Master, lo, we bring
Our offerings to Thy throne;
Not gold, nor myrrh, nor mortal thing,
But hearts to be Thine own.

5 Hosanna! once Thy gracious ear
Approved a lisping throng;
Be gracious still, and deign to hear
Our poor but grateful song.

6 O Saviour, if redeem'd by Thee
Thy temple we behold,
Hosannas through eternity
We'll sing to harps of gold. Amen.

39 † Jesu! the very thought of Thee.

W. H. WALTER, 1873.


1. Je - su! the ve - ry thought of Thee, With sweet-ness fills my breast;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy presence rest. A - men.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

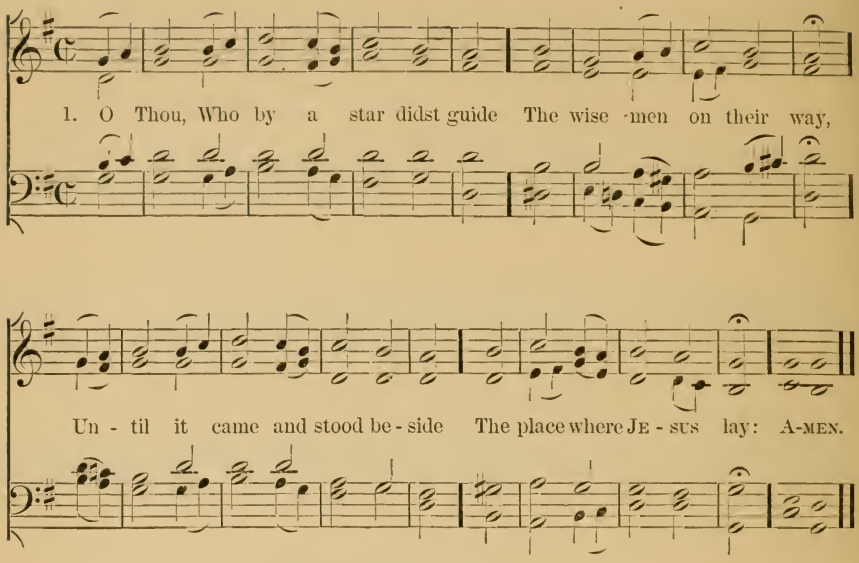
3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity. Amen.

40* O Thou, Who by a star didst guide.

From "WALTER'S MANUAL."



2 Although by stars Thou dost not lead
Thy servants now below;
Thy HOLY SPIRIT, when they need,
Will show them how to go.

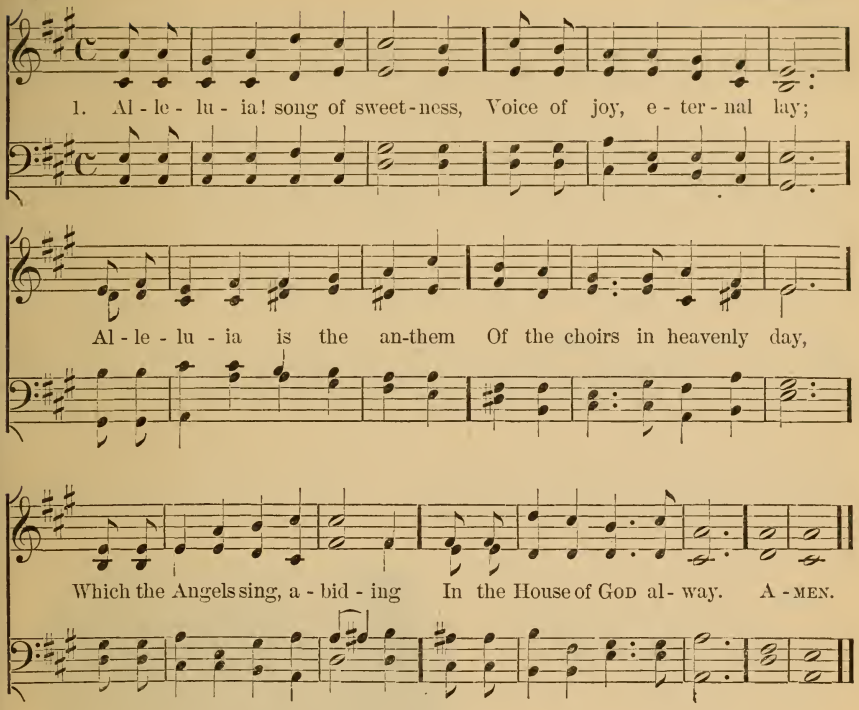
3 As yet we know Thee but in part,
But still we trust Thy word,
That blessèd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see the LORD.

4 O SAVIOUR, give us then Thy grace
To make us pure in heart;
That we may see Thee face to face,
Hereafter, as Thou art.

5 To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,
By men on earth be honour done,
And by the heavenly Host. AMEN.

41 Alleluia! song of sweetness.

E. J. HOPKINS.


1. Al - le - lu - ia! song of sweet - ness, Voice of joy, e - ter - nal lay;
Al - le - lu - ia is the an-them Of the choirs in heavenly day,
Which the Angels sing, a - bid - ing In the House of GOD al - way. A - MEN.

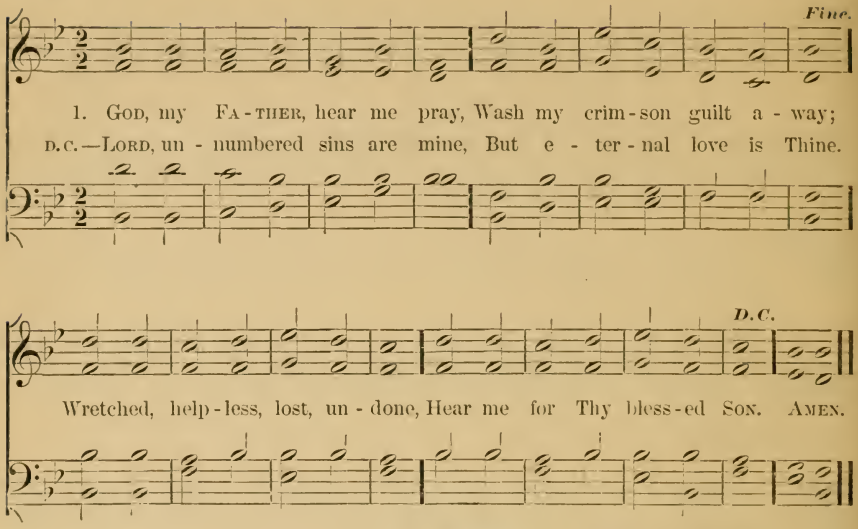
2 Alleluia thou resoundest,
Salem, Mother ever blest;
Alleluias without ending
Fit yon place of gladsome rest;
Exiles we, by Babel's waters
Sit in bondage, sore distressed.

3 Alleluia we deserve not
Here to chant for evermore;
Alleluia our transgressions
Make us for awhile give o'er,
For the holy time is coming
Bidding us our sins deplore.

4 Trinity of endless glory,
Hear Thy people as they cry;
Grant us all to keep Thy Easter
In our Home beyond the sky.
There to Thee our Alleluia
Singing everlastingly. AMEN.

42 God, my Father, hear me pray.

Spanish Hymn.


Fine.
1. God, my Fa-ther, hear me pray, Wash my crim-son guilt a-way;
D.C.—Lord, un-numbered sins are mine, But e-ter-nal love is Thine.
D.C.
Wretched, help-less, lost, un-done, Hear me for Thy bless-ed Son. Amen.

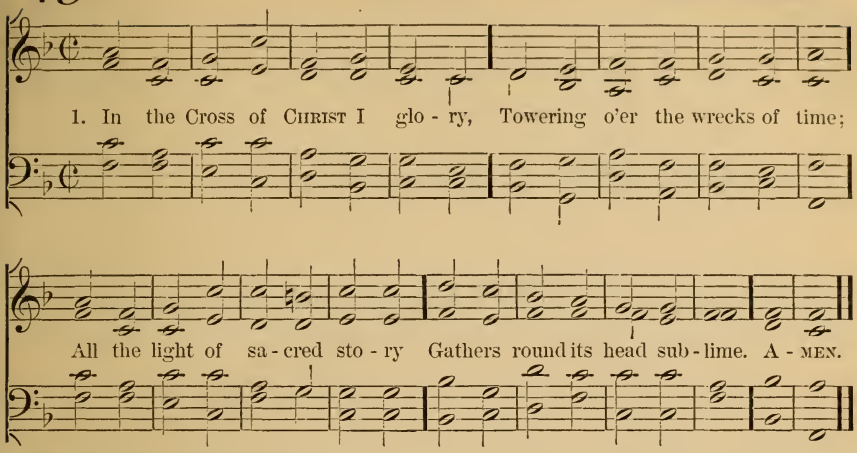
2 God, my Saviour, look on me;
All my guilt I cast on Thee!
Give my troubled spirit peace;
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

3 God, my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy might,
Make Thy dwelling in my heart!
Faith, and joy, and hope impart.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

4 Blessèd, glorious Trinity!
Holy, everlasting Three!
Hear, O hear my earnest prayer,
And my soul for Heaven prepare.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine;
But eternal love is Thine. Amen.

43 In the Cross of Christ I glory.

FIRST TUNE. G. JOSEPH, *of Breslau.*


1. In the Cross of CHRIST I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub - lime. A - MEN.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

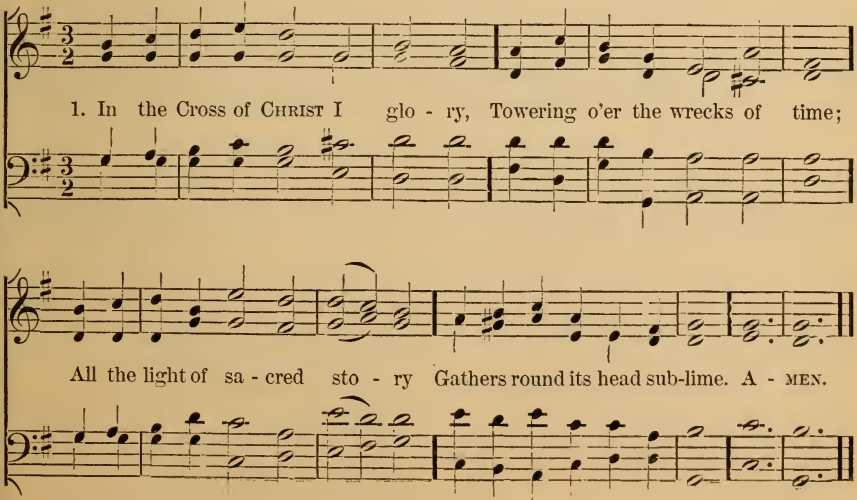
3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the Cross of CHRIST I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime. AMEN.

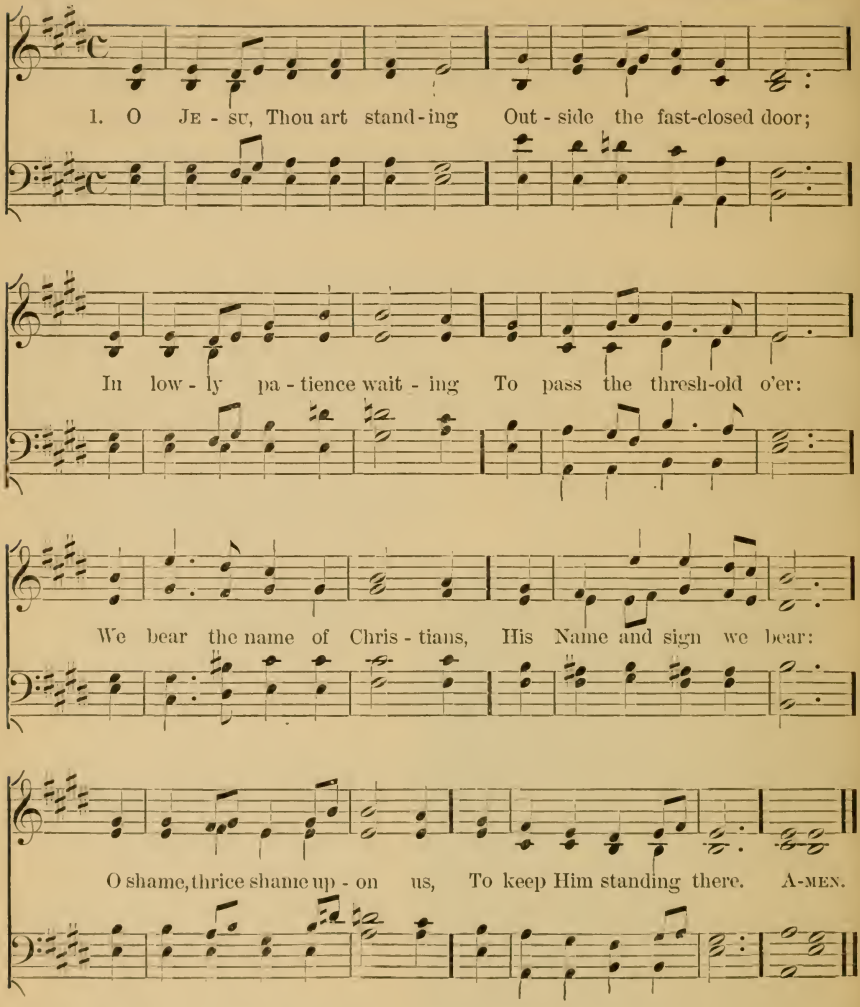
43†

SECOND TUNE. W. H. WALTER, 1874.


1. In the Cross of CHRIST I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime. A - MEN.

44 O Jesu, Thou art standing.

Rev. E. Husband.


1. O Je - su, Thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast-closed door;
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
We bear the name of Chris - tians, His Name and sign we bear:
O shame, thrice shame up - on us, To keep Him standing there. A-men.

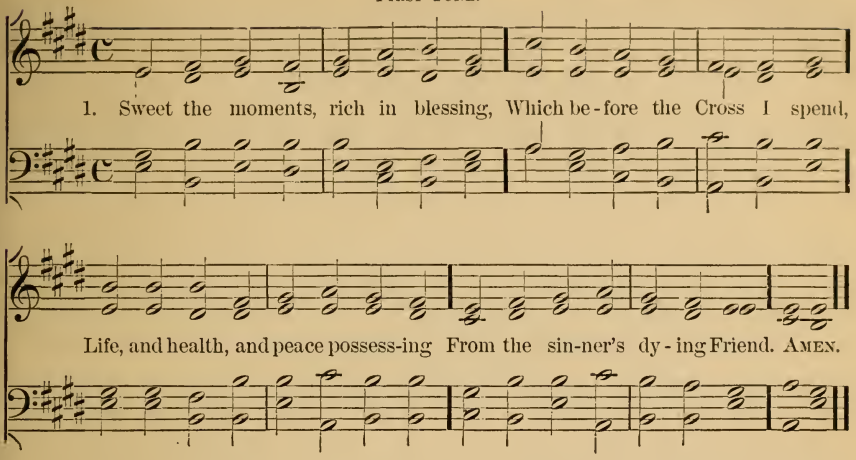
2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:
And lo! that hand is scarr'd,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marr'd
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal,
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, My children,
And will ye treat Me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore. Amen.

45 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.

"*Gnadauer Choral Book*," 1735.

FIRST TUNE.


1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possess-ing From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend. AMEN.

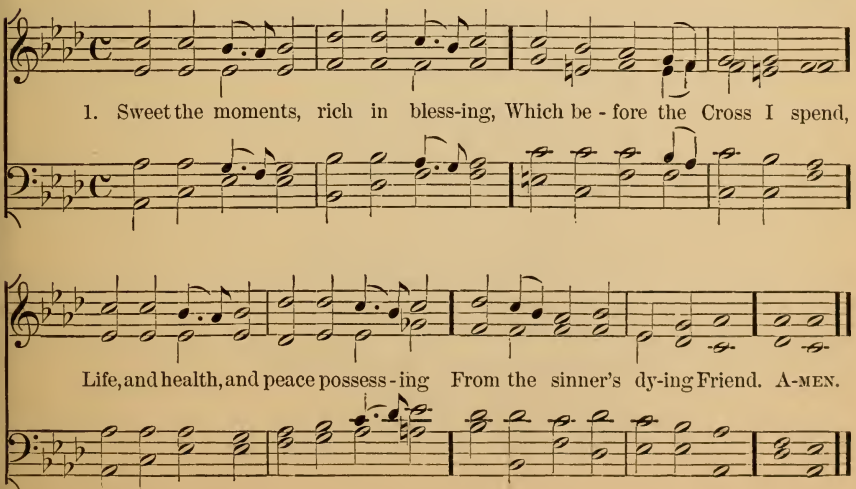
2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with GOD.

3 Truly blessèd is the station,
Low before His Cross to lie;
While I see Divine compassion
Beaming in His languid eye.

4 LORD, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on Thee,
Till I taste Thy full salvation
And Thine unveil'd glory see. AMEN.

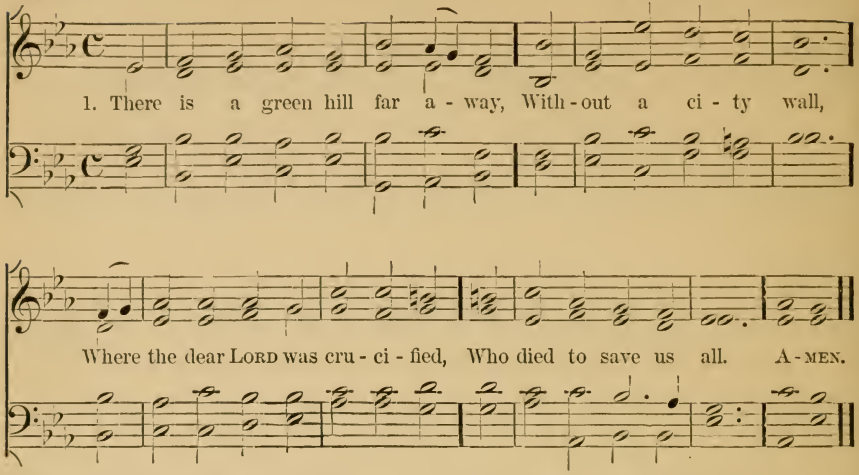
45†

SECOND TUNE. W. H. WALTER, 1874.


1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the Cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possess-ing From the sinner's dy-ing Friend. A-MEN.

46 There is a green hill far away.

W. Horsley, Mus. Bac.



2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

5 O, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

47 The Saviour's love to man we bless.

1 The Saviour's love to man we bless,
His Holy Name we praise,
For dwelling in the wilderness
Through forty nights and days.

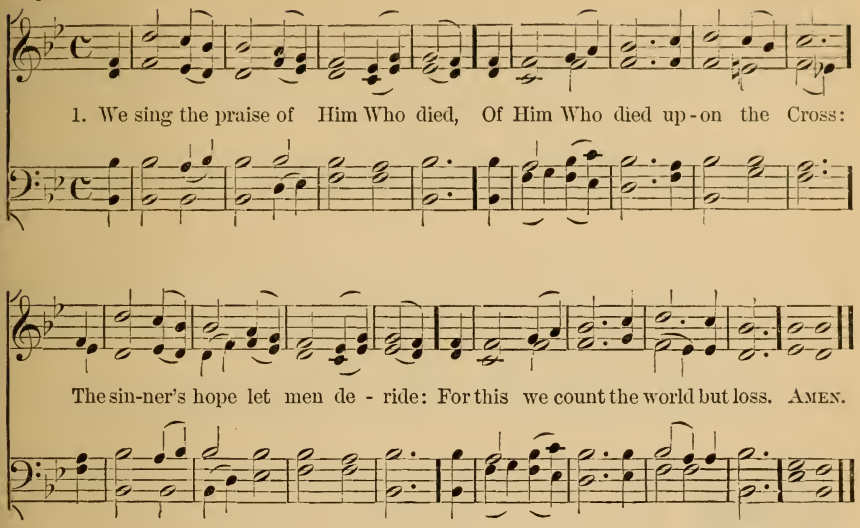
2 He all that time for us, His sheep,
In prayer and fasting spent;
Therefore His Church would have us keep
The holy fast of Lent.

3 Now we must put some things away
In which we take delight,
Although at other times they may
Be innocent and right.

4 Christ did not please Himself when He
Became for our sake Man;
He gave us all we have, and we
Will give Him what we can. Amen.

48* We sing the praise of Him Who died.

J. I. T.


1. We sing the praise of Him Who died, Of Him Who died up-on the Cross:
The sin-ner's hope let men de - ride: For this we count the world but loss. Amen.

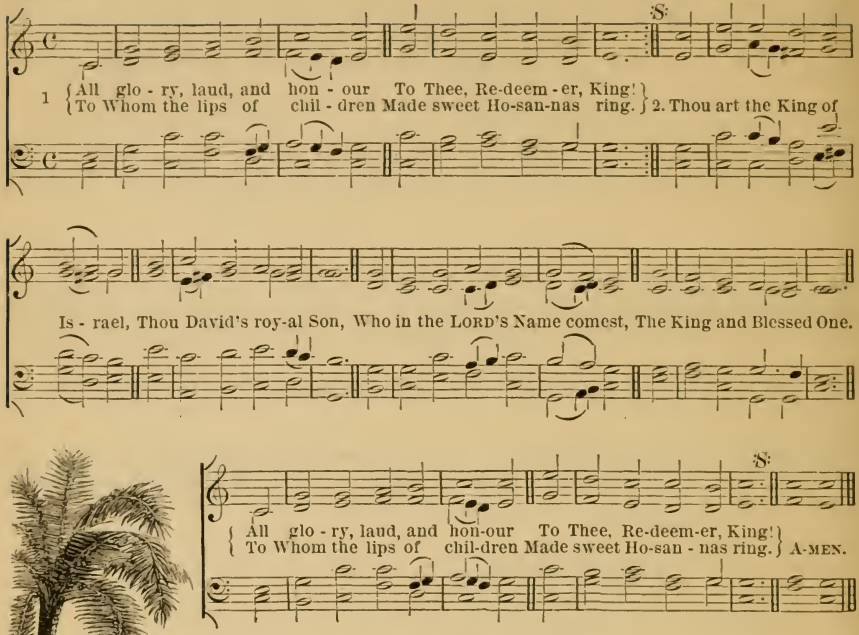
2 Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, God is Love:
He bears our sins upon the tree:
He brings us mercy from above.

3 The Cross—it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The Angels' theme in Heaven above. Amen.

49† All glory, laud, and honour.

M. Teschner. 1613.

S.
1 All glo - ry, laud, and hon - our To Thee, Re-deem - er, King!
To Whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet Ho-san-nas ring.
2. Thou art the King of
Is - rael, Thou David's roy-al Son, Who in the Lord's Name comest, The King and Blessed One.
S.
All glo - ry, laud, and hon-our To Thee, Re-deem-er, King!
To Whom the lips of chil-dren Made sweet Ho-san - nas ring.
A-men.

3 The company of Angels
All praising Thee on high;
And mortal men, and all things
Created, make reply.
All glory, etc.

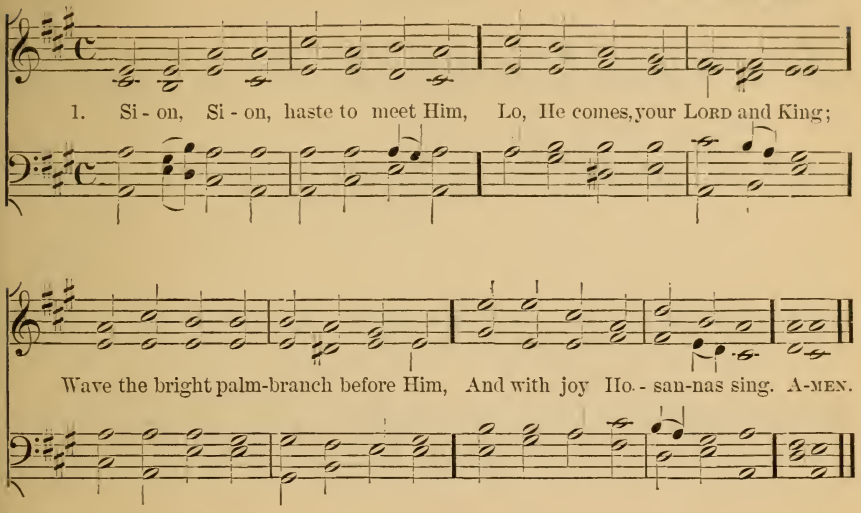
4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, etc.

5 To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise,
To Thee, now high exalted,
Our melody we raise.
All glory, etc.

6 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, etc.
Amen

50† Sion, Sion, haste to meet Him.

FIRST TUNE. *From* WALTER'S MANUAL.

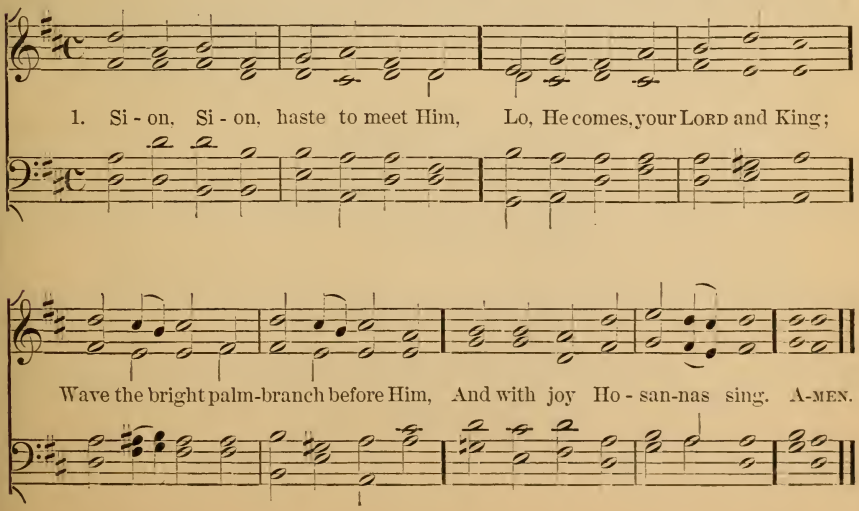

1. Si - on, Si - on, haste to meet Him, Lo, He comes, your LORD and King;
Wave the bright palm-branch before Him, And with joy Ho. - san-nas sing. A-MEN.

2 See the eager crowd around Him
Strew with garments fair His way,
Honour to the Son of David,
With glad voices hear them say.

3 Even little tender children,
Haste their loving LORD to meet;
Sing Hosannas with sweet voices
Strew palm-branches at His feet. AMEN.

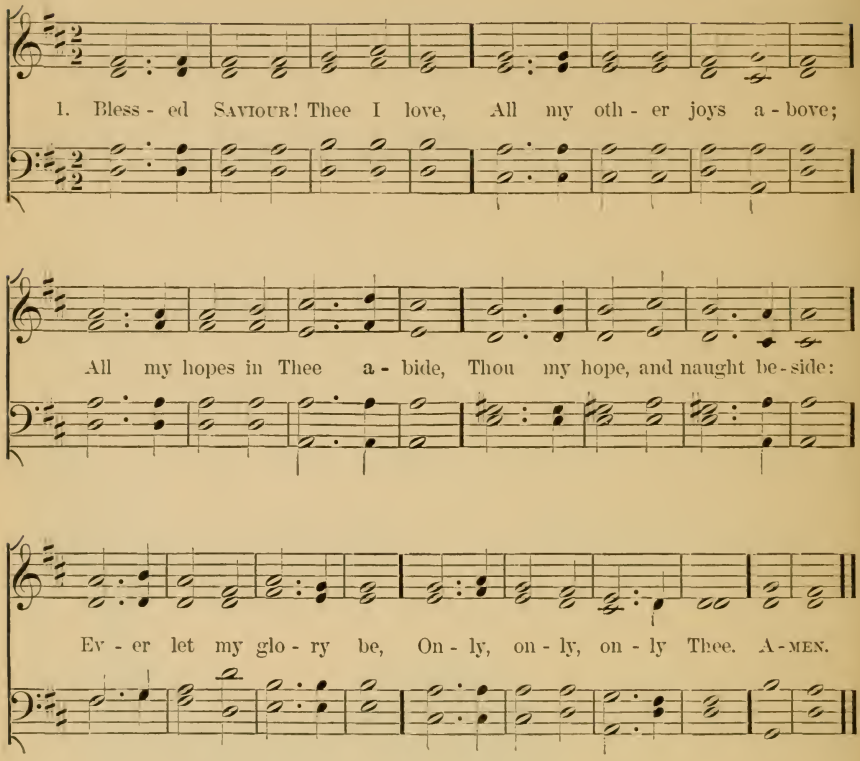
50*

SECOND TUNE. W. H. WALTER, 1874.


1. Si - on, Si - on, haste to meet Him, Lo, He comes, your LORD and King;
Wave the bright palm-branch before Him, And with joy Ho - san-nas sing. A-MEN.

51 Blessed Saviour! Thee I love.

C. E. WILLING.

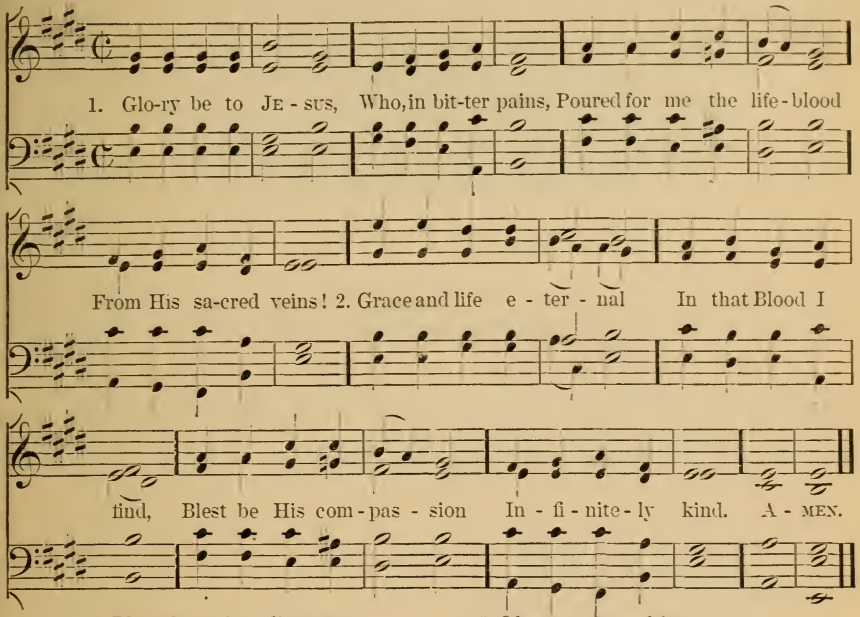

1. Bless - ed SAVIOUR! Thee I love, All my oth - er joys a - bove;
All my hopes in Thee a - bide, Thou my hope, and naught be - side:
Ev - er let my glo - ry be, On - ly, on - ly, on - ly Thee. A - MEN.

2 Once again beside the Cross,
All my gain I count but loss;
Earthly pleasures fade away,—
Clouds they are that hide my day:
Hence, vain shadows! let me see
JESUS crucified for me.

3 Blessèd SAVIOUR! Thine am I,
Thine to live, and Thine to die;
Height or depth or earthly power
Ne'er shall hide my SAVIOUR more:
Ever shall my glory be,
Only, only, only Thee! AMEN.

52* Glory be to Jesus.

FIRST TUNE. Dr. H. S. CUTLER.


1. Glo-ry be to Je - sus, Who, in bit-ter pains, Poured for me the life-blood
From His sa-cred veins! 2. Grace and life e - ter - nal In that Blood I
find, Blest be His com-pas - sion In - fi - nite-ly kind. A - men.

3 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!

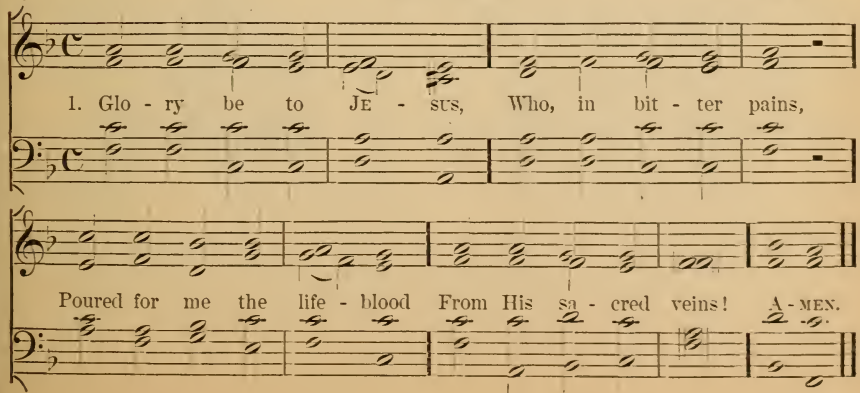
4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the Blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

5 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.

6 Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood;
Louder still and louder,
Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

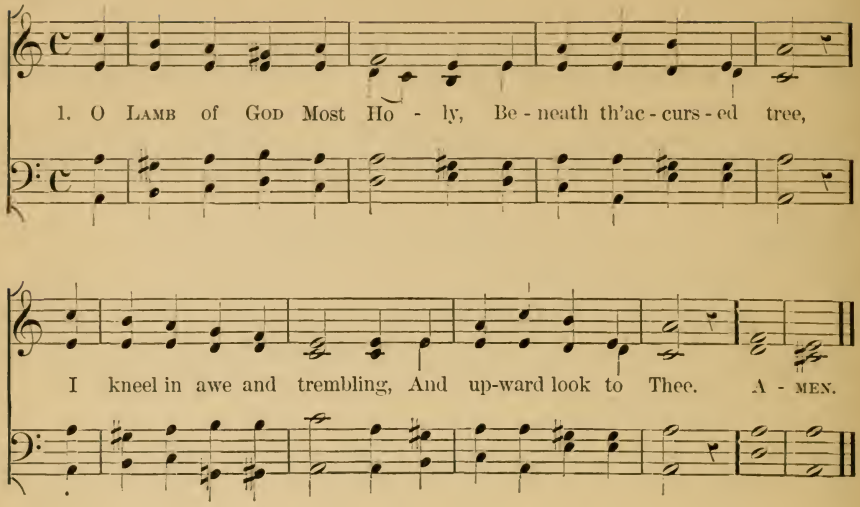
52

SECOND TUNE. W. H. MONK.



53* O Lamb of God Most Holy.

J. I. T.



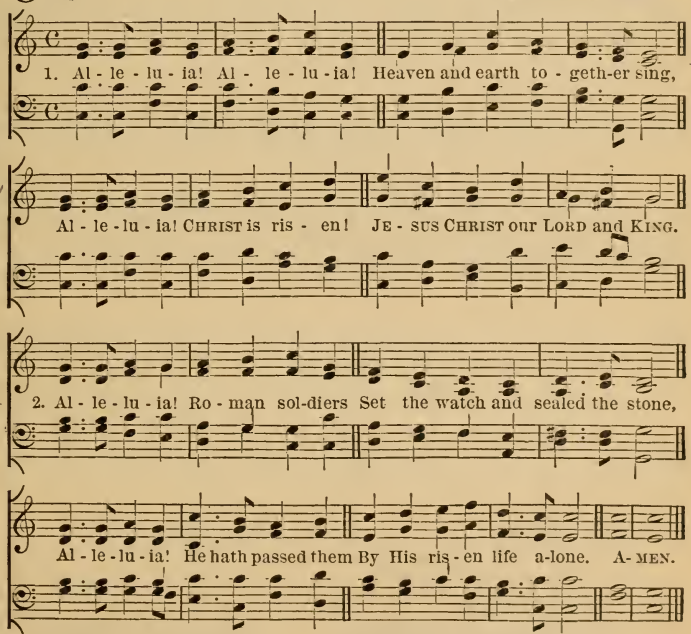
2 Upon the Cross of torture
Thou hangest all forlorn,
Thy tender Hands are bleeding,
Thy Feet with nails are torn.

3 A thorny crown surroundeth
Thy meek and patient Brow,
And bitter pains are racking
Thy sinless Body now.

4 My sins they are which wound Thee,
Which cause Thine anguish dread,
My sins the thorns have twisted,
Which pierce Thy holy Head.

5 I sinned and Thou dost suffer,
The Father's Holy Child;
That stripes which mar the Sinless
Might heal the sin-defiled. Amen.

54* Alleluia! Alleluia!

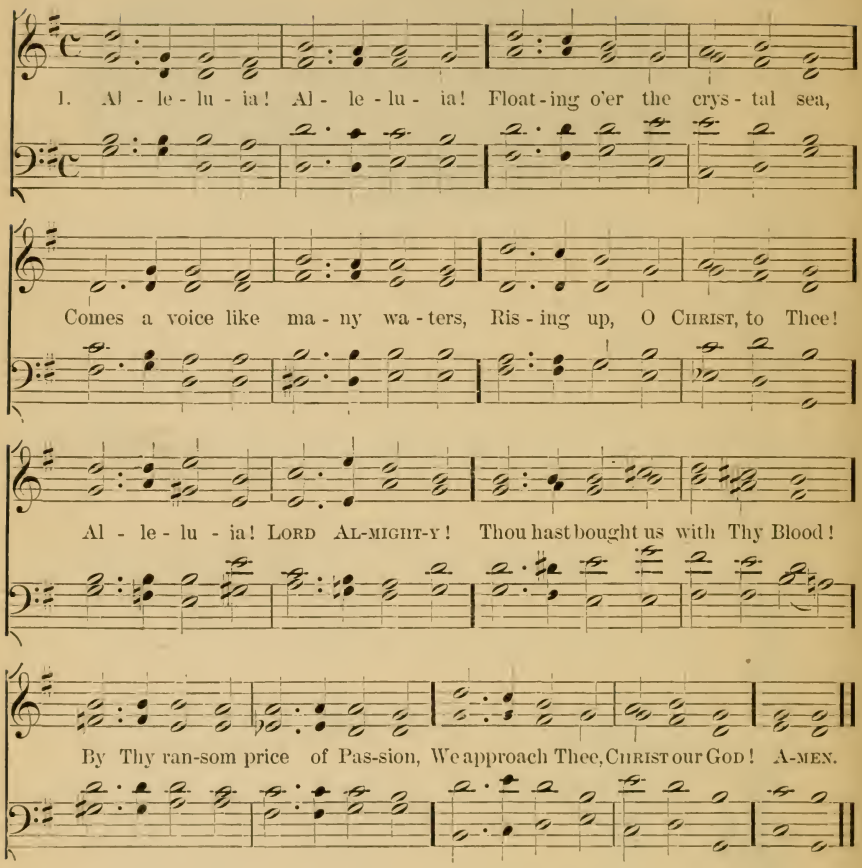
SAMUEL P. WARREN.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Heaven and earth to - geth-er sing,
Al - le - lu - ia! CHRIST is ris - en! JE - SUS CHRIST our LORD and KING.
2. Al - le - lu - ia! Ro - man sol-diers Set the watch and sealed the stone,
Al - le - lu - ia! He hath passed them By His ris - en life a-lone. A- MEN.

3 Alleluia! He hath given us
Of His new and risen life.
Alleluia! He will aid us
In our daily toil and strife.

4 Alleluia! He will take us
Soon with Him in Heaven to dwell.
Alleluia! Ours forever
CHRIST the LORD EMMANUEL. AMEN.

RADIX JESSE

55 Alleluia! Alleluia!

Rev. Gerard Cobb.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Float-ing o'er the crys - tal sea,
Comes a voice like ma - ny wa - ters, Ris - ing up, O Christ, to Thee!
Al - le - lu - ia! Lord Al-might-y! Thou hast bought us with Thy Blood!
By Thy ran-som price of Pas-sion, We approach Thee, Christ our God! A-men.

2 Alleluia! Alleluia!
From the sons of Adam rise
Sounds of Resurrection triumph,
Upward to the Easter skies:
Alleluia! well-belovèd,
We receive Thee, Jesu Christ:
Earth's ten thousand voices thunder
One united Eucharist.

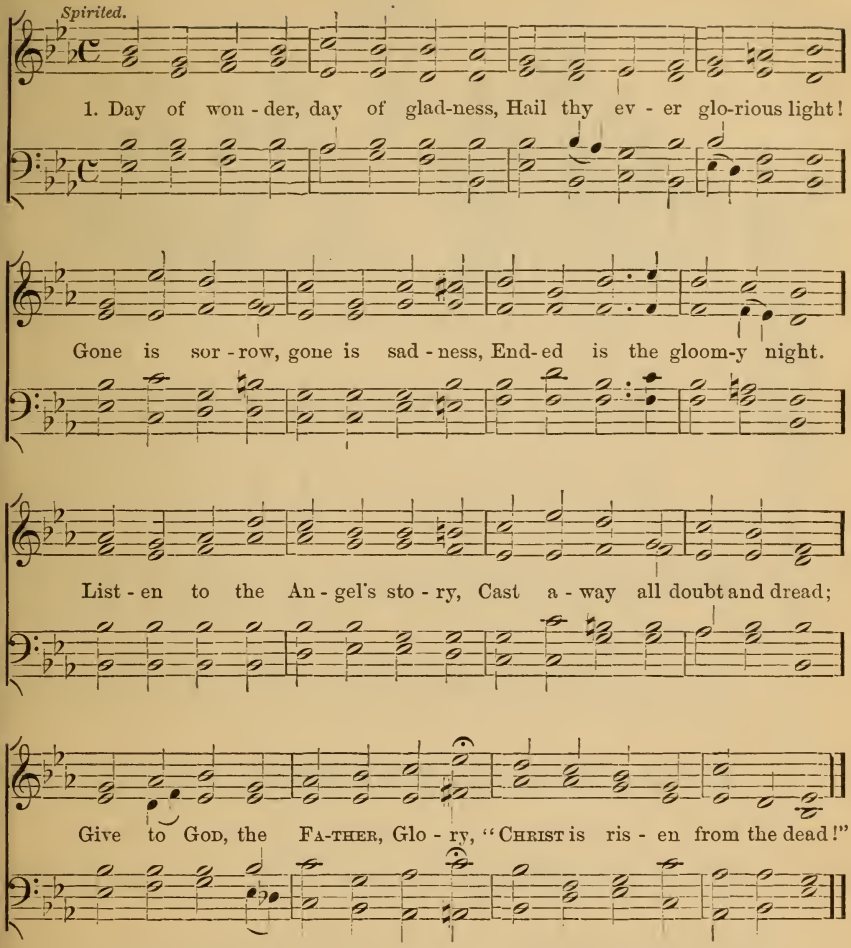
3 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Welcome, Child of Mary's womb,
Thou hast triumphed, God Incarnate,
O'er the dungeon of the tomb:
Alleluia! Hell's battalions
In the light of Easter morn
Know their brazen portals broken
By our Prince the Virgin-born.

4 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Thou hast bound Captivity,
At Thy chariot wheels of glory
Death is captive led by Thee:
Alleluia! we salute Thee,
Thralls of Death, Thou Lord of life,
Breaker of the ancient bondage,
Victor in the deadly strife.

5 Alleluia! Alleluia!
Lamb of God, enthronèd Priest,
Christ our Passover is offered,
Therefore let us keep the feast:
Alleluia! Christ is risen!
Earth and Heaven together sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Alleluia! Christ our King. Amen.

58* Day of wonder.

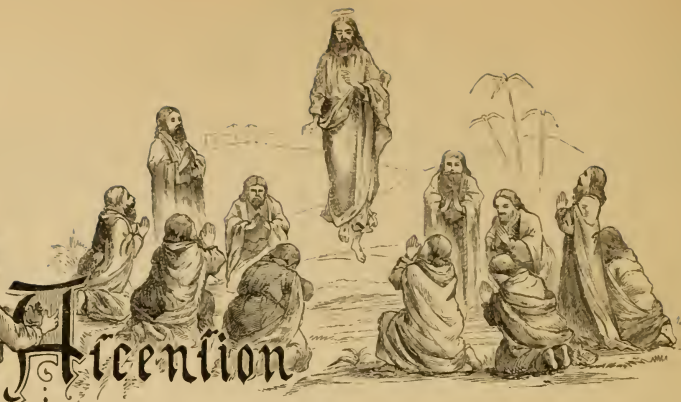
W. W. ROUSSEAU.


Spirited.
1. Day of won - der, day of glad-ness, Hail thy ev - er glo-rious light!
Gone is sor - row, gone is sad - ness, End-ed is the gloom-y night.
List - en to the An - gel's sto - ry, Cast a - way all doubt and dread;
Give to GOD, the FA-THER, Glo - ry, "CHRIST is ris - en from the dead!"

2 In the triumph of this hour,
Jubilant shall swell the song,
Unto JESUS honour, power,
Blessing, victory belong.
Scattered are the clouds of error,
Sin and hell are captive led,
E'en the grave is freed from terror,
"CHRIST is risen from the dead!"

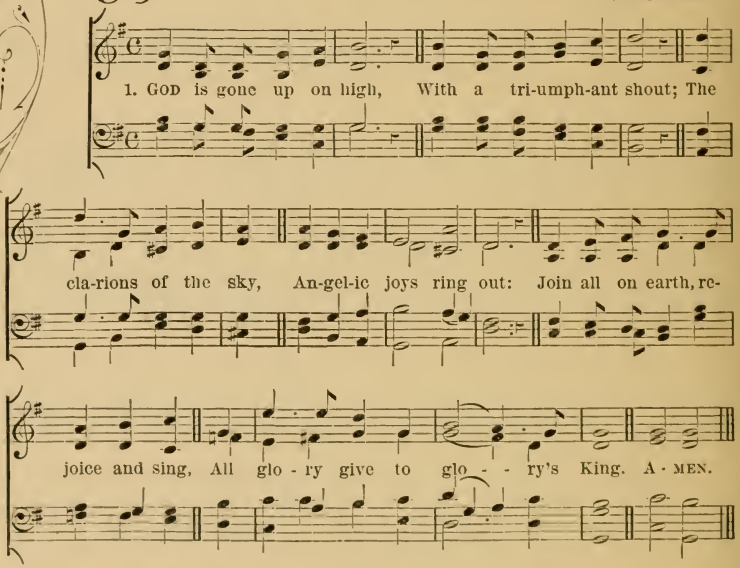
3 Every people, every nation
Soon shall hear the gladsome sound,
Joyous tidings of salvation
Borne to earth's remotest bound.
Then shall rise in tones excelling,
Praise for grace so freely shed,
And the Easter hymn be swelling,
"CHRIST is risen from the dead!"

4 Victor now, to Heaven ascended,
Seated on the FATHER'S throne,
CHRIST, in Whom our nature blended,
Will His blessèd children own.
If above, in glory meeting,
We the heavenly courts should tread,
Sweeter then will sound the greeting,
"CHRIST is risen from the dead!"



Ascension

59 ✝ God is gone up on high.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. GOD is gone up on high, With a tri-umph-ant shout; The
cla-rions of the sky, An-gel-ic joys ring out: Join all on earth, re-
joice and sing, All glo - ry give to glo - - ry's King. A - MEN.

2 All power to our great LORD
Is by His FATHER given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in Heaven;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
All glory give to glory's King.

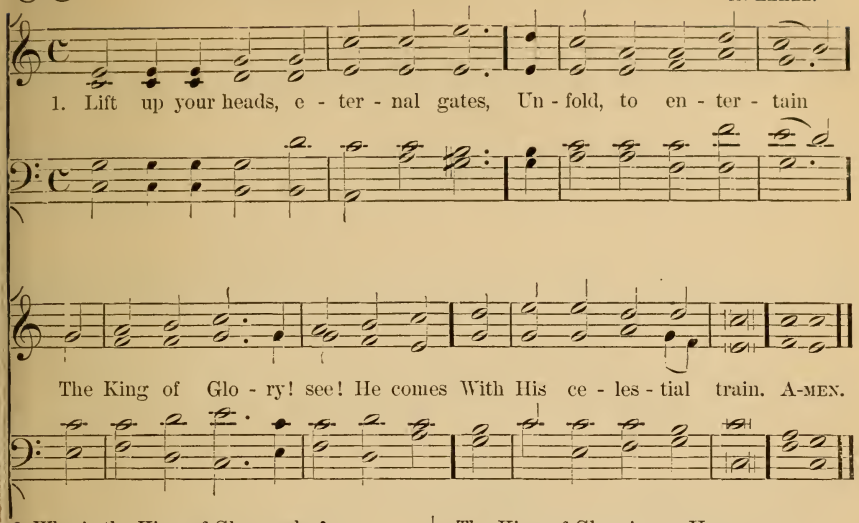
3 High on His holy seat
He bears the righteous sway,
His foes beneath His feet
Shall sink and die away:
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
All glory give to glory's King.

4 His foes and ours are one,
Satan, the world, and sin;
But He shall tread them down,
And bring His kingdom in;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
All glory give to glory's King.

5 With lips and hearts of fire,
Thee, JESU CHRIST, we praise;
With Heaven's eternal Sire,
And HOLY GHOST always.
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
All glory give to glory's King. AMEN.

60 Lift up your heads, eternal gates.

H. LAHEE.



2 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The LORD for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty; o'er His foes
Eternal Victor crown'd.

3 Lift up your heads, ye gates; unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory! see, He comes
With all His shining train.

4 Who is the King of Glory, who?
The LORD of Hosts renown'd;
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd. AMEN.

61 Now to our Saviour let us raise.

1 Now to our SAVIOUR let us raise
The noblest hymn we may;
For with the voice of joy and praise
GOD is gone up to-day.

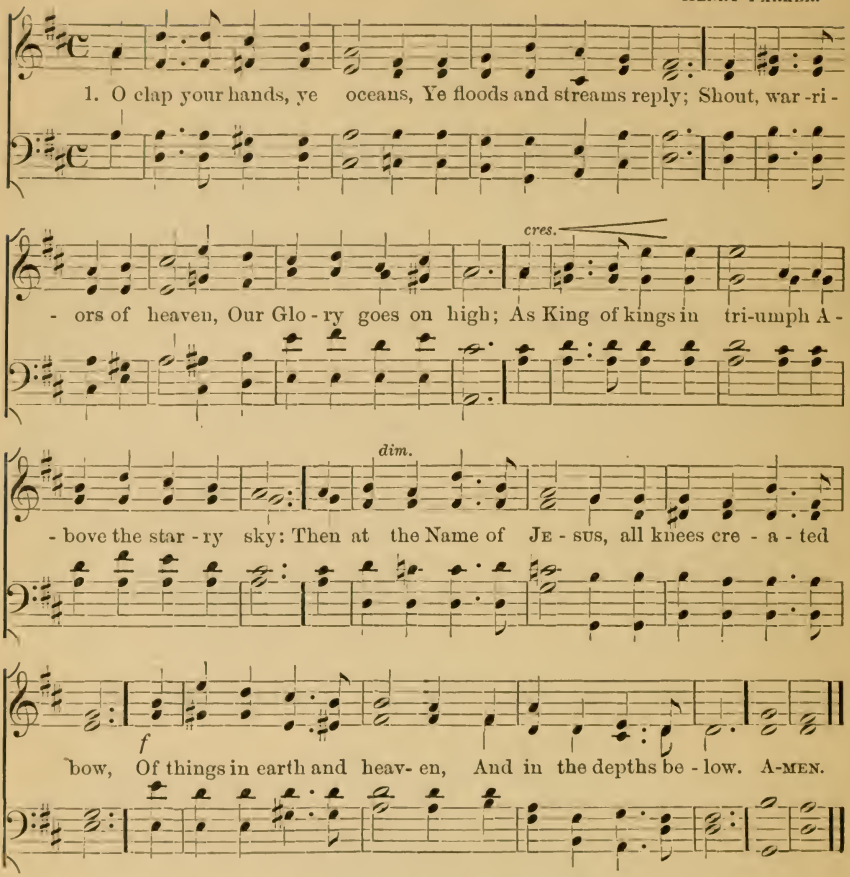
2 CHRIST is gone up; yet ere He pass'd
From earth in Heav'n to reign,
He form'd one Holy Church to last
Till He should come again.

3 His Twelve Apostles first He made
His Ministers of grace;
And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

4 So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed on;
And still the Holy Church is here,
Although her LORD is gone.

5 Let those find pardon, LORD, from Thee,
Whose love to it is cold;
Bring wanderers in and let there be
One Shepherd and one Fold. AMEN.

62 O clap your hands, ye oceans.

HENRY PARKER.

1. O clap your hands, ye oceans, Ye floods and streams reply; Shout, war-ri-
cres.
-ors of heaven, Our Glo-ry goes on high; As King of kings in tri-umph A-
dim.
-bove the star-ry sky: Then at the Name of JE-SUS, all knees cre-a-ted
f
bow, Of things in earth and heav-en, And in the depths be-low. A-MEN.

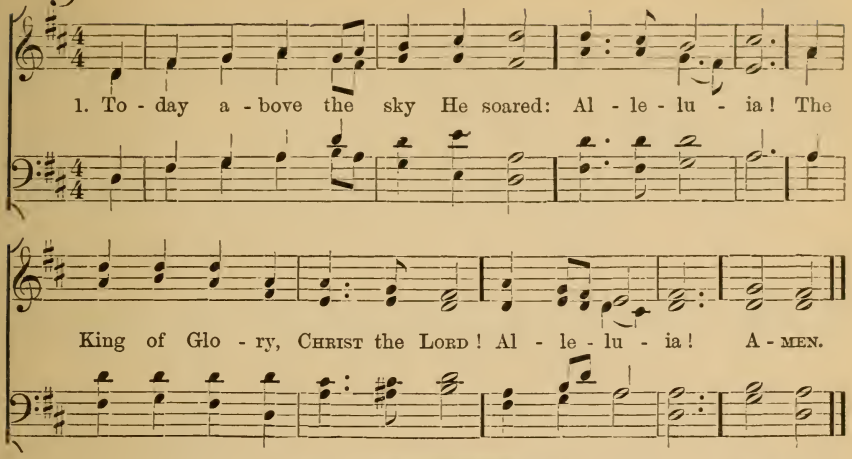
2 Hark, hark, ye mighty princes!
Your gates wide open fling,
O haste to greet your Monarch,
Who cometh triumphing,
And crowd around Him, crying,
Hail, JESU, wondrous King!
Then, &c.

3 Who is this King of Glory,
Whose garments purple be,
With vesture dyed of Bozrah,
Going up with jubilee?
The LORD, in battle mighty,
Who quelled our enemy.
Then, &c.

4 O JESU, Thou hast conquered,
Unto Thy throne ascend,
Sit on the FATHER'S right hand,
Thou goal where true hearts tend,
Be Thou our joy in sorrow,
Our prize when time shall end.
Then, &c.

63 To-day above the sky He soared.

J. I. T.



2 He sitteth at the FATHER'S hand:
Alleluia!
And ruleth sky and sea and land.
Alleluia!

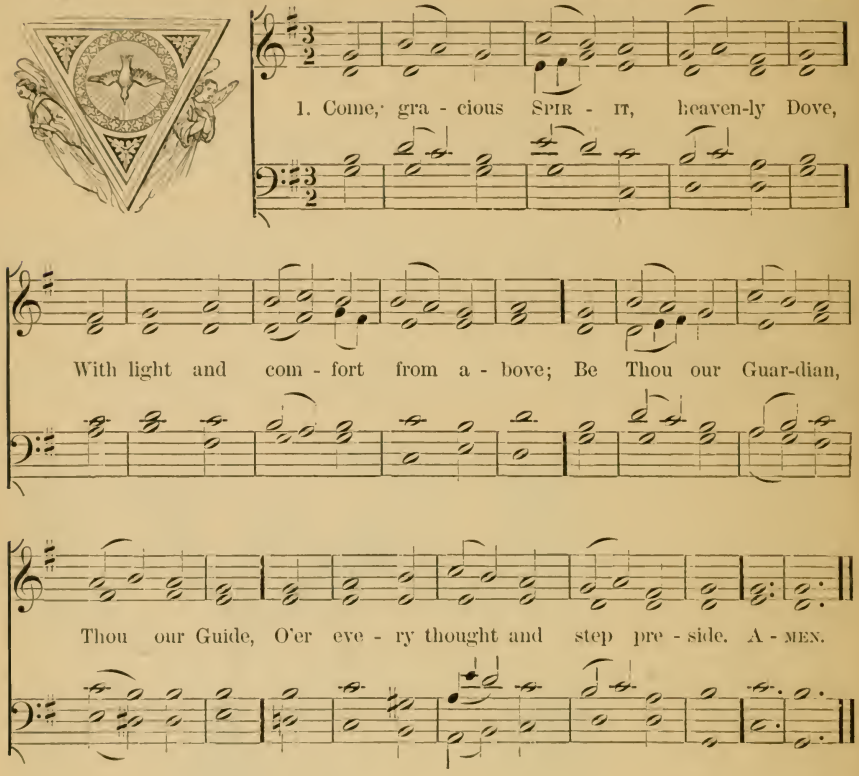
3 Now all things have their end foretold:
Alleluia!
In holy David's song of old:
Alleluia!

4 My LORD is seated with the LORD:
Alleluia!
Upon the throne of GOD adored:
Alleluia!

5 In this great triumph of our King:
Alleluia!
To GOD on high all praise we bring:
Alleluia!

6 To HIM all thanks and laud give we:
Alleluia!
The ever-blessèd TRINITY!
Alleluia! AMEN.

64 Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove.

Arranged by Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes.

1. Come, gra - cious Spir - it, heaven-ly Dove,
With light and com - fort from a - bove; Be Thou our Guar-dian,
Thou our Guide, O'er eve - ry thought and step pre - side. A - men.

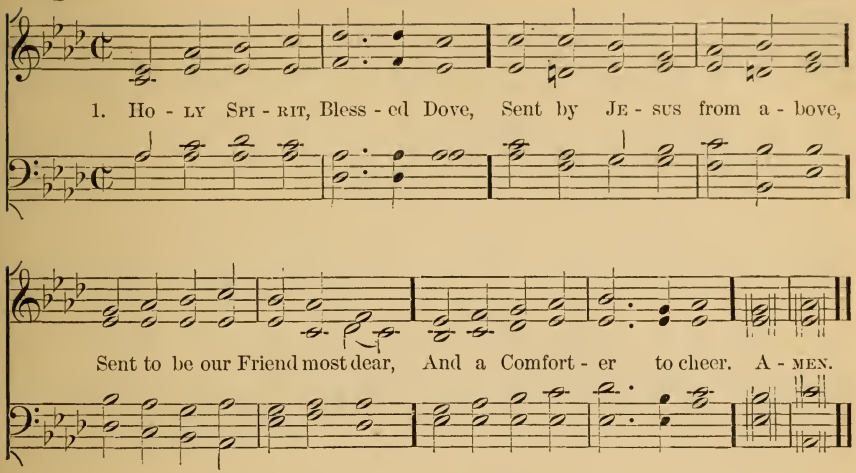
2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

4 Lead us to Heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy forever there:
Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

65 Holy Spirit, Blessed Dove.

FIRST TUNE. Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES.



2 Gentle Guide and Helper sweet,
Lead our weary wayworn feet
Safely through this world of care,
Till they reach Thy dwelling fair.

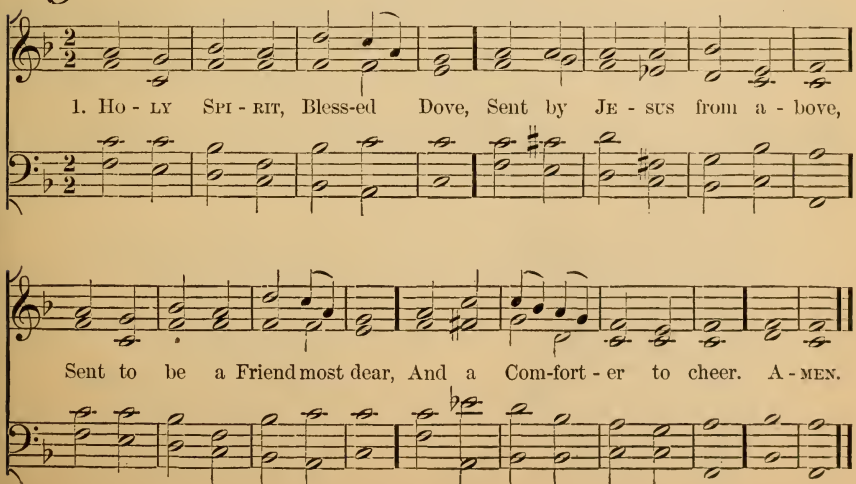
3 Tender Friend, Companion blest,
Deign to be our constant Guest,
All that grieves Thee put away,
And with us for ever stay.

4 Form in us each good desire,
Quicken them with holy fire,
Till the life on love's strong wing
Upward soar, and soaring sing.

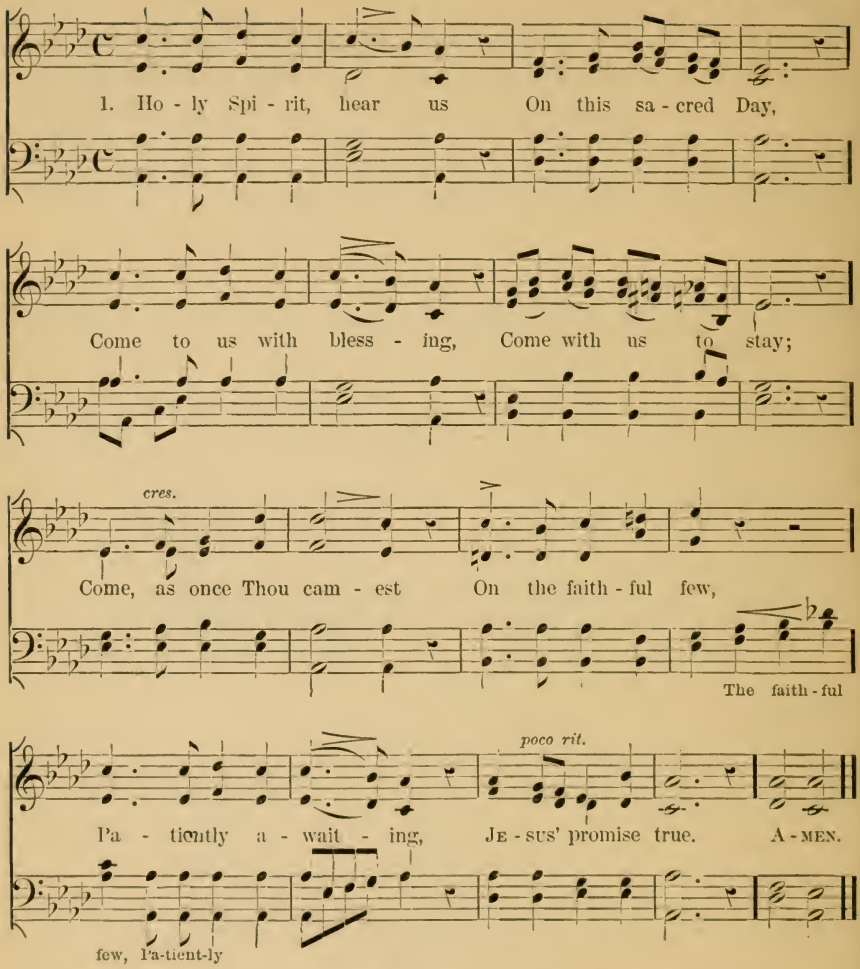
5 HOLY SPIRIT, Blessèd Dove,
Comforter, Whose Name is Love,
Helper, Friend, Companion, Guide,
Evermore with us abide. AMEN.

65†

SECOND TUNE. *From* WEBER.



66* Holy Spirit, hear us.

H. MILLARD.

1. Ho - ly Spi - rit, hear us On this sa - cred Day,
Come to us with bless - ing, Come with us to stay;
cres.
Come, as once Thou cam - est On the faith - ful few,
The faith - ful
poco rit.
Pa - tiently a - wait - ing, JE - SUS' promise true. A - MEN.
few, Pa-tient-ly

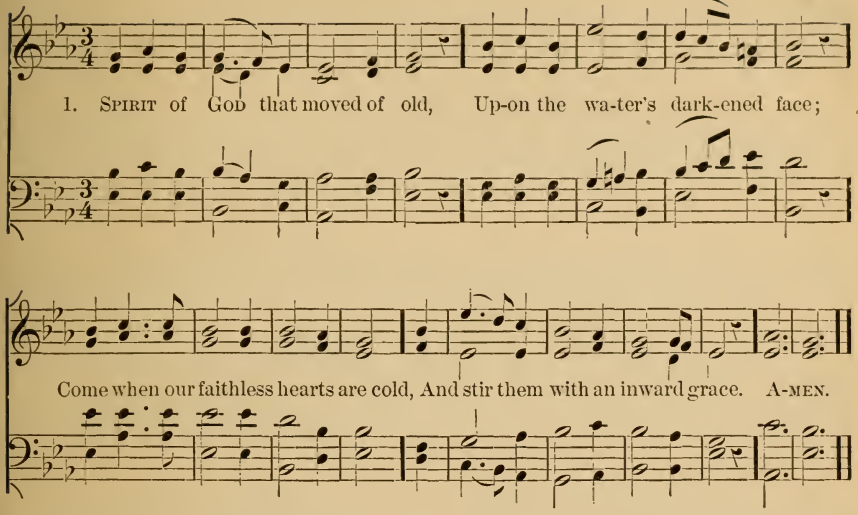
2 Up to Heaven ascending
Our dear LORD has gone;
Yet His little children
Leaves He not alone.
To His blessèd promise
Now in faith we cling,
COMFORTER most Holy!
Spread o'er us Thy wing.

3 Lighten Thou our darkness,
Be Thyself our Light,
Strengthen Thou our weakness,
SPIRIT of all Might!
In our doubts give counsel,
In temptation aid,
Say to us in danger,
"Be not ye afraid!"

4 SPIRIT of Adoption!
Make us overflow
With Thy sevenfold blessing
And in grace to grow;
"Into CHRIST baptizèd,"
Grant that we may be;
Day and night, dear SPIRIT!
Perfected by Thee. AMEN.

67* Spirit of God, that moved of old.

J. I. T.


1. Spirit of God that moved of old, Up-on the wa-ter's dark-ened face;
Come when our faithless hearts are cold, And stir them with an inward grace. A-men.

2 Thou that art power and peace combined,
All highest strength, all purest love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove;

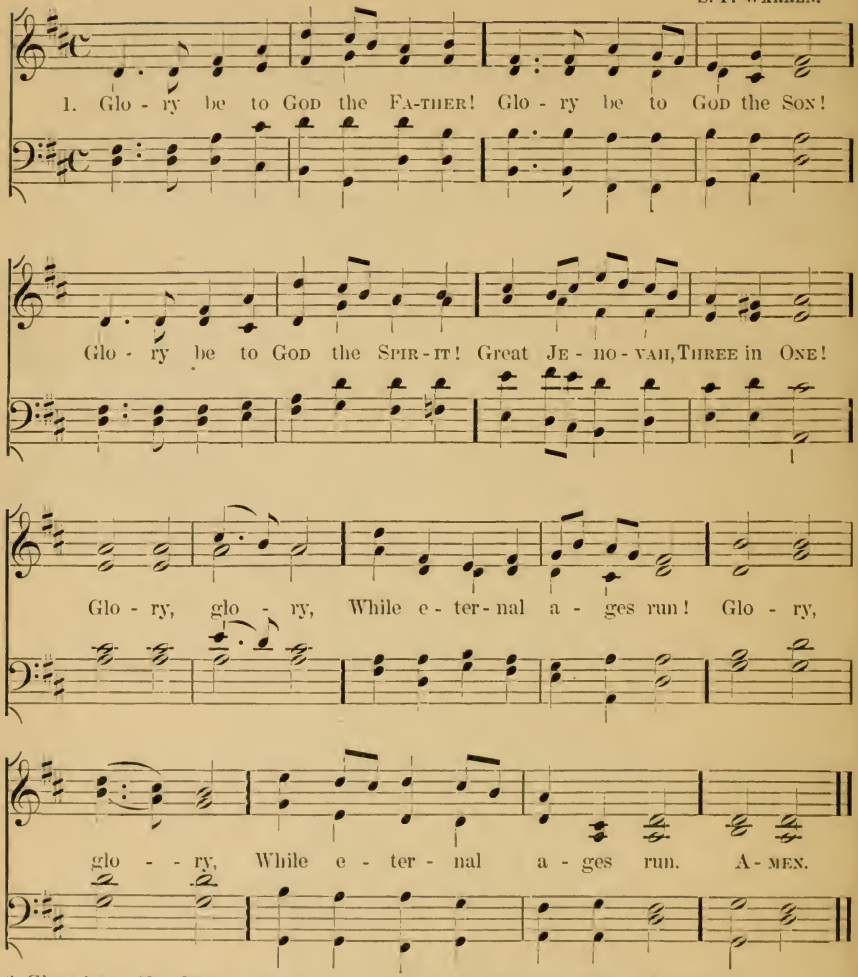
3 Unseal the well within our hearts
Whose fount in Heaven immortal springs,
Bid all our troublous fears depart,
And soothe us with Thy quiet wings.

4 Come give us still Thy powerful aid
And urge us on, and make us Thine,
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for Thy grace divine.

5 Nor let us quench Thy sevenfold light,
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls; and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter. Amen.

68* Glory be to God the Father.

S. P. WARREN.


1. Glo - ry be to GOD the FA-THER! Glo - ry be to GOD the SON!
Glo - ry be to GOD the SPIR-IT! Great JE - HO-VAH, THREE in ONE!
Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter-nal a - ges run! Glo - ry,
glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run. A-MEN.

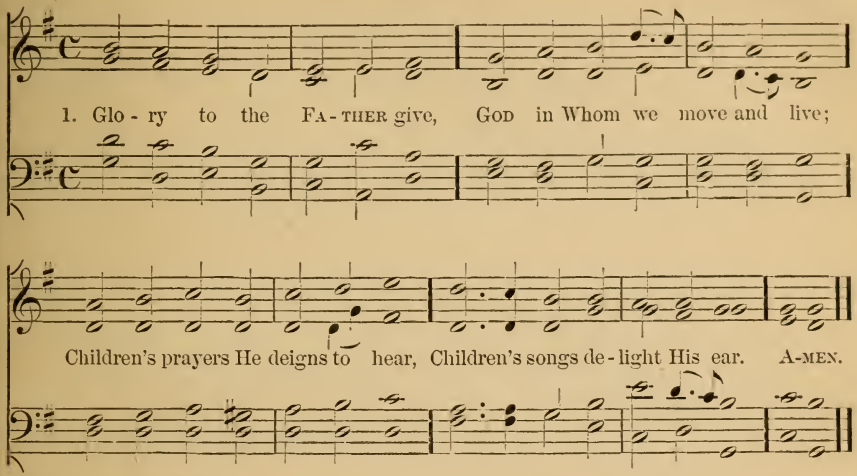
2 Glory be to Him Who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain!
Glory be to Him Who bought us,
Made us kings with Him to reign!
Glory, glory,
To the Lamb That once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of Angels!
Glory to the Church's King!
Glory to the King of nations!
Heaven and earth your praises bring,—
Glory, glory,
To the King of glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of Angels sings;
Honour, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings;
Glory, glory,
Glory to the King of kings! AMEN.

69* Glory to the Father give.

FIRST TUNE. J. I. T.


1. Glo - ry to the FA-THER give, GOD in Whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear, Children's songs de-light His ear. A-MEN.

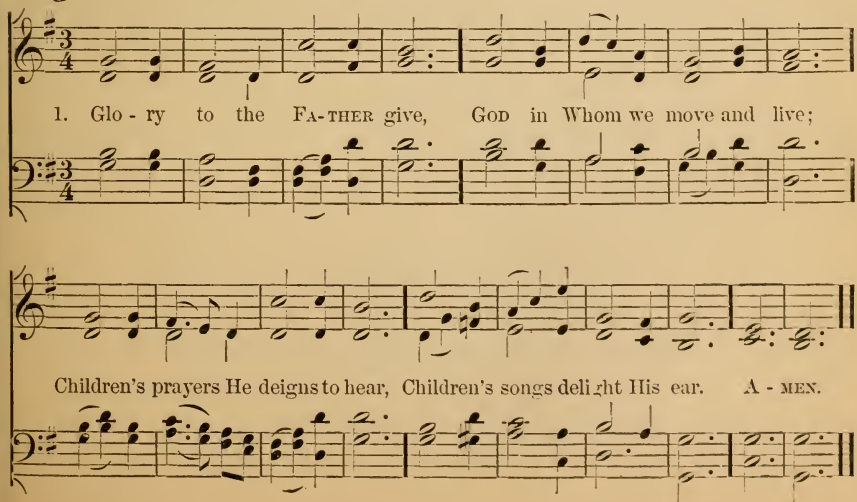
2 Glory to the SON we bring,
CHRIST our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.

3 Glory to the HOLY GHOST,
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may He inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the Blessèd TRINITY,
For the Gospel from above,
For the word that "GOD is love." AMEN.

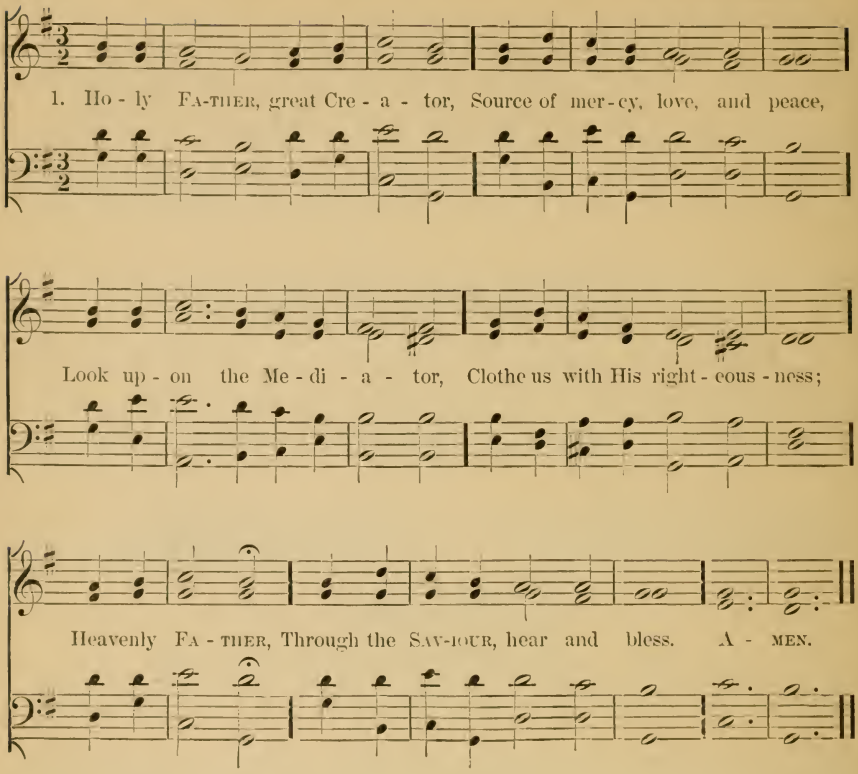
69†

SECOND TUNE. *From* MOZART.


1. Glo - ry to the FA-THER give, GOD in Whom we move and live;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear, Children's songs delight His ear. A - MEN.

70* Holy Father, great Creator.

W. H. WALTER, 1866.

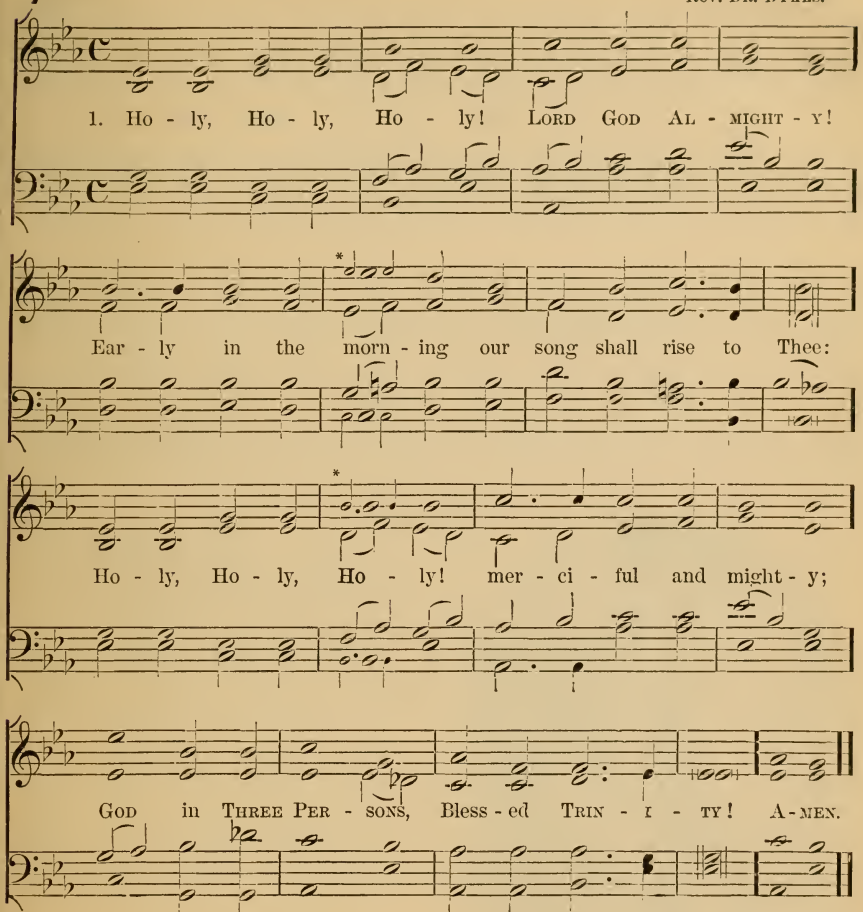

1. Ho - ly FA-THER, great Cre - a - tor, Source of mer - cy, love, and peace,
Look up - on the Me - di - a - tor, Clothe us with His right - eous - ness;
Heavenly FA - THER, Through the SAV-IOUR, hear and bless. A - MEN.

2 Holy JESU, LORD of Glory,
Whom angelic hosts proclaim,
While we hear Thy wondrous story,
Meet and worship in Thy Name,
Dear Redeemer,
In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 HOLY SPIRIT, Sanctifier,
Come with unction from above,
Raise our hearts to raptures higher,
Fill them with the SAVIOUR'S love!
Source of comfort,
Cheer us with the SAVIOUR'S love.

4 GOD the LORD, through every nation
Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!
In the song of Thy salvation
Every tongue and race combine!
Great JEHOVAH,
Form our hearts and make them Thine. AMEN.

71 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!

Rev. Dr. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee:
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y;
God in Three Per - sons, Bless - ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! All the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

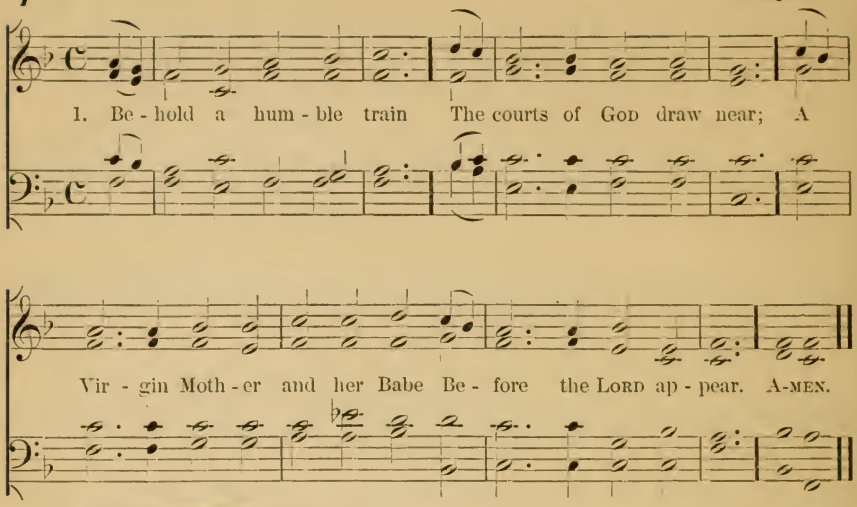
3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity! Amen.

* The small notes are intended for the second and third verses.

72† Behold a humble train.

Adapted.



2 O wondrous, blessèd sight!
To faithful eyes made known,
That lowly Babe—the mighty GOD,
The Prince of Peace, they own.

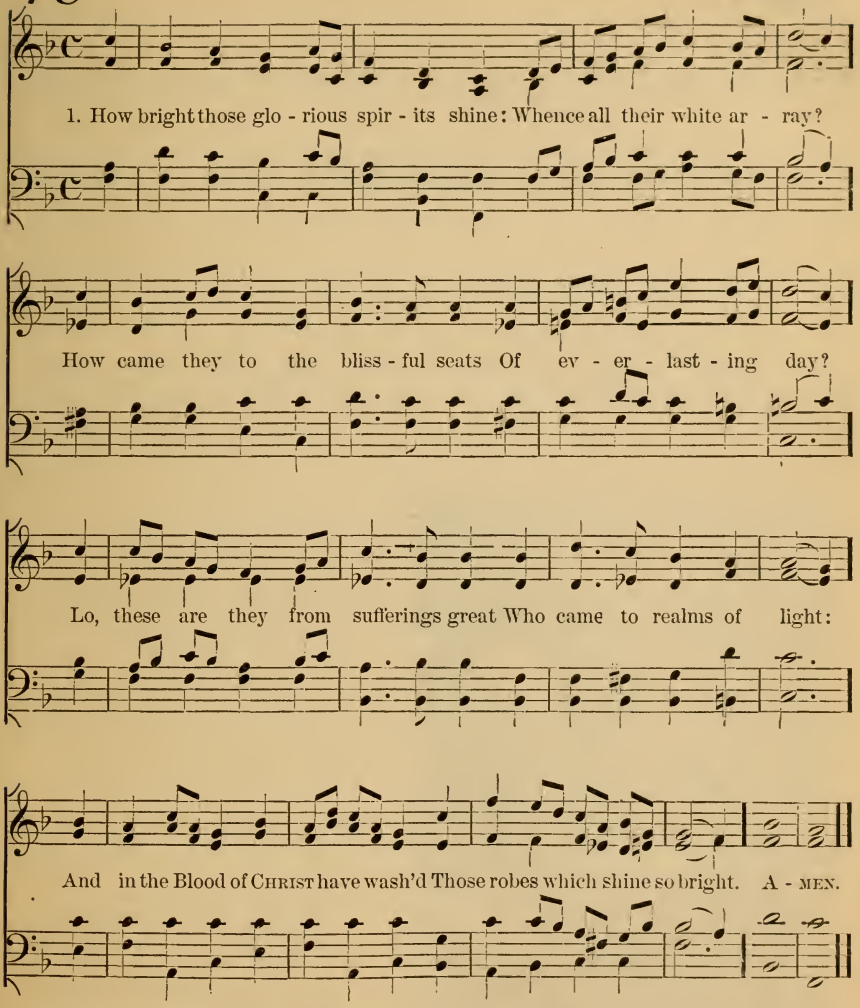
3 And now this temple shines
With glory far more bright
Than e'er the former temple saw,
E'en at its greatest height.

4 The cloud indeed was there,
The symbol of the LORD;
But here the LORD Himself appears,
The true, Incarnate Word.

5 Blest SAVIOUR, come once more
With power and grace divine;
Our hearts Thy living temples make,
Wholly and ever Thine. AMEN.

73* How bright those glorious spirits shine.

WM. DRESSLER.

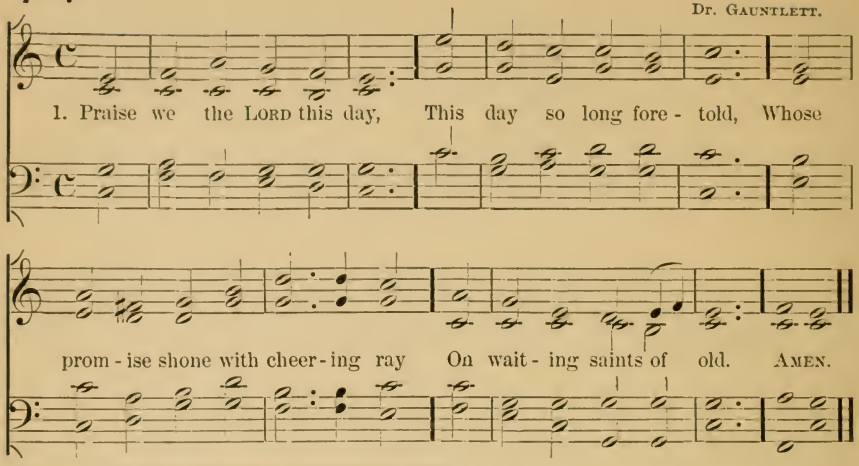

1. How bright those glo - rious spir - its shine: Whence all their white ar - ray?
How came they to the bliss - ful seats Of ev - er - last - ing day?
Lo, these are they from sufferings great Who came to realms of light:
And in the Blood of CHRIST have wash'd Those robes which shine so bright. A - MEN.

2 Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.
His Presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes every mouth to sing;
By day, by night the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.

3 The Lamb Which reigns upon the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
'Mong pastures green He'll lead His flock,
Where living streams appear;
And GOD the LORD from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear. AMEN.

74 Praise we the Lord this day.

Dr. Gauntlett.


1. Praise we the Lord this day, This day so long fore - told, Whose
prom - ise shone with cheer - ing ray On wait - ing saints of old. Amen.

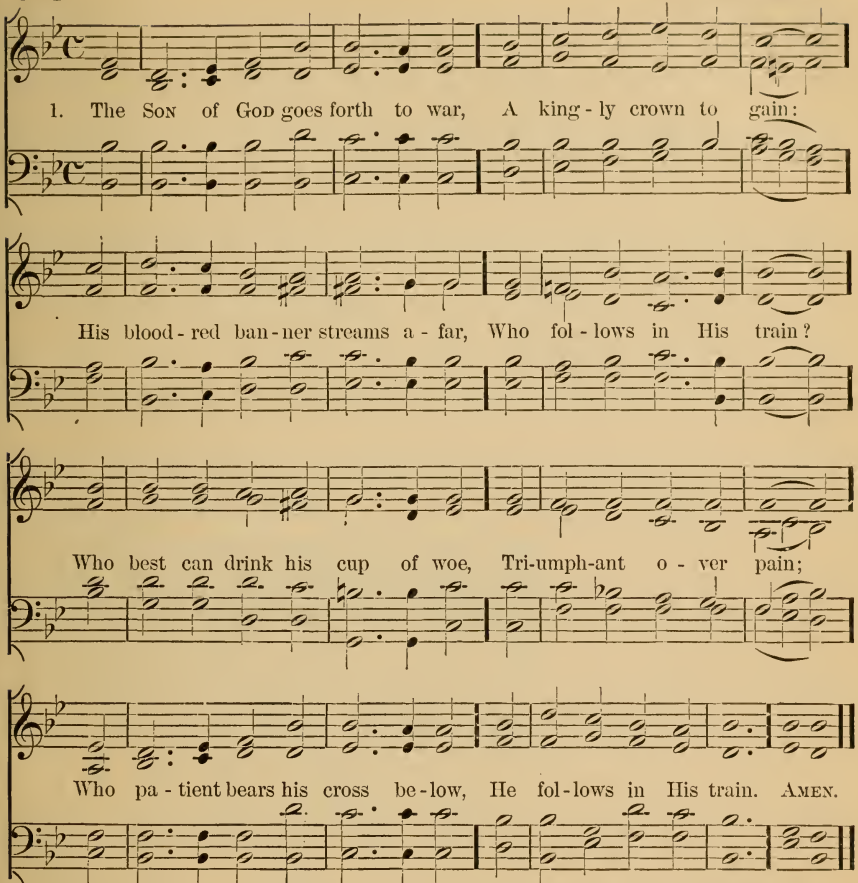
2 The prophet gave the sign
For faithful men to read;
A Virgin born of David's line,
Shall bear the promised Seed.

3 Ask not how this should be,
But worship and adore,
Like her whom Heaven's Majesty
Came down to shadow o'er.

4 Meekly she bowed her head
To hear the gracious word,
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,
The favoured of the Lord.

5 Blessèd shall be her name
In all the Church on earth,
Through whom that wondrous mercy came,
The Incarnate Saviour's birth.
Amen.

75* The Son of God goes forth to war.

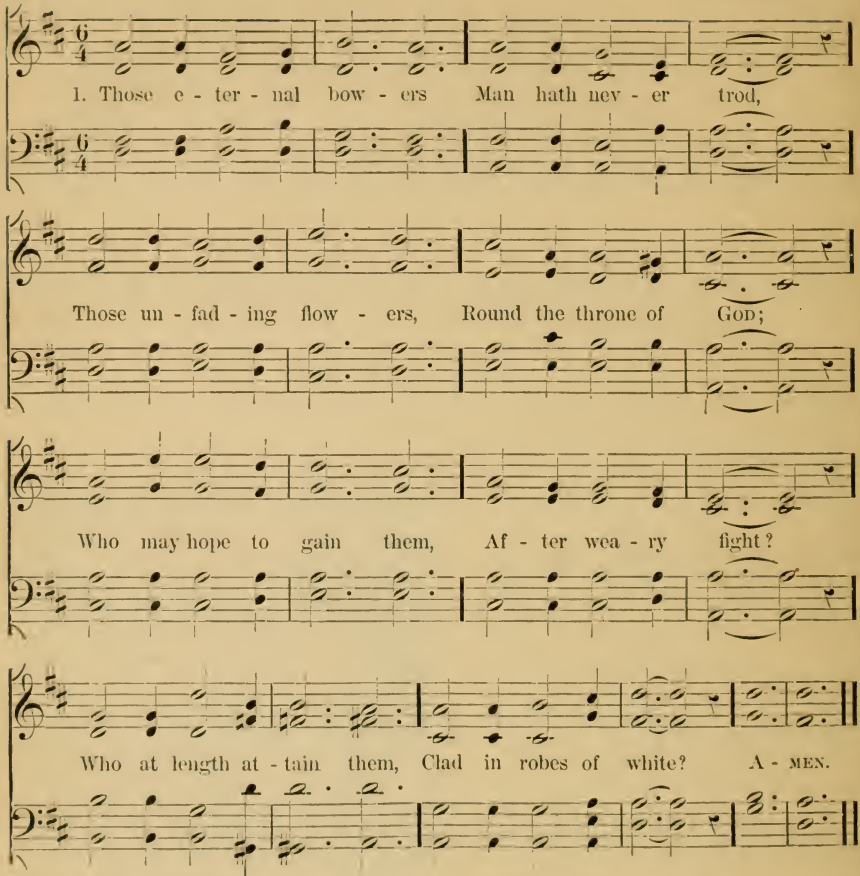
DR. H. S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far, Who fol-lows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-umph-ant o-ver pain;
Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in His train. AMEN.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save:
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the SPIRIT came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they know,
And mock'd the cross and flame,
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the SAVIOUR'S throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd:
They climb'd the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O GOD, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. AMEN.

76 Those eternal bowers.

E. BARKER.

1. Those e - ter - nal bow - ers Man hath nev - er trod,
Those un - fad - ing flow - ers, Round the throne of GOD;
Who may hope to gain them, Af - ter wea - ry fight?
Who at length at - tain them, Clad in robes of white? A - MEN.

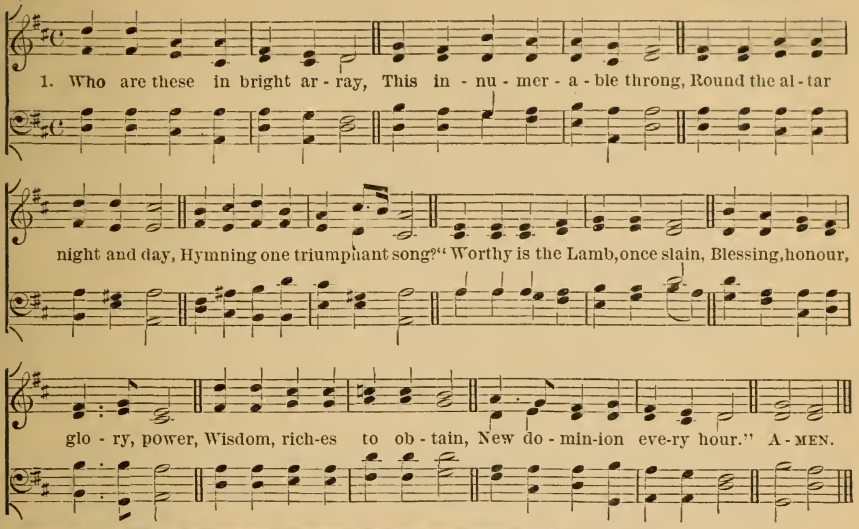
2 He, who gladly barters
All on earthly ground,
He, who like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He, whose one oblation
Is a life of love;
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.

3 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabour
Fool away the light,
When He bids you labour,
When He tells you "Fight!"

4 While I do my duty
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side!
Tell who will the story
Of our *now* distress;
O the future glory!
O the loveliness! AMEN.

77† Who are these in bright array?

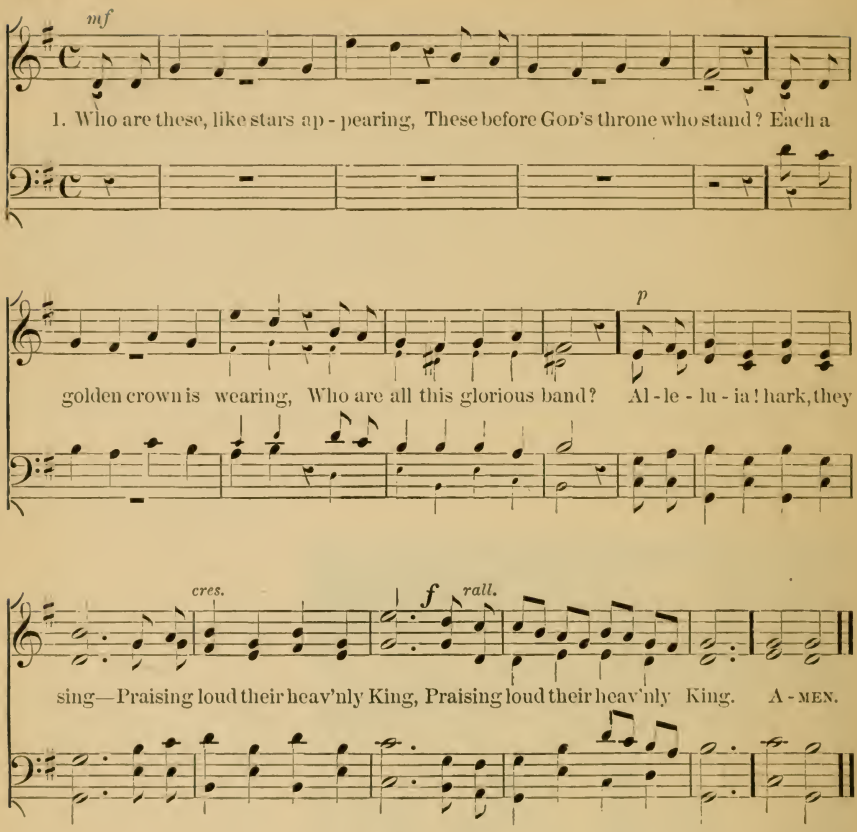
Prussian Air.


1. Who are these in bright ar - ray, This in - nu - mer - a - ble throng, Round the al - tar
night and day, Hymning one triumphant song? "Worthy is the Lamb, once slain, Blessing, honour,
glo - ry, power, Wisdom, rich-es to ob - tain, New do - min-ion eve-ry hour." A - MEN.

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of GOD,
Seal'd with His Almighty Name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their dear Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb amidst the Throne,
Shall to living fountains lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
GOD shall wipe away the tears.
AMEN.

78 Who are these, like stars appearing?

JOHN HULLAH.

mf
1. Who are these, like stars ap - pearing, These before GOD's throne who stand? Each a
p
golden crown is wearing, Who are all this glorious band? Al - le - lu - ia! hark, they
cres.
f
rall.
sing—Praising loud their heav'nly King, Praising loud their heav'nly King. A - MEN.

2 Who are these in dazzling brightness,
Cloth'd in GOD's own righteousness;
These, whose robes of purest whiteness
Shall their lustre still possess?
Still untouch'd by time's rude hand,
Whence come all this glorious band?

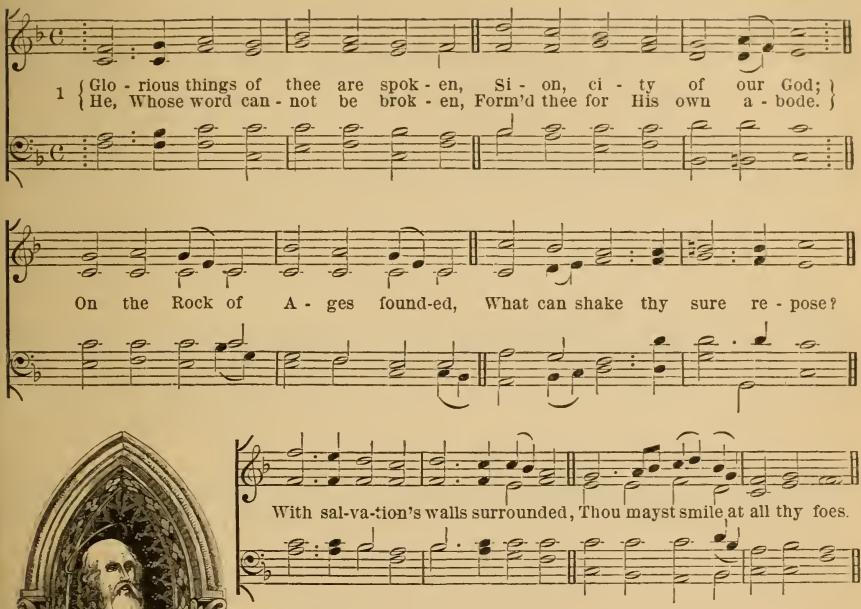
3 These are they who have contended
For their SAVIOUR's honour long,
Wrestling on till life was ended,
Following not the sinful throng.
These, who well the fight sustain'd,
Triumph by the Lamb have gain'd.

4 These are they whose hearts were riven,
Sore with woe and anguish tried,
Who in pray'r full oft have striven
With the GOD they glorified;
Now, their painful conflict o'er,
GOD has bid them weep no more.

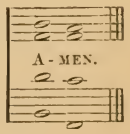
5 These, th' Almighty contemplating,
Kings and priests before Him stand,
Soul and body always waiting
Day and night at His command.
Now in GOD's most holy place,
Blest they stand before His face. AMEN.

79 Glorious things of thee are spoken.

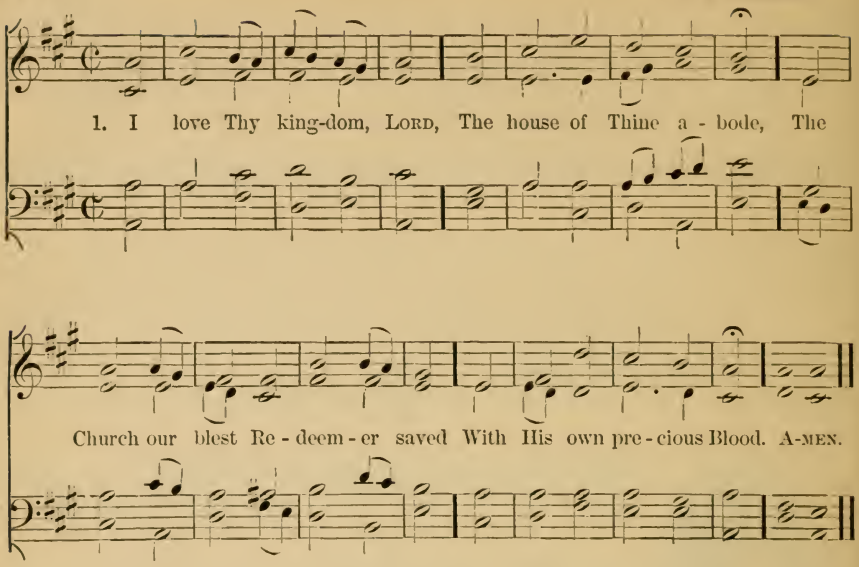
J. HAYDN.


1 Glo - rious things of thee are spok - en, Si - on, ci - ty of our God;
He, Whose word can - not be brok - en, Form'd thee for His own a - bode.
On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
With sal-va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove;
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;
Grace, which, like the LORD, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the LORD is near,
Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's Blood!
JESUS, Whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to GOD.

80† I love Thy kingdom, Lord.

Rev. R. HARRISON.



2 I love Thy Church, O GOD;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

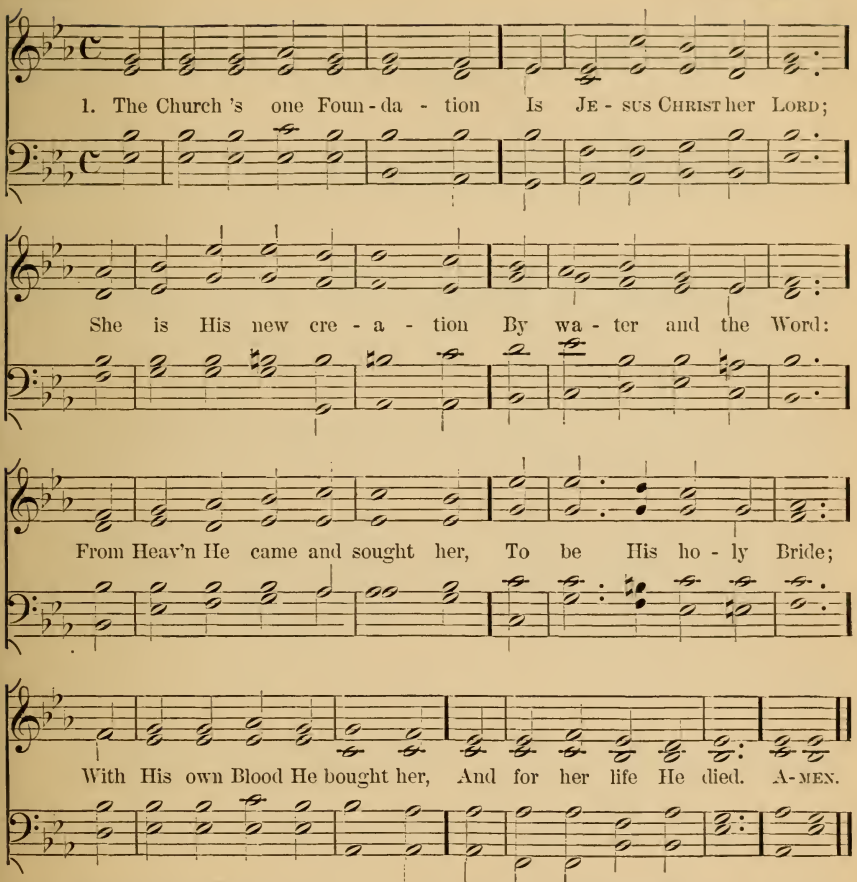
3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 JESU, Thou Friend divine,
Our SAVIOUR and our KING,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Sion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of Heaven. AMEN.

81 The Church's one Foundation.

DR. S. S. WESLEY.

1. The Church 's one Foun - da - tion Is JE - SUS CHRIST her LORD;
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word:
From Heav'n He came and sought her, To be His ho - ly Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her, And for her life He died. A-MEN.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One LORD, one Faith, one Birth;
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

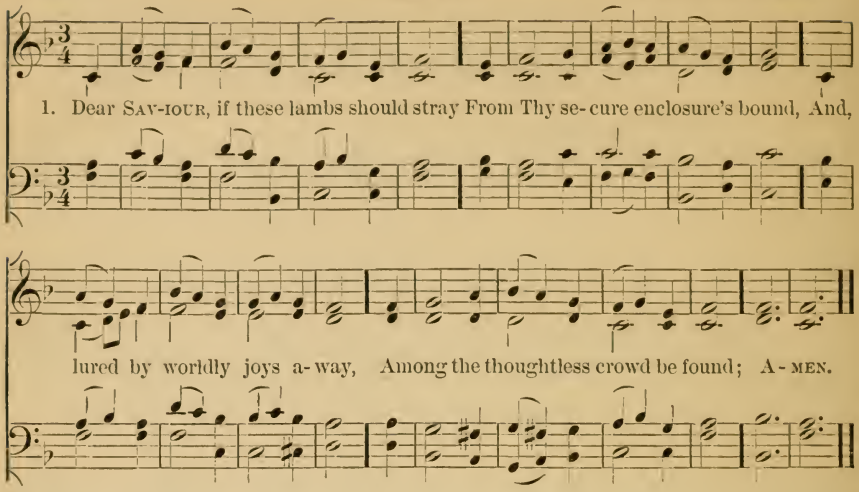
3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore oppress,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest;
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With GOD the THREE in ONE,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
LORD, give us grace that we
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee. AMEN.

82 Dear Saviour, if these lambs should stray.

FIRST TUNE. *St. Alban's Tune Book.*


1. Dear SAV-IOUR, if these lambs should stray From Thy se-cure enclosure's bound, And,
lured by worldly joys a-way, Among the thoughtless crowd be found; A-MEN.

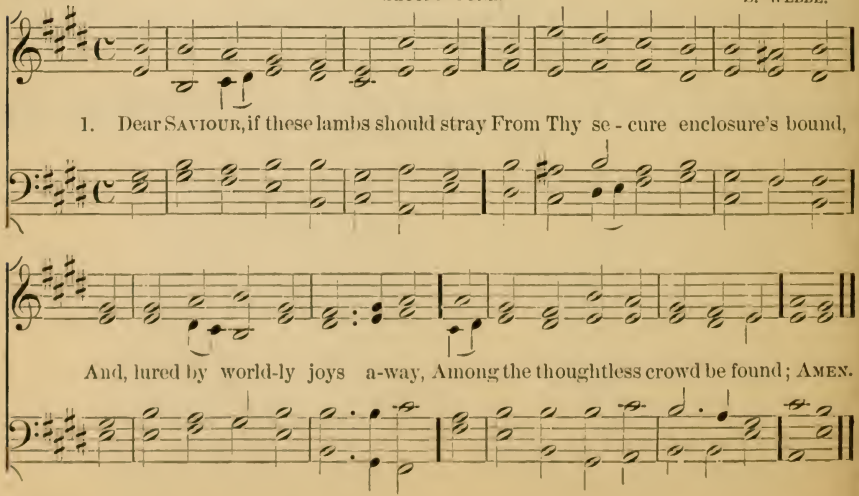
2 Remember still that they are Thine,
That Thy dear sacred Name they bear;
Think that the seal of love divine,
The sign of covenant grace, they wear.

3 In all their erring, sinful years
O let them ne'er forgotten be;
Remember all the prayers and tears
Which made them consecrate to Thee.

4 And when these lips no more can pray,
These eyes can weep for them no more,
Turn Thou their feet from folly's way;
The wanderers to Thy fold restore. AMEN.

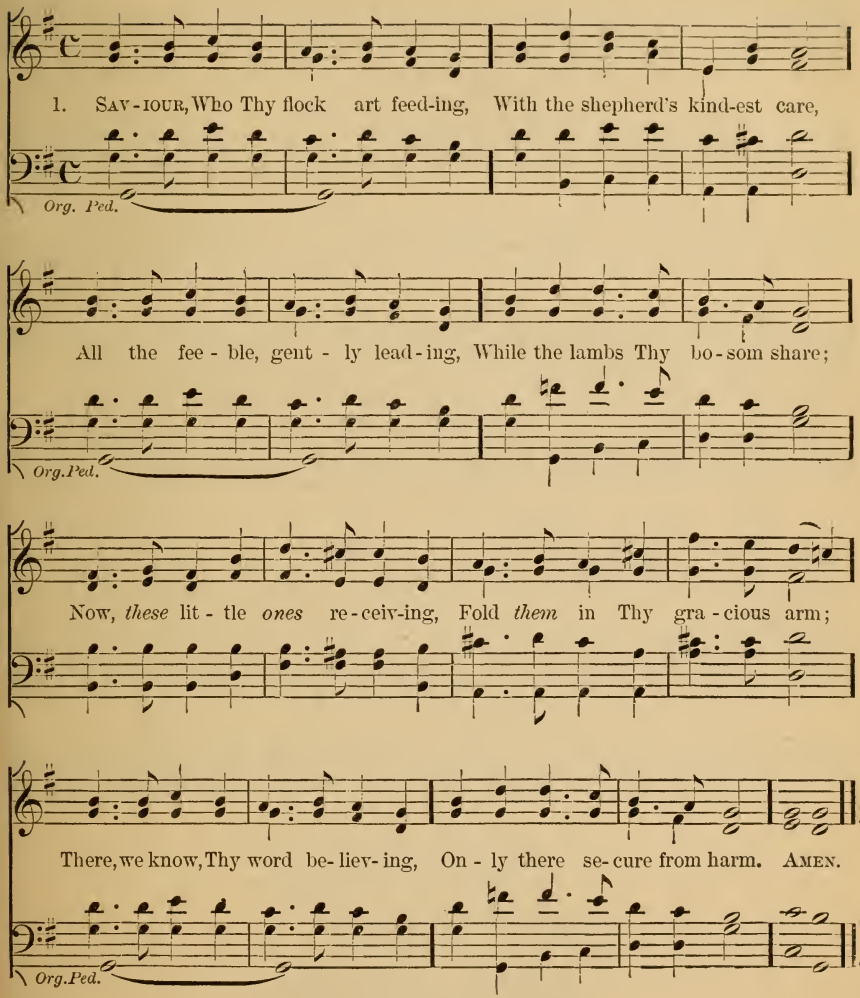
82

SECOND TUNE. S. WEBBE.


1. Dear SAVIOUR, if these lambs should stray From Thy se-cure enclosure's bound,
And, lured by world-ly joys a-way, Among the thoughtless crowd be found; AMEN.

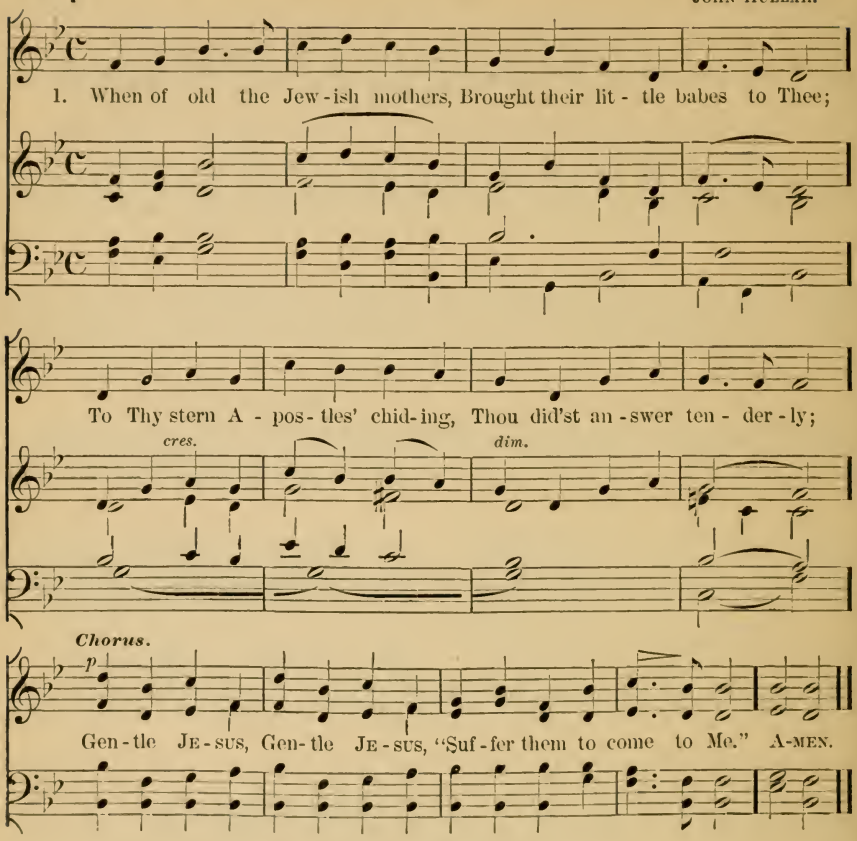
83 Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding.

J. E. Roe.


1. Sav-iour, Who Thy flock art feed-ing, With the shepherd's kind-est care,
Org. Ped.
All the fee-ble, gent-ly lead-ing, While the lambs Thy bo-som share;
Org. Ped.
Now, these lit-tle ones re-ceiv-ing, Fold them in Thy gra-cious arm;
There, we know, Thy word be-liev-ing, On-ly there se-cure from harm. Amen.
Org. Ped.

2 Never from Thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.
Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace. Amen.

84† When of old the Jewish mothers.

JOHN HULLAH.

1. When of old the Jew-ish mothers, Brought their lit-tle babes to Thee;
To Thy stern A-pos-tles' chid-ing, Thou did'st an-swer ten-der-ly;
cres.
dim.
Chorus.
p
Gen-tle JE-SUS, Gen-tle JE-SUS, "Suf-fer them to come to Me." A-MEN.

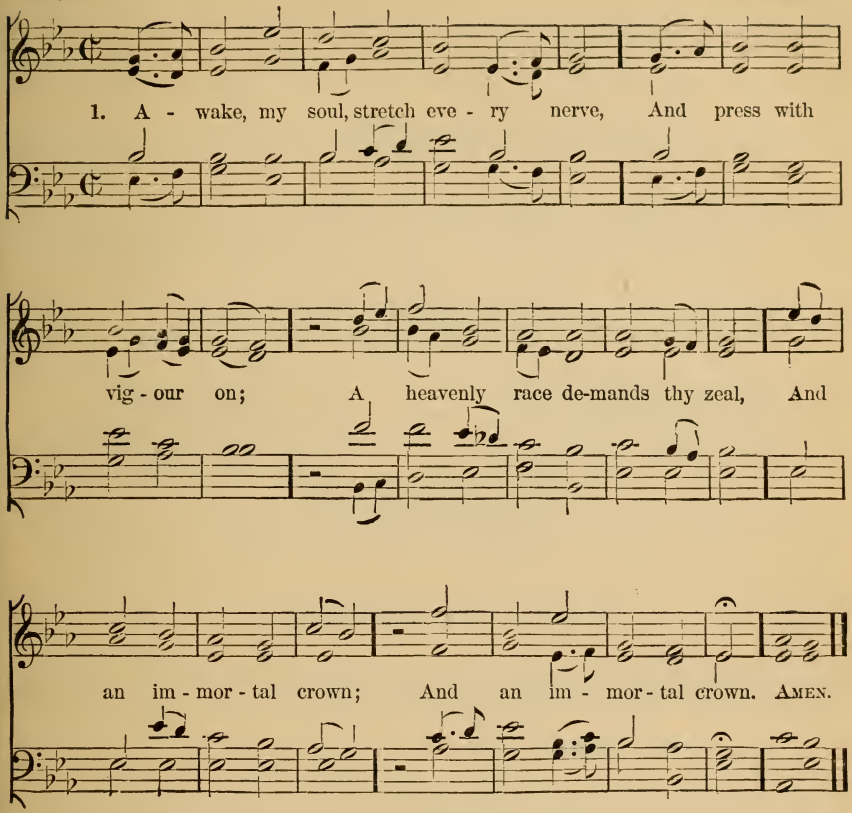
2 Born again, and made Thy members,
Little Christian children, we
Press around to share Thy blessing,
Plead Thy mercy, full and free;
Gentle JESUS, Gentle JESUS,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

3 By Thy sign upon our forehead,
When Thy people bow'd the knee;
By Thy Name above us spoken,
Of The wondrous TRINITY;
Gentle JESUS, Gentle JESUS,
Suffer us to come to Thee.

5 By each pray'r and by each promise,
When our hearts are full of glee:
When our little sorrows vex us,
Thine in all things we would be.
Gentle JESUS, Gentle JESUS,
Suffer us to come to Thee. AMEN.

85† Awake my soul, stretch every nerve.

From HANDEL.


1. A - wake, my soul, stretch eve - ry nerve, And press with
vig - our on; A heavenly race de-mands thy zeal, And
an im - mor - tal crown; And an im - mor - tal crown. AMEN.

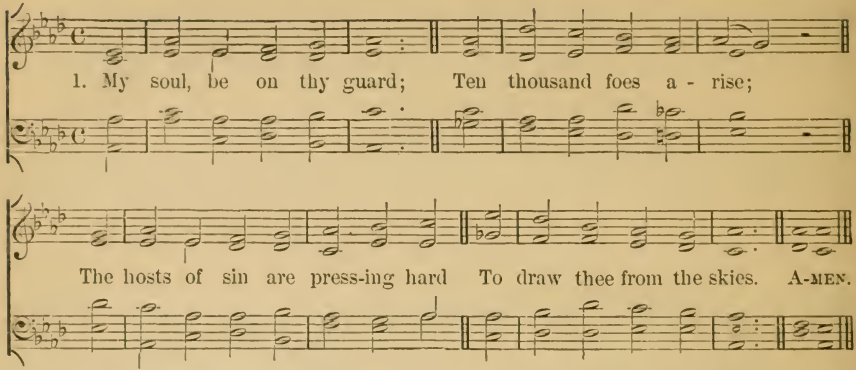
2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis GOD's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown. AMEN.

86 My soul, be on thy guard.

From BEETHOVEN.



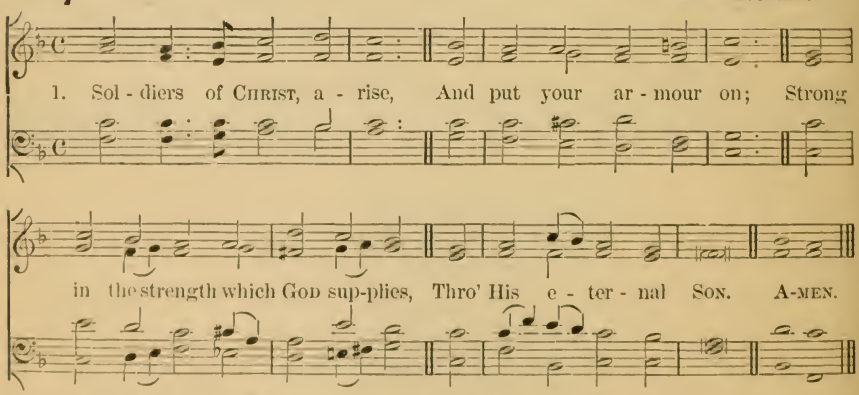
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore,

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down:
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy GOD;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to His blest abode. AMEN.

87* Soldiers of Christ, arise.

W. W. ROUSSEAU.



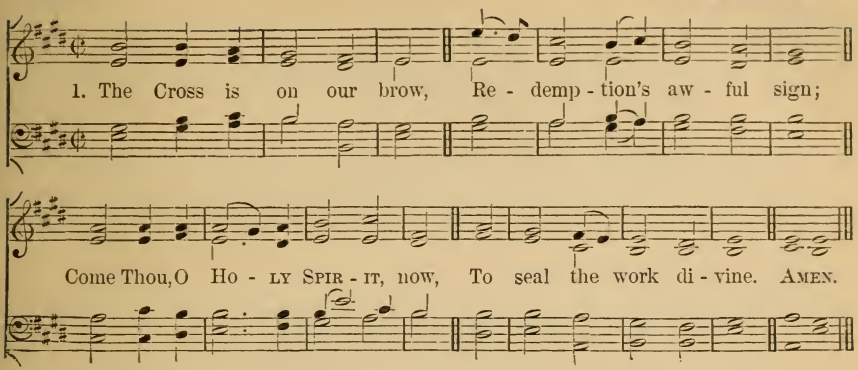
2 Strong in the LORD of Hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of GOD;

4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last. AMEN.

88 The Cross is on our brow.

LORD MORNINGTON.



2 Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
O Comforter most sweet:
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart,
And guide the trembling feet.

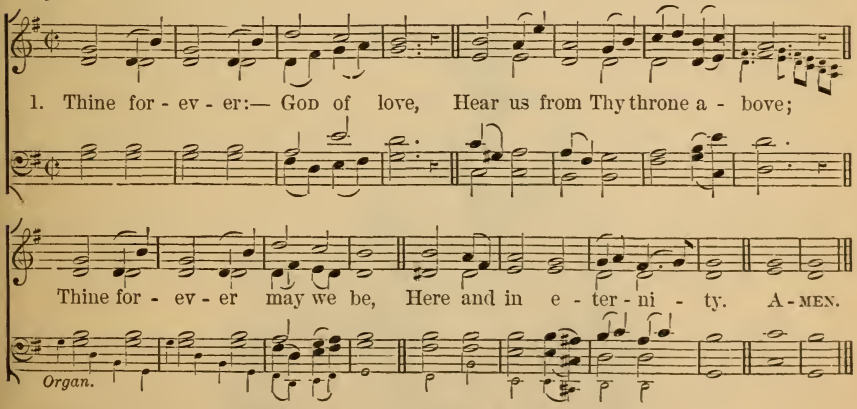
3 With Pentecostal force
Thy presence let us feel;
With strength, Who art Thyself its source,
Inspire us as we kneel.

4 Confirm in us to-day
The work that Thou hast wrought,
Illume the souls with Love's pure ray,
Which JESUS' Blood hath bought.

5 No earth-forged arms we bear;
Strength, weapons, all are Thine;
Accept each vow, and hear each prayer,
Blest TRINITY Divine. AMEN.

89† Thine for ever:—God of love.

From HAYDN.



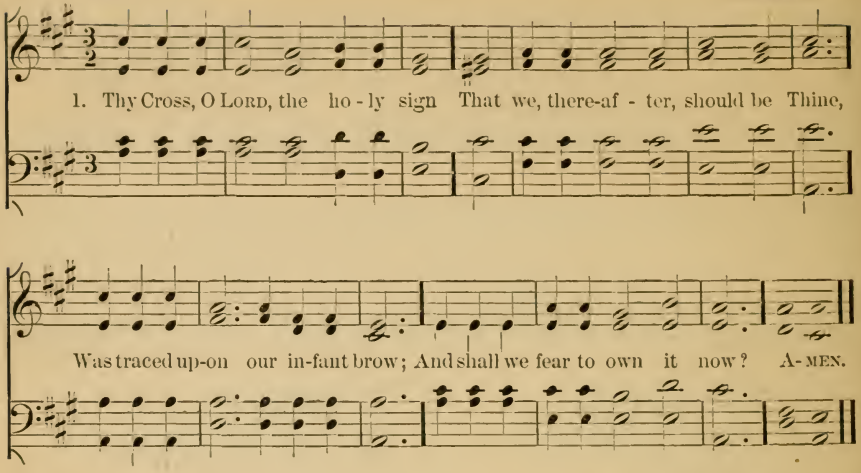
2 Thine forever:—LORD of life,
Shield us through our earthly strife:
Thou the Life, the Truth, the Way,
Guide us to the realms of day.

3 Thine forever:—O how blest
They who find in Thee their rest!
SAVIOUR, Guardian, Heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

4 Thine forever:—SAVIOUR, keep
These Thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath Thy care,
Let us all Thy goodness share.

5 Thine forever:—Thou our Guide,
All our wants by Thee supplied,
All our sins by Thee forgiven,
Lead us, LORD, from earth to Heaven. AMEN.

90 Thy Cross, O Lord, the holy sign.

C. ZEUNER.

1. Thy Cross, O LORD, the ho - ly sign That we, there-af - ter, should be Thine,
Was traced up-on our in-fant brow; And shall we fear to own it now? A-MEN.

2 O GOD, forbid: before the vain,
The proud, the scoffing, the profane,
We will, through grace, our LORD confess,
His faint but faithful witnesses.

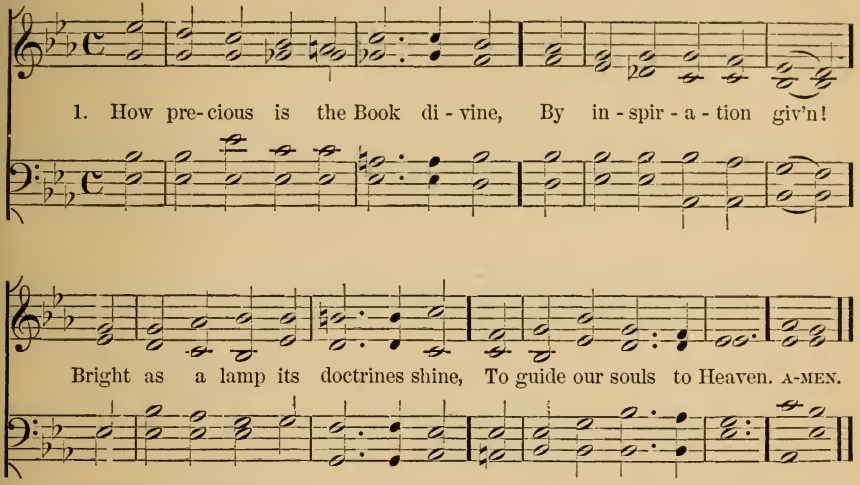
3 His strength in weakness He displays,
From youthful lips He perfects praise,
And we, His little soldiers, stand
Strong in the might of His right hand.

4 Smile on us, LORD, and we will fear
Nor scorn, nor shame, whilst Thou art near;
Reproach is glory, suffering rest,
If borne for Thee, if by Thee blest!

5 Great JUDGE of all, in that dread Day,
When heaven and earth shall flee away,
Before the universe confess
Thy faint, but faithful witnesses. AMEN.

91 How precious is the Book divine.

FIRST TUNE. J. BARNBY.

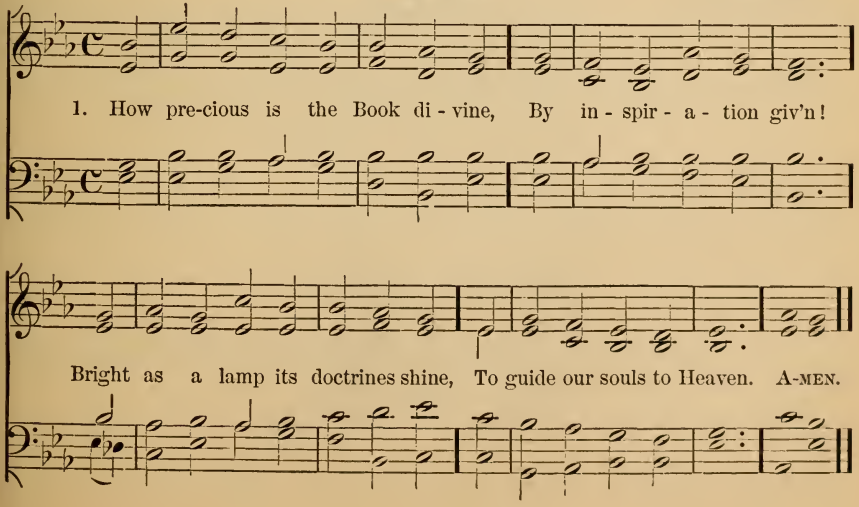

1. How pre-cious is the Book di-vine, By in-spir-a-tion giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to Heaven. A-MEN.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day. AMEN.

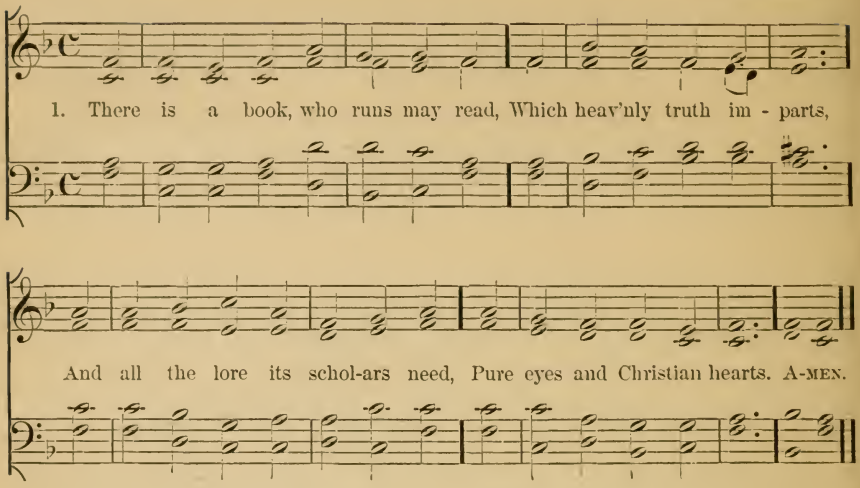
91

SECOND TUNE. A. R. REINAGLE.


1. How pre-cious is the Book di-vine, By in-spir-a-tion giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine, To guide our souls to Heaven. A-MEN.

92 There is a book, who runs may read.

R. REDHEAD.


1. There is a book, who runs may read, Which heav'nly truth im - parts,
And all the lore its schol-ars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts. A-MEN.

2 The works of GOD, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book to show
How GOD Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

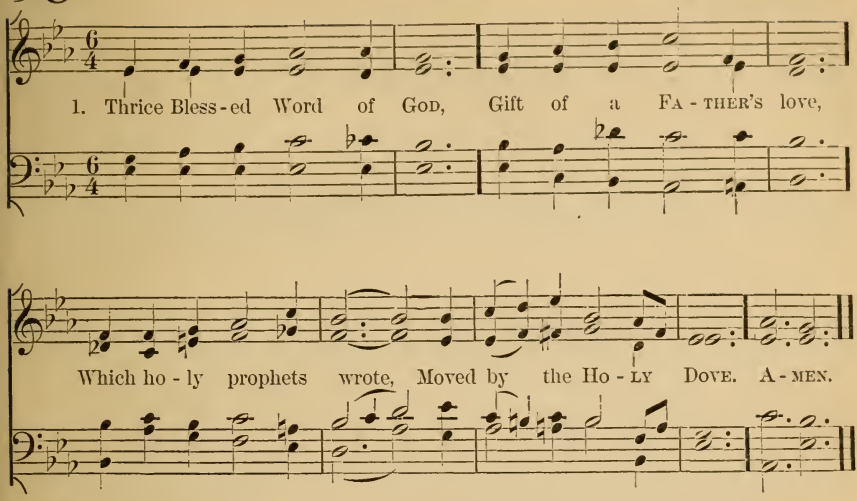
4 The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

5 The SAVIOUR lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

6 Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. AMEN.

93* Thrice Blessed Word of God.

FIRST TUNE. W. H. WALTER, 1874.



2 Within thy pages fair,
What hidden treasure lies;
Sweet lessons for the young:
Deep wisdom for the wise.

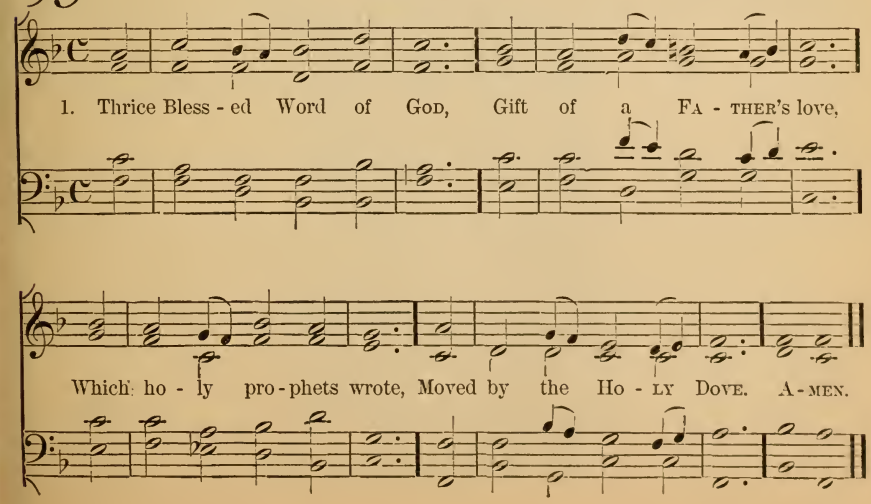
3 A well of water pure,
A mine of priceless gold,
The eye of faith alone
Thy secrets can unfold.

4 Yet may the childlike heart,
From Thy sweet teaching learn,
The way to endless life,
And JESUS' mind discern.

5 Therefore with grateful hearts,
O TRINITY Divine,
We magnify Thy Name,
For this blest gift of Thine. AMEN.

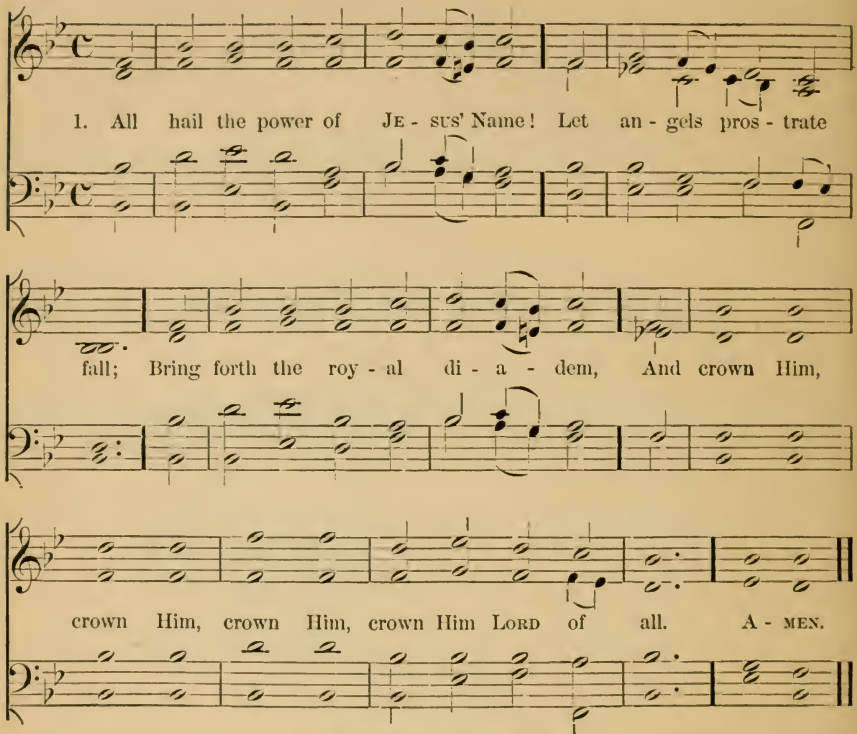
93

SECOND TUNE. W. H. WALTER, 1870.



94 All hail the power of Jesus' Name!

SHRUBSOLE.


1. All hail the power of JE - SUS' Name! Let an - gels pros - trate
fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him, crown Him LORD of all. A - MEN.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from His altar call;
Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
The God Incarnate! Man divine,
And crown Him Lord of all!

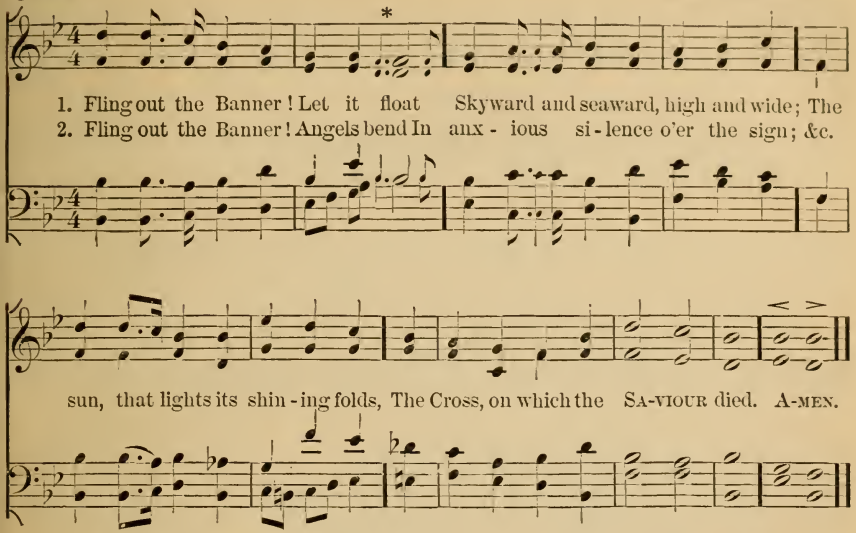
4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all Majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

95* Fling out the Banner! Let it float.

W. W. Rousseau.


1. Fling out the Banner! Let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide; The
2. Fling out the Banner! Angels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign; &c.
sun, that lights its shin - ing folds, The Cross, on which the Sa-viour died. A-men.

* The small notes in the 2d and 3d bars are for all the verses but the 1st and last.

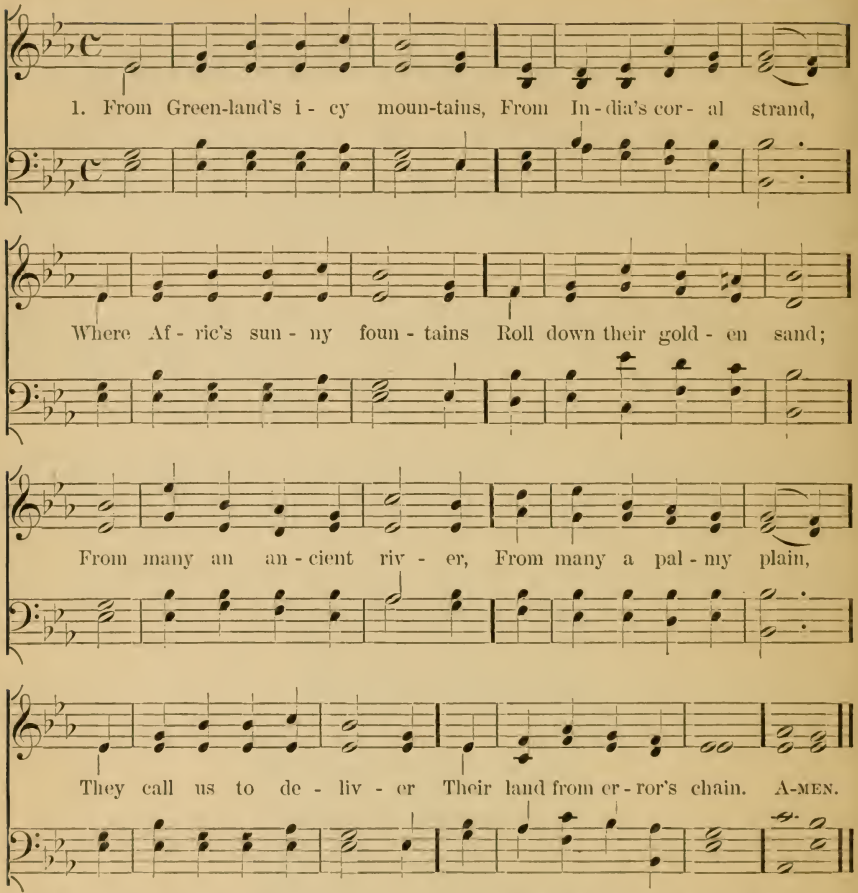
2 Fling out the Banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign;
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Fling out the Banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the Banner! Sin-sick souls
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal into life.

5 Fling out the Banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
Our glory, only in the Cross:
Our only hope, the Crucified! Amen.

96 From Greenland's icy mountains.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a pal - my plain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain. A-MEN.

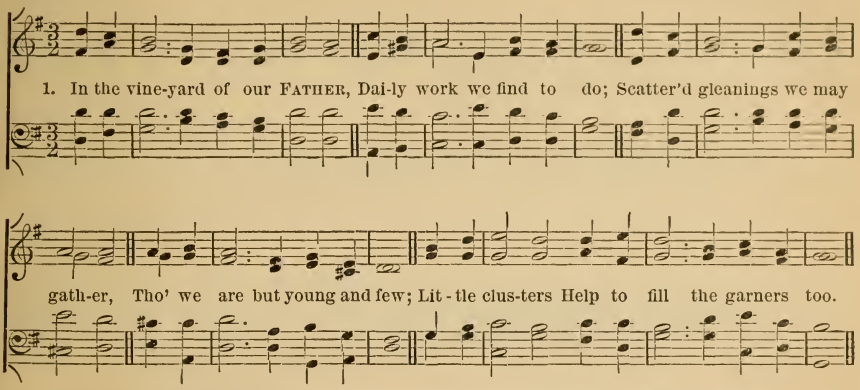
2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of GOD are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's Name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign. AMEN.

97* In the vineyard of our Father.

W. H. Walter, 1872.

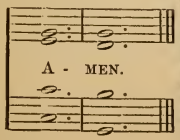

1. In the vine-yard of our Father, Dai-ly work we find to do; Scatter'd gleanings we may
gath-er, Tho' we are but young and few; Lit-tle clus-ters Help to fill the garners too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessèd story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till--sin's dominion falling--
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

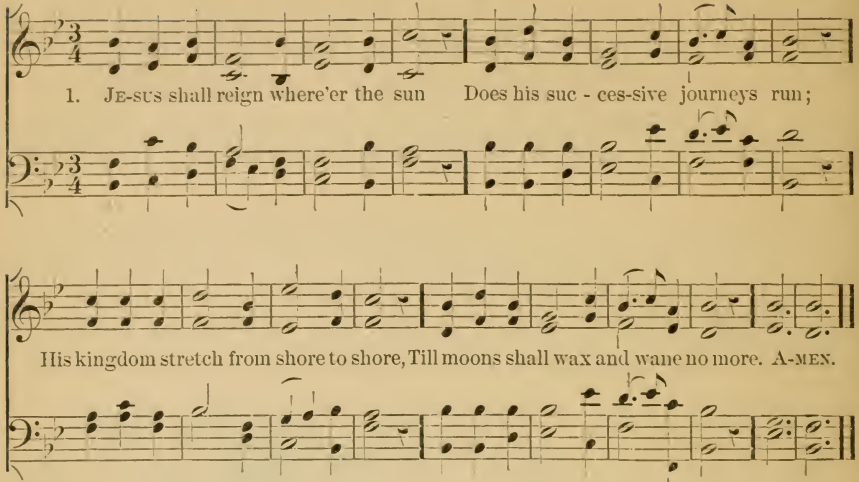
5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavour,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And for ever, and for ever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Alleluia
Singing, all eternity.



D

98 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.

FIRST TUNE. *German.*


1. JE-SUS shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces-sive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. A-MEN.

2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

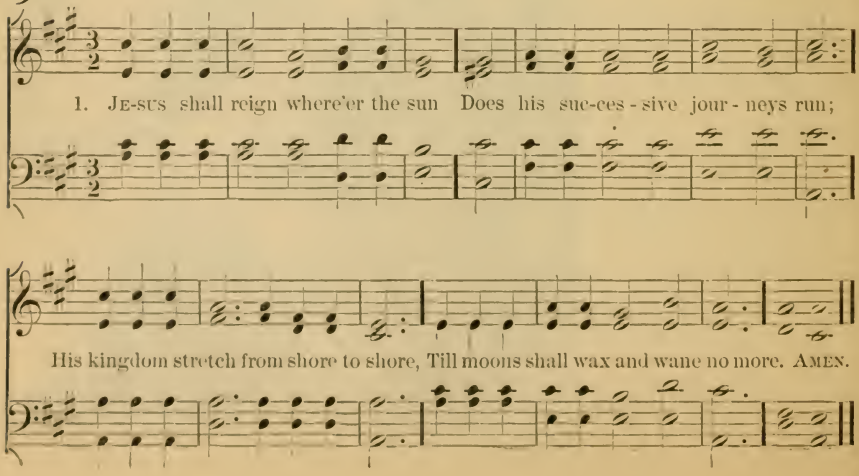
3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His Name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns:
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen. AMEN.

98

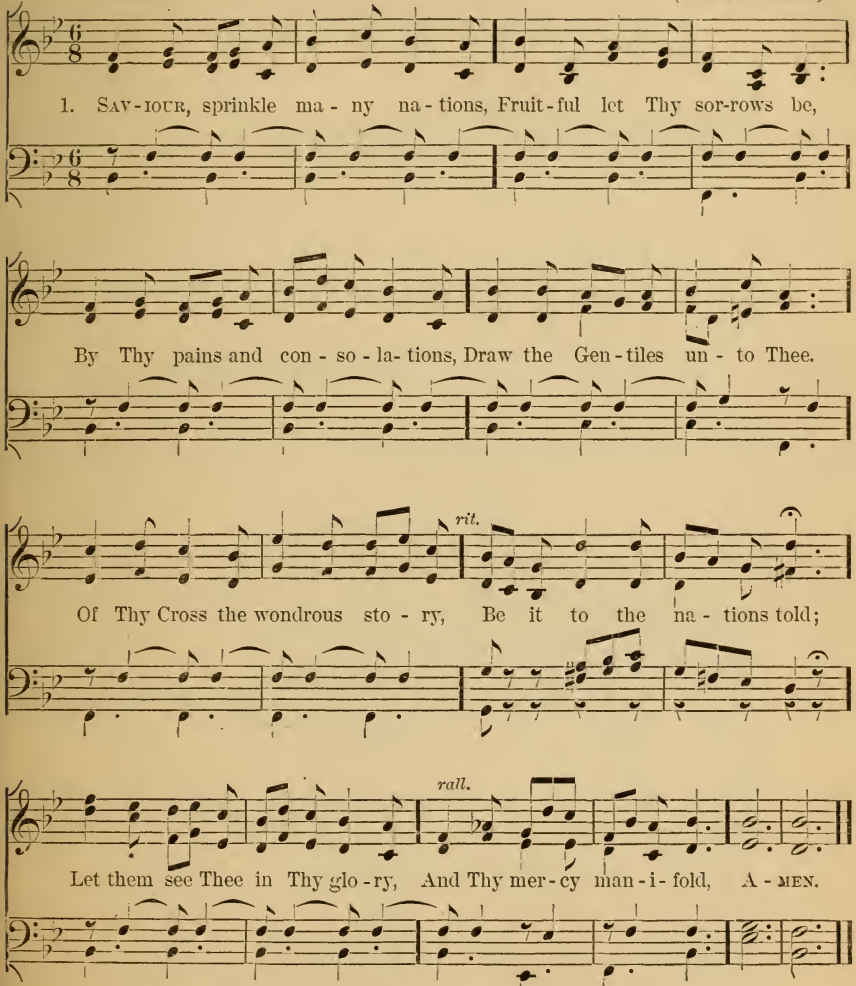
SECOND TUNE. C. ZEUNER.


1. JE-SUS shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces - sive jour - neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. AMEN.

99* Saviour, sprinkle many nations.

JOHN HULLAH.

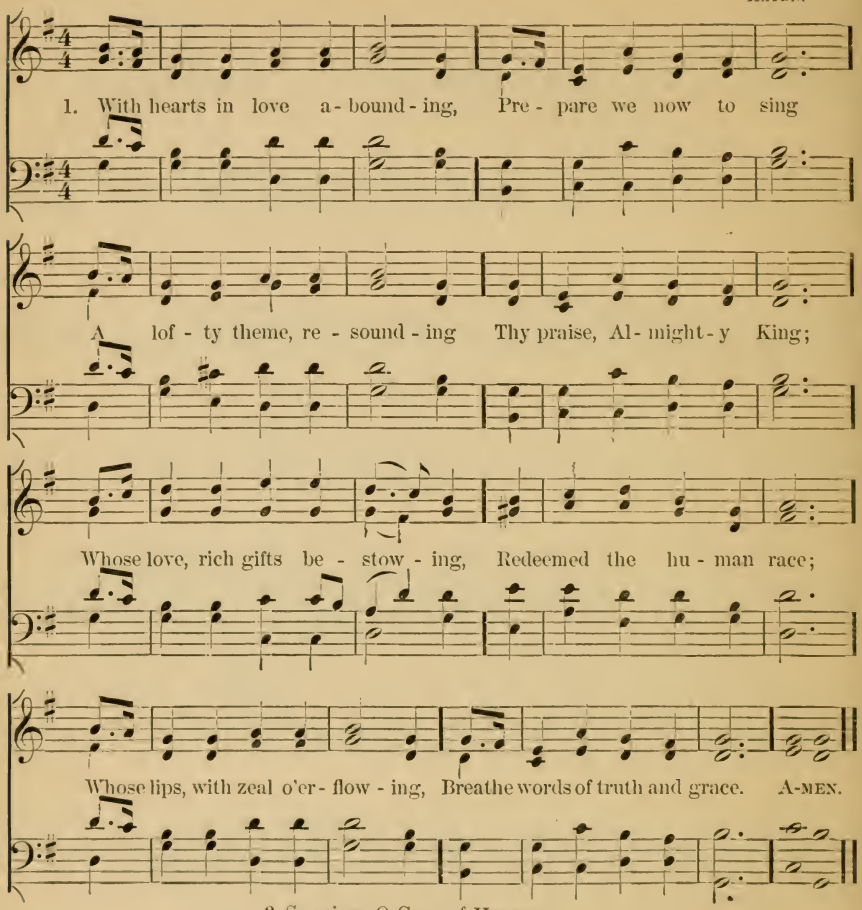
Siciliana. *(For two Voices.)*


1. SAV-IOUR, sprinkle ma - ny na - tions, Fruit-ful let Thy sor-rows be,
By Thy pains and con - so - la - tions, Draw the Gen - tiles un - to Thee.
rit.
Of Thy Cross the wondrous sto - ry, Be it to the na - tions told;
rall.
Let them see Thee in Thy glo - ry, And Thy mer - cy man - i - fold, A - MEN.

2 Far and wide, though all unknowing,
Pants for Thee each mortal breast;
Human tears for Thee are flowing,
Human hearts in Thee would rest,
Thirsting, as for dews of even,
As the new-mown grass for rain;
Thee they seek, as GOD of Heaven,
Thee, as Man, for sinners slain.

3 SAVIOUR, lo, the isles are waiting,
Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,
For Thy SPIRIT, new creating,
Love's pure flame and wisdom's light;
Give the word, and of the preacher
Speed the foot, and touch the tongue,
Till on earth by every creature
Glory to the LAMB be sung. AMEN.

100 With hearts in love abounding.

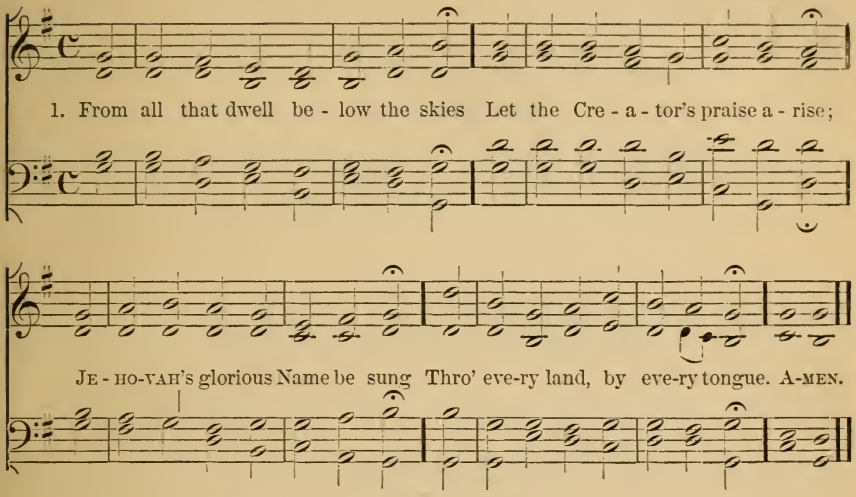
HAYDN.

1. With hearts in love a - bound - ing, Pre - pare we now to sing
A lof - ty theme, re - sound - ing Thy praise, Al - might - y King;
Whose love, rich gifts be - stow - ing, Redeemed the hu - man race;
Whose lips, with zeal o'er - flow - ing, Breathe words of truth and grace. A-MEN.

2 So reign, O GOD, of Heaven,
Eternally the same;
And endless praise be given
To Thy Almighty Name.
Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,
Thy Church on earth behold,
In robe of purest whiteness,
In raiment wrought with gold.

3 And let each Gentile nation
Come gladly in her train,
To share Thy great salvation,
And join her grateful strain:
Then ne'er shall note of sadness
Awake the trembling string;
One song of joy and gladness
The ransom'd world shall sing. AMEN.

101 From all that dwell below the skies

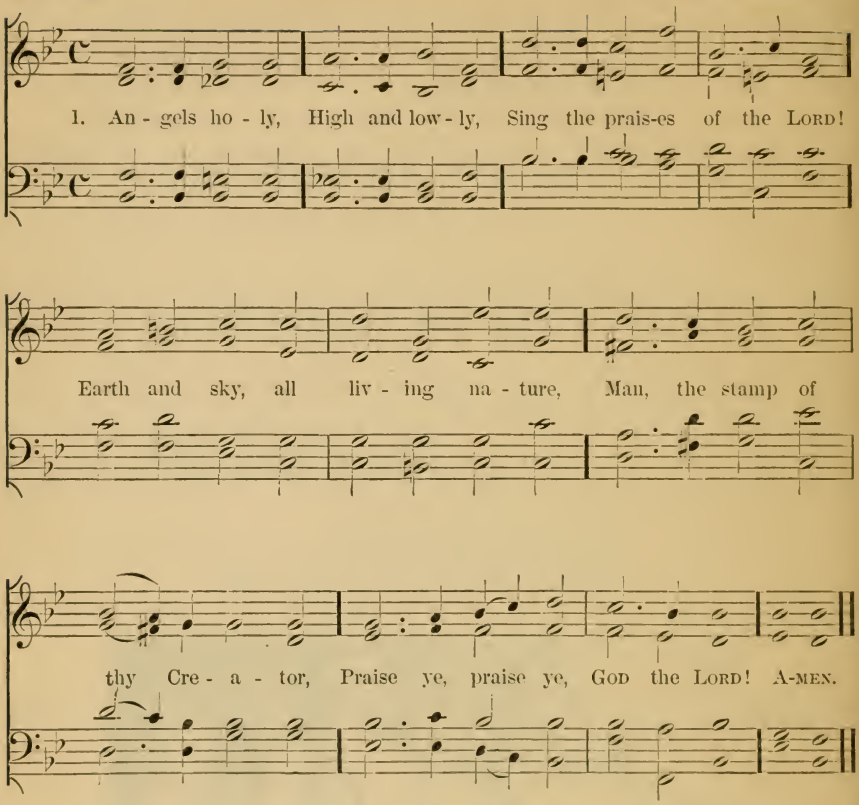
GUIL. FRANC. 1543.


1. From all that dwell be - low the skies Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise;
JE - HO-VAH's glorious Name be sung Thro' eve-ry land, by eve-ry tongue. A-MEN.

2 Eternal are Thy mercies, LORD,
And truth eternal is Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. AMEN.

Angels holy.

102

Rev. F. A. Gore Ouseley.

1. An - gels ho - ly, High and low - ly, Sing the prais-es of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all liv - ing na - ture, Man, the stamp of
thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord! A-men.

2 Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Clouds and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God, that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary
Tells His glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

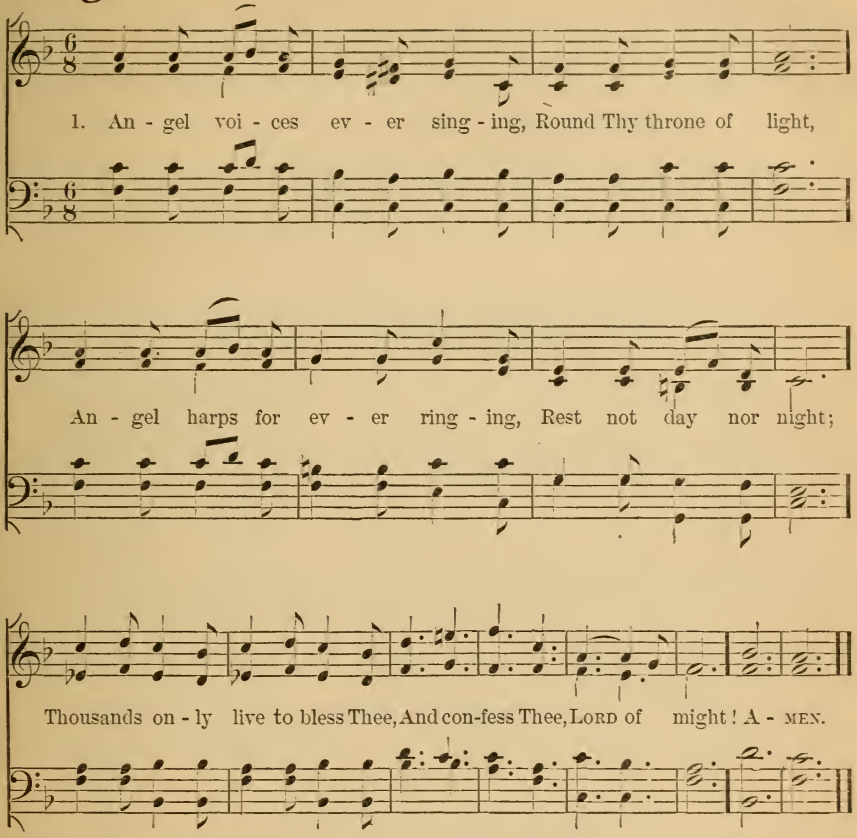
4 Rock and highland,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks clouds-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Rolling river;
Praise Him ever,
From the mountains deep vein poured,
Silver fountain clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

6 Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth with peoples wisely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

7 Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver:
Praise Him Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord! Amen.

103 Angel voices ever singing.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. An - gel voi - ces ev - er sing - ing, Round Thy throne of light,
An - gel harps for ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Thousands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con-fess Thee, LORD of might! A - MEN.

2 Thou, Who art beyond the farthest
Mortal eye can scan,
Can it be that Thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we know that Thou art near us
And wilt hear us?
Yea, we can.

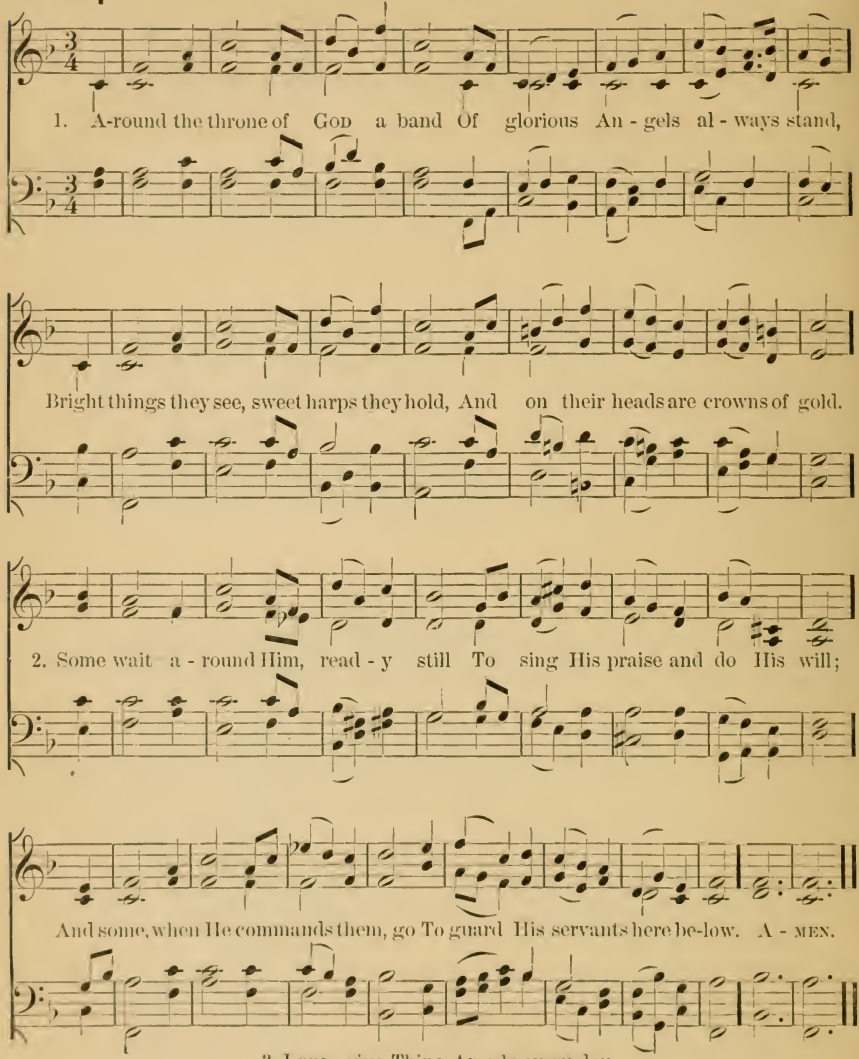
3 Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest
O'er each work of Thine;
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices,
For Thy praise combine;
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
Didst design.

4 In Thy house, great GOD, we offer
Of Thine own to Thee
And for Thine acceptance proffer
All unworthily
Hearts, and minds, and hands and voices
In our choicest
Melody.

5 Honour, glory, might, and merit,
Thine shall ever be
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
Blessèd TRINITY,
Of the best that Thou hast given,
Earth and Heaven,
Render Thee. AMEN.

104 † Around the throne of God a band.

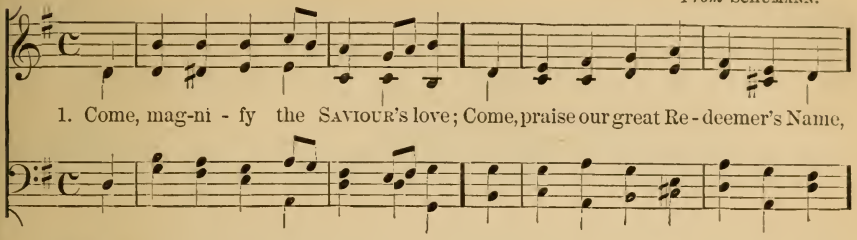
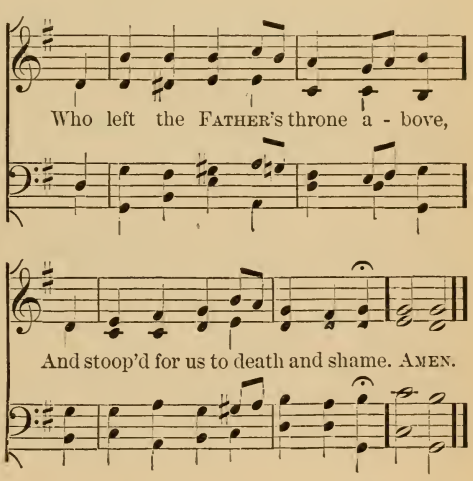
From GOUDIMEL.


1. A-round the throne of GOD a band Of glorious An - gels al - ways stand,
Bright things they see, sweet harps they hold, And on their heads are crowns of gold.
2. Some wait a - round Him, read - y still To sing His praise and do His will;
And some, when He commands them, go To guard His servants here be-low. A - MEN.

3 LORD, give Thine Angels every day
Command to guard us on our way,
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.

4 So shall no wicked thing draw near
To do us harm or cause us fear,
And we shall dwell, when life is past,
With Angels round Thy throne at last. AMEN.

105 Come, magnify the Saviour's love.

From SCHUMANN.



2 At GOD'S right hand exalted now,
With glory, majesty, and power,
Let every knee before Him bow,
And every tongue His Name adore.

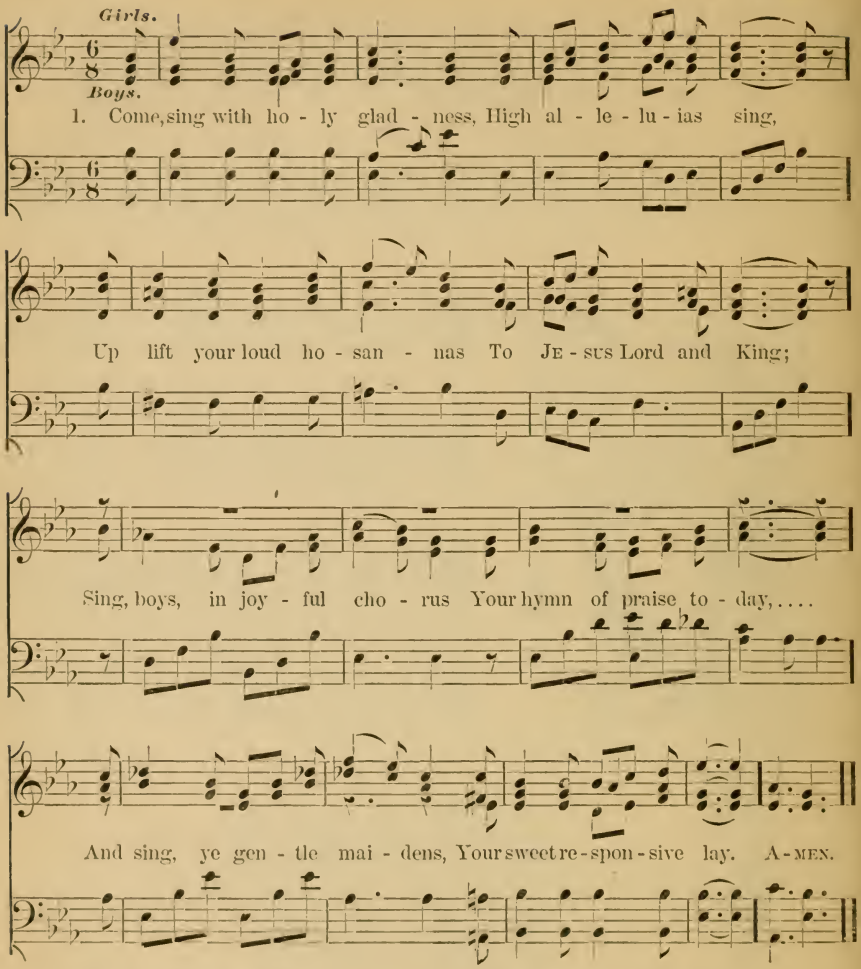
3 Thy lowly spirit, LORD, impart;
With holy fear our bosoms fill;
O give the meek, obedient heart,
To suffer and to do Thy will.

4 Thy cross, Blest SAVIOUR, may we bear;
Mark the example Thou hast given;
Follow in all Thy footsteps here;
Rise to Thy glorious rest in Heaven.

5 To GOD the FATHER in the height,
And to the SON, true Light of Light,
And HOLY GHOST, all glory be,
Now, and through all eternity. AMEN.

106* Come, sing with holy gladness.

WM. DRESSLER.


Girls.
Boys.
1. Come, sing with ho - ly glad - ness, High al - le - lu - ias sing,
Up lift your loud ho - san - nas To JE - SUS Lord and King;
Sing, boys, in joy - ful cho - rus Your hymn of praise to - day, ...
And sing, ye gen - tle mai - dens, Your sweet re - spon - sive lay. A - MEN.

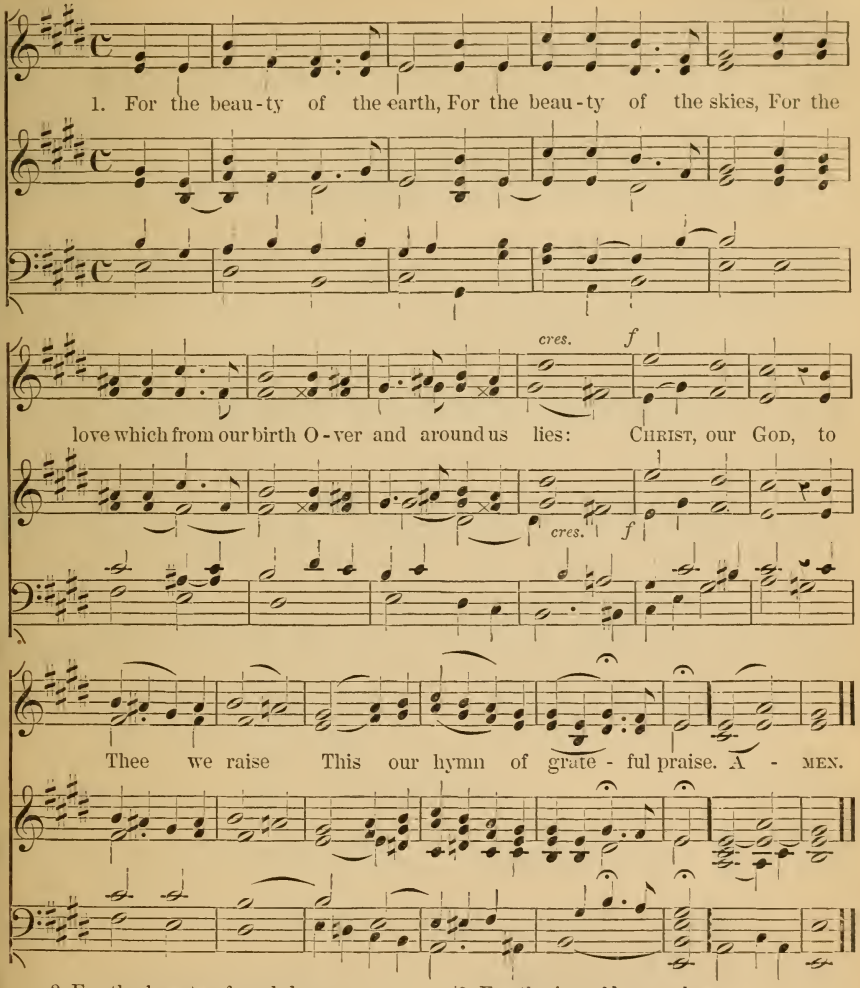
2 'Tis good for boys and maidens
Sweet hymns to CHRIST to sing;
'Tis meet that children's voices
Should praise the children's King:
For JESUS is salvation,
And glory, grace, and rest;
To babe, and boy, and maiden
The one Redeemer blest.

3 O boys, be strong in JESUS,
To toil for Him is gain;
And JESUS wrought with Joseph,
With chisel, saw, and plane.
O maidens, live for JESUS,
Who was a maiden's Son;
Be patient, pure, and gentle,
And perfect grace begun.

4 Soon in the golden City
The boys and girls shall play,
And thro' the dazzling mansions
Rejoice in endless day.
O CHRIST, prepare Thy children,
With that triumphant throng,
To pass the burnished portals,
And sing th' eternal song. AMEN.

107* For the beauty of the earth.

J. H. Cornell.


1. For the beau-ty of the earth, For the beau-ty of the skies, For the
cres. f
love which from our birth O-ver and around us lies: Christ, our God, to
cres. f
Thee we raise This our hymn of grate-ful praise. A-men.

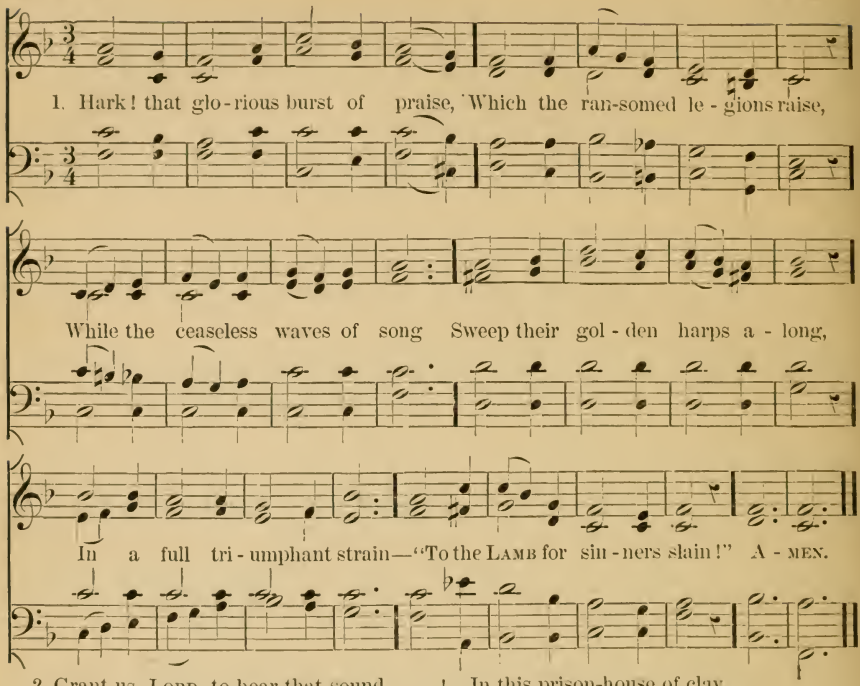
2 For the beauty of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon and stars of light:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild:
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For Thyself, best Gift Divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of Thine,—
Peace on earth, and joy in Heaven;
Christ, our God, to Thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise. Amen.

108* Hark! that glorious burst of praise.

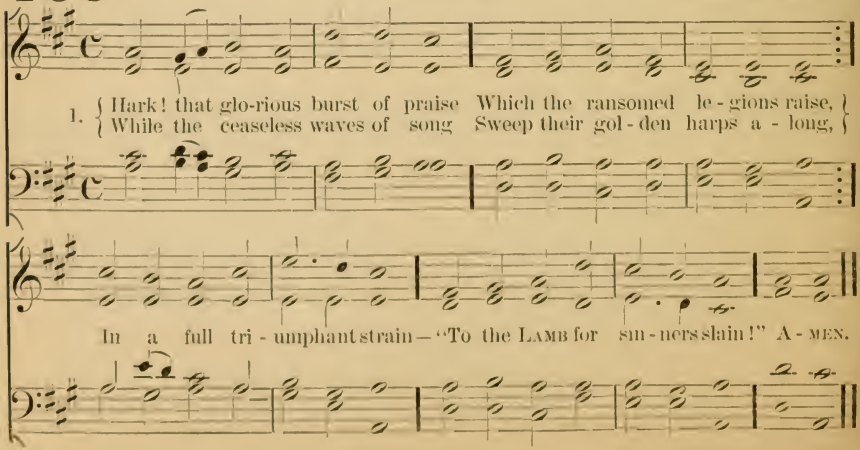
J. I. T


1. Hark! that glo-rious burst of praise, Which the ran-somed le-gions raise,
While the ceaseless waves of song Sweep their gol-den harps a-long,
In a full tri-umphant strain—"To the LAMB for sin-ners slain!" A-MEN.

2 Grant us, LORD, to hear that sound
Swell Thy golden City round;
And, while absent far away
In this prison-house of clay,
Let our souls take up the psalm—
"Worthy, worthy is the LAMB!" AMEN.

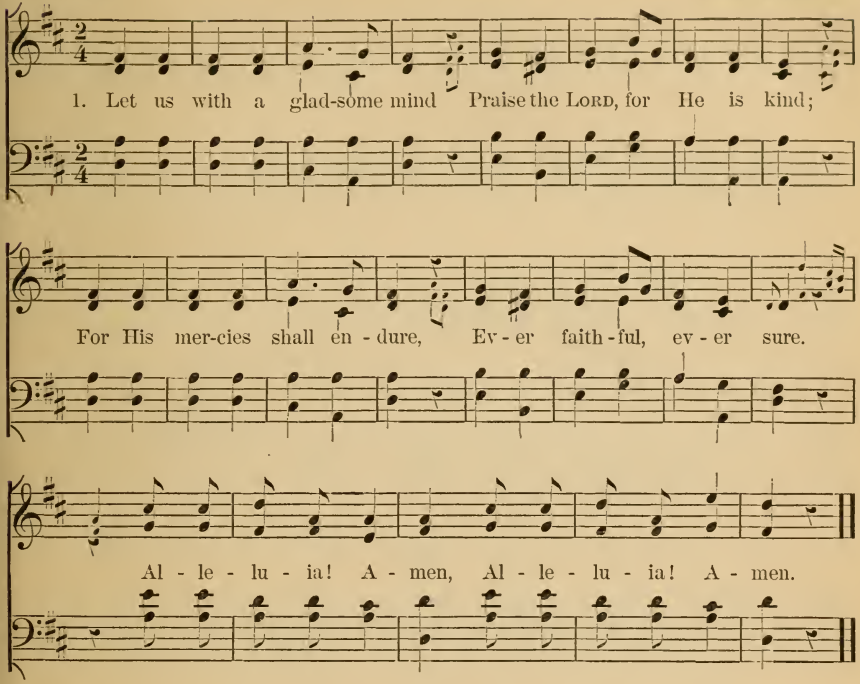
108

SECOND TUNE. CONRAD KOCKER.


1. { Hark! that glo-rious burst of praise Which the ransomed le-gions raise,
{ While the ceaseless waves of song Sweep their gol-den harps a-long,
In a full tri-umphant strain—"To the LAMB for sin-ners slain!" A-MEN.

109† Let us with a gladsome mind.

From MOZART.


1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the LORD, for He is kind;
For His mer-cies shall en - dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.
Al - le - lu - ia! A - men, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

2 Let us sound His Name abroad,
For of gods He is the GOD,
Who by wisdom did create,
Heaven's expanse and all its state.
Alleluia! Amen.

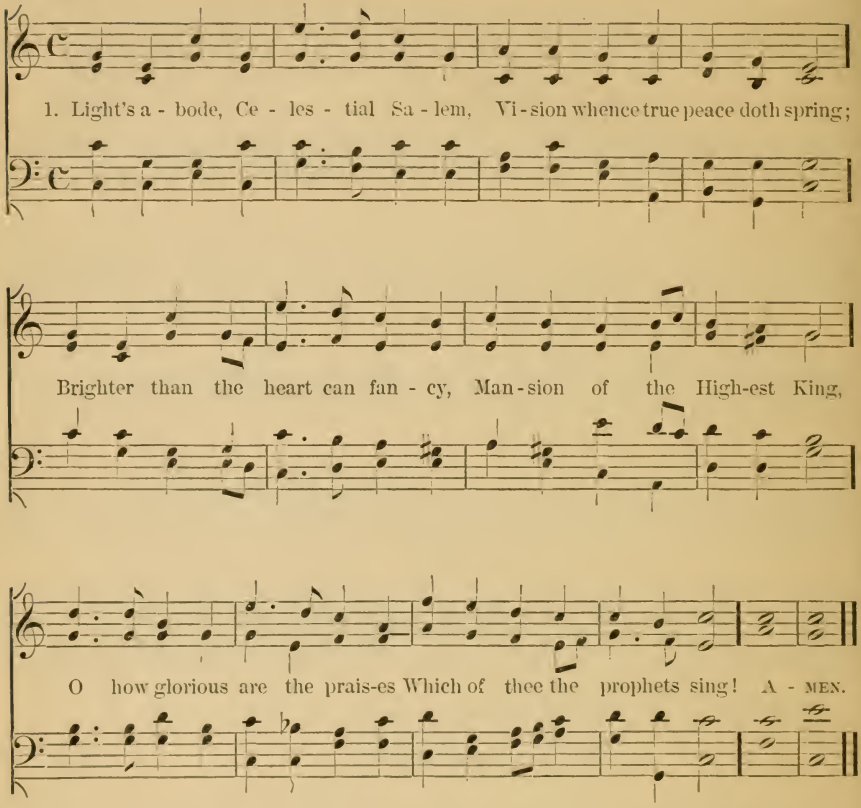
3 All His creatures God doth feed,
His full Hand supplies their need;
Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth.
Alleluia! Amen

4 He His mansions hath on high,
Past the reach of mortal eye;
And His mercies shall endure
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Alleluia! Amen.

5 Let us then, with gladsome mind
Praise the LORD, for He is kind;
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Alleluia! AMEN.

Light's abode, Celestial Salem.

110

HENRY SMART.

1. Light's a - bode, Ce - les - tial Sa - lem, Vi - sion whence true peace doth spring;
Brighter than the heart can fan - cy, Man - sion of the High-est King,
O how glorious are the prais-es Which of thee the prophets sing! A - MEN.

2 There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the LORD;
All is pure and all is holy
That within thy walls is stored.

3 There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there;
There no night brings rest from labour,
There unknown are toil and care.

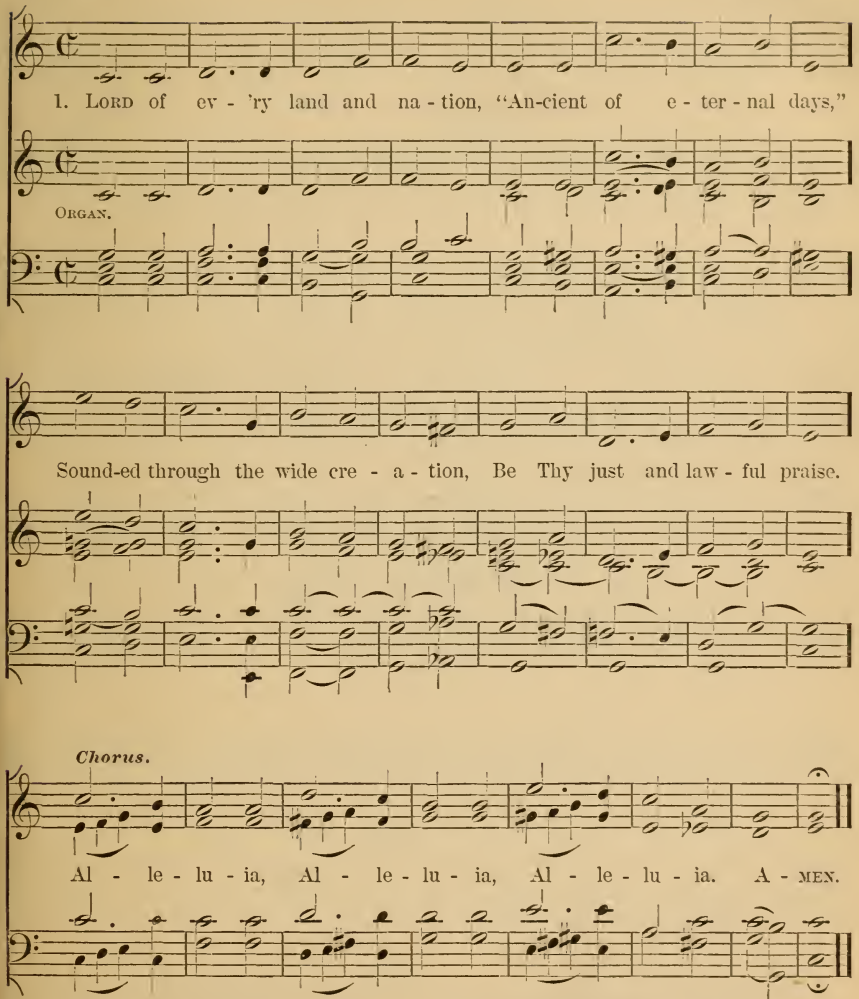
4 O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong and free;
Full of vigour, full of pleasure,
That shall last eternally.

5 Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid,
And in everlasting glory
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

6 Laud and honour to the FATHER,
Laud and honour to the SON,
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever THREE and ever ONE,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. AMEN.

111 Lord of every land and nation.

ALBERT LOWE.


1. LORD of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, "An-cient of e - ter - nal days,"
ORGAN.
Sound-ed through the wide cre - a - tion, Be Thy just and law - ful praise.
Chorus.
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A - MEN.

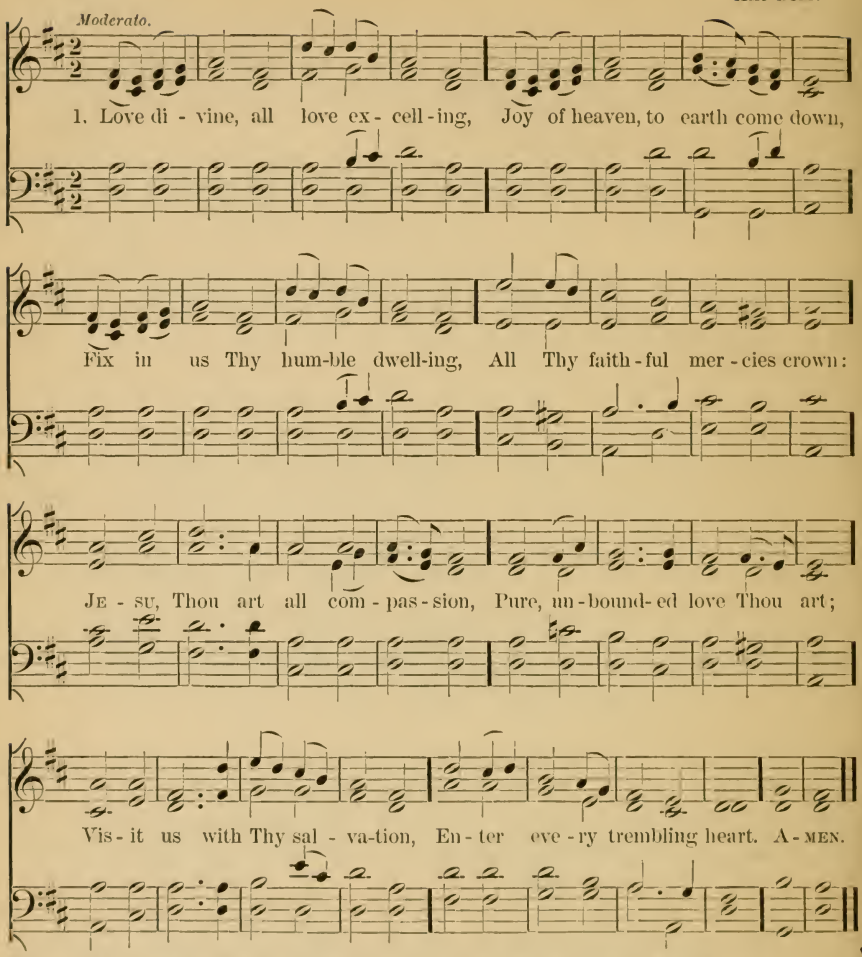
2 "Brightness of the FATHER'S Glory,"
Shall Thy praise unutter'd lie?
Shun, my tongue, the guilty silence;
Sing the LORD Who came to die.
Alleluia, Amen.

3 From the highest throne in glory,
To the Cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow my praise, for ever flow,
Alleluia, Amen.

4 Come, return, immortal SAVIOUR;
Come, LORD JESU, take Thy throne;
Quickly come, and reign for ever;
Be Thy kingdom all Thine own.
Alleluia, AMEN.

112† Love divine, all love excelling.

AMI BOST.


Moderato.
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown:
JE - SU, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion, En - ter eve - ry trembling heart. A - MEN.

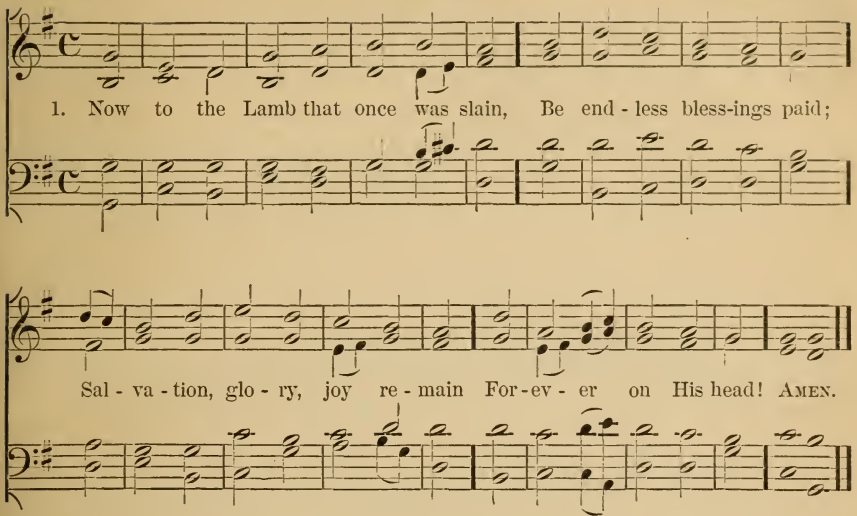
2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving SPIRIT
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,—
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty.

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee, without ceasing;
Glory in Thy perfect love.

4 Finish then Thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee.
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in Heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise. AMEN.

113 Now to the Lamb that once was slain.

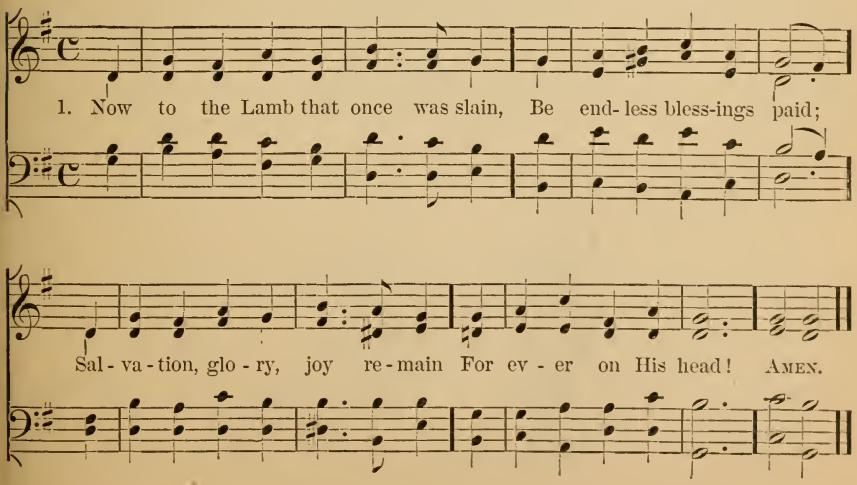
FIRST TUNE. J. CRUGER, 1658.



2 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with Blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to GOD,
And we shall reign with Thee. AMEN.

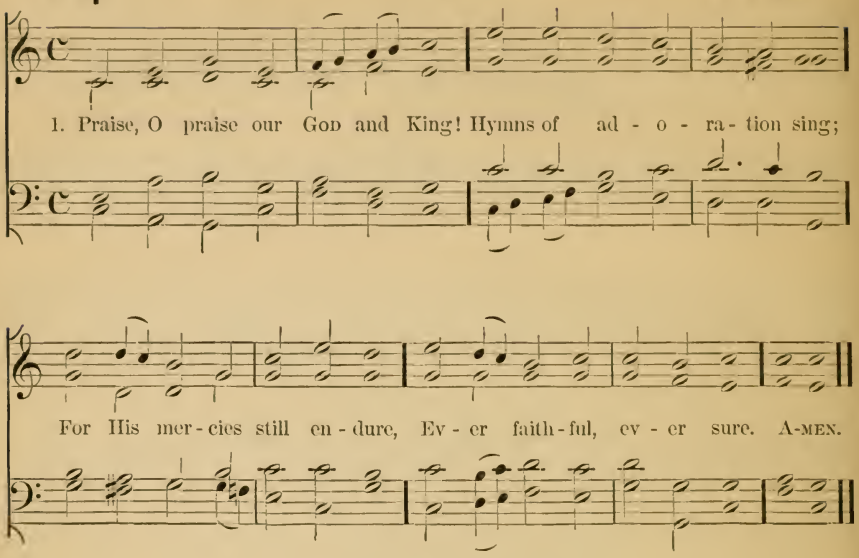
113†

SECOND TUNE. *From* HAYDN.



114 Praise, O praise our God and King!

J. B. Wilkes.



2 Praise Him that He made the sun
Day by day his course to run;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

3 And the silver moon by night,
Shining with her gentle light;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

4 Praise Him that He gave the rain
To mature the swelling grain;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

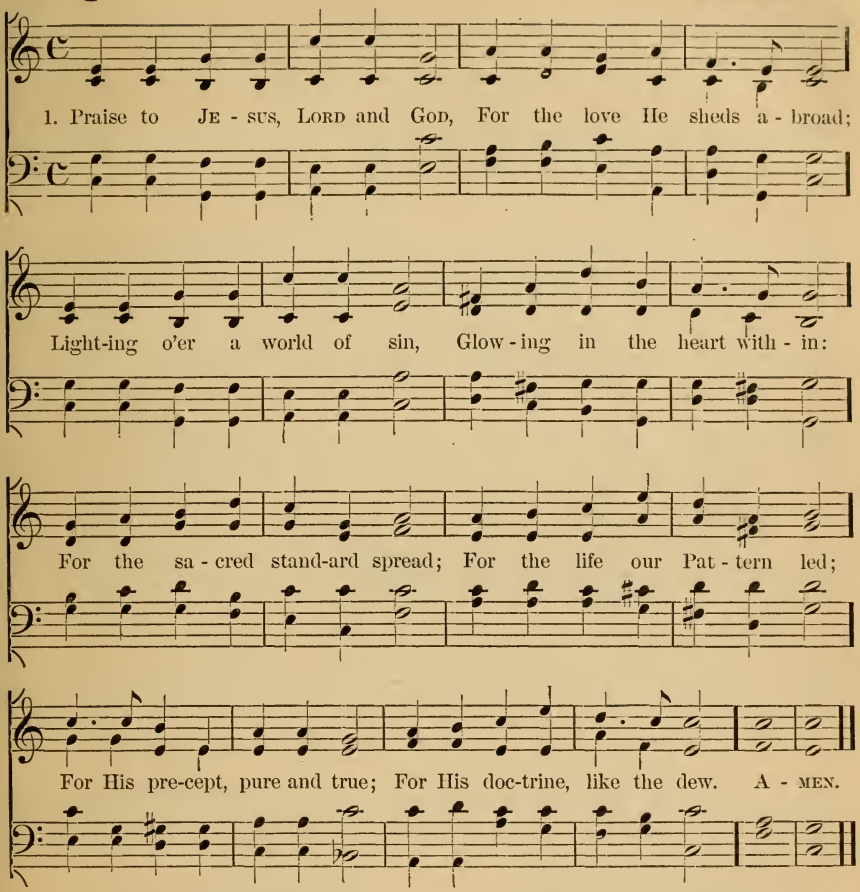
5 And hath bid the fruitful field
Crops of precious increase yield;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

6 Praise Him for our harvest-store,
He hath fill'd the garner-floor;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure:

7 And for richer Food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss;
For His mercies still endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

8 Glory to our bounteous King!
Glory let creation sing!
Glory to the Father, Son,
And Blest Spirit, Three in One. Amen.

115 Praise to Jesus, Lord and God.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Praise to JE - SUS, LORD and GOD, For the love He sheds a - broad;
Light-ing o'er a world of sin, Glow - ing in the heart with - in:
For the sa - cred stand-ard spread; For the life our Pat - tern led;
For His pre-cept, pure and true; For His doc-trine, like the dew. A - MEN.

2 For His love's inviting call,
All embracing, seeking all,
For the grace and truth He brought;
For the ransom He hath wrought;
For the crown of thorns He wore;
For the painful cross He bore;
For the dying words He said;
For the Blood of sprinkling shed;

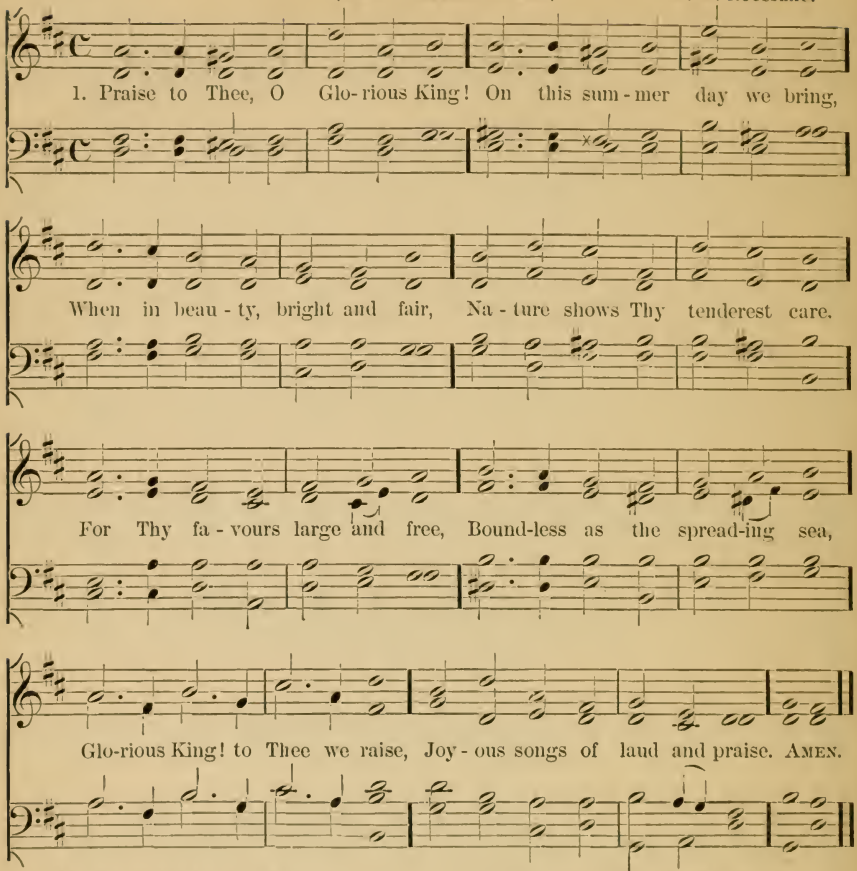
3 For the radiant rising dawn;
For the sting of death withdrawn;
For the victory gained so well
O'er the grave, and sin, and hell;
For the parting promise dear
Of His Presence ever near;
For the blest assurance made
Of His intercession's aid;

4 For His glorious reign on high,
When He rose from Bethany;
For the heavenly peace He leaves;
For the HOLY GHOST He gives;
For the pledge that we shall rise,
In His likeness, to the skies;
For the merciful decree
That our Friend our Judge shall be.

5 All redeeming bounty gives;
All that humble faith receives;
All that drooping hope uplifts;
All that love with favour gifts;
SAVIOUR, these to Thee we owe;
From Thy dying love they flow:
And we praise, for love so free,
JESU, WORD INCARNATE, THEE. AMEN.

116* Praise to Thee, O Glorious King.

(A MID-SUMMER HYMN.) W. W. ROUSSEAU.


1. Praise to Thee, O Glo-rious King! On this sum-mer day we bring,
When in beau-ty, bright and fair, Na-ture shows Thy tenderest care.
For Thy fa-vours large and free, Bound-less as the spread-ing sea,
Glo-rious King! to Thee we raise, Joy-ous songs of laud and praise. AMEN.

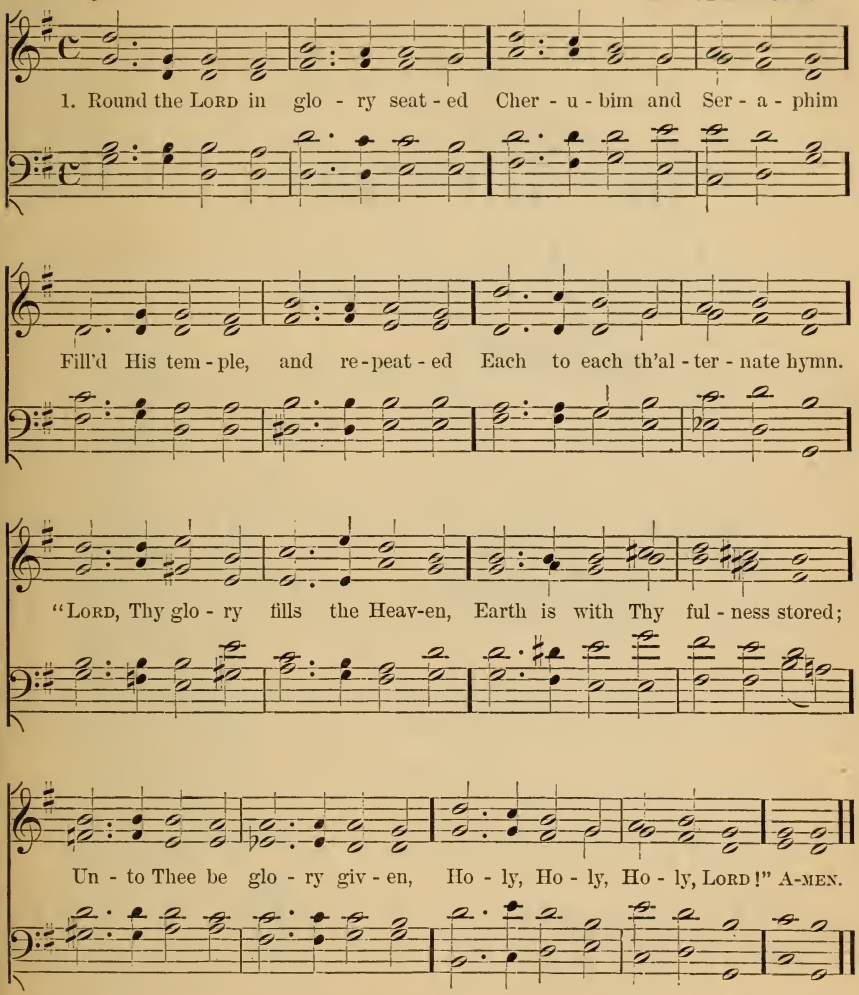
2 For the emerald garb of earth
Blooming in its vernal birth;
For the tints so fresh and rare,
Beautiful beyond compare,
Pictured on the arching sky,
Hiding in the violet's eye—
Glorious King! to Thee we raise
Joyous songs of laud and praise!

3 For the chant of birds, that floats
Upward in melodious notes;
For the myriad tones of joy
That Thy creatures here employ,
For the blessèd life of all
Who, our GOD, their FATHER call—
Glorious King! to Thee we raise
Joyous songs of laud and praise!

4 But, in louder, sweeter strain,
For the LAMB Who once was slain,
That within Thy home of grace
Children might attain a place;
For this Sacrifice so great,
Mighty FATHER! Uncreate!
Glorious King! to Thee we raise
Highest songs of laud and praise! AMEN.

117 Round the Lord in glory seated.

Rev. GERARD COBB.

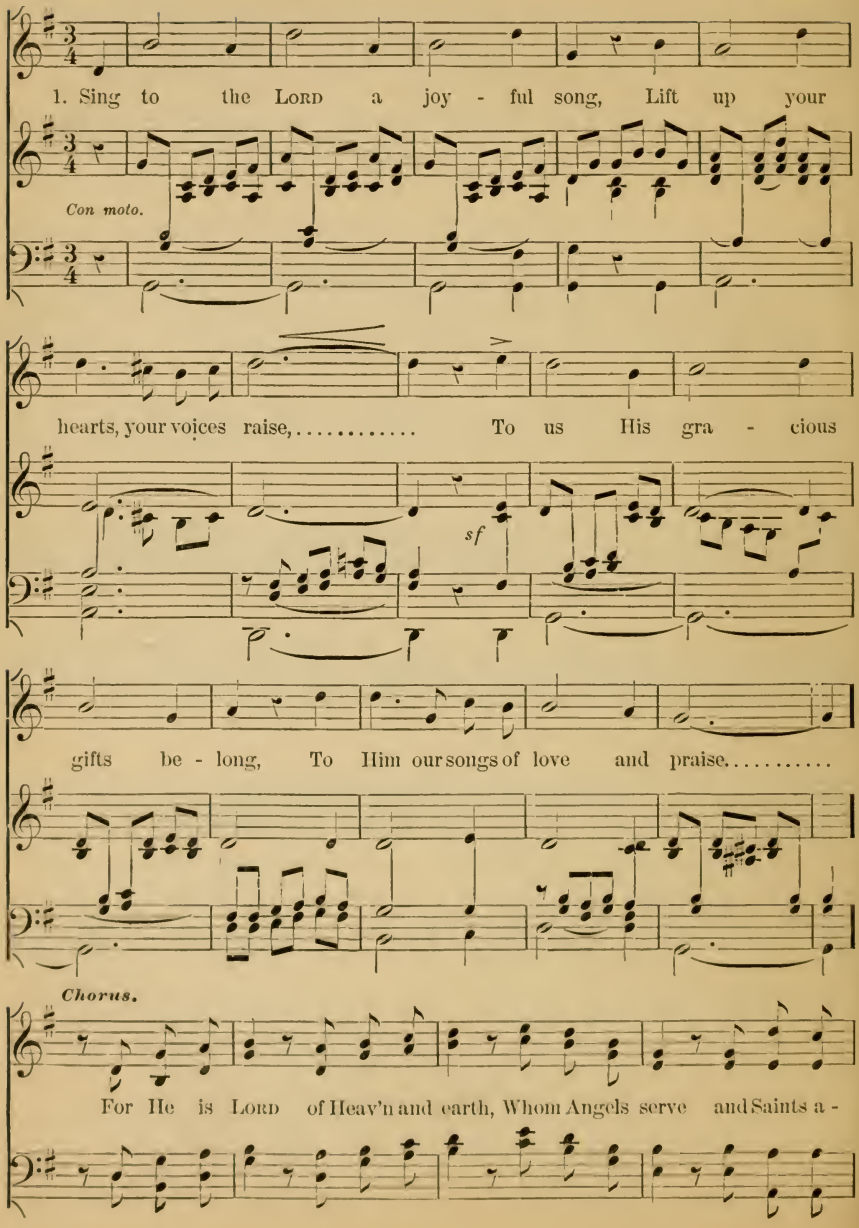

1. Round the LORD in glo - ry seat - ed Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim
Fill'd His tem - ple, and re - peat - ed Each to each th'al - ter - nate hymn.
"LORD, Thy glo - ry fills the Heav-en, Earth is with Thy ful - ness stored;
Un - to Thee be glo - ry giv - en, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, LORD!" A-MEN.

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the Angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," singing,
"LORD of Hosts, the LORD Most High!"
With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

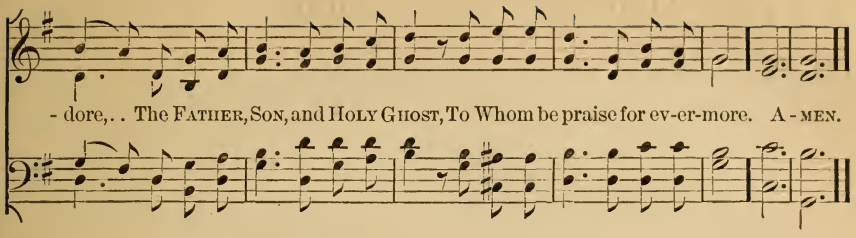
3 "LORD, Thy glory fills the Heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD!"
Thus The glorious Name confessing,
We adopt The Angels' cry,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," blessing
Thee, the LORD of Hosts Most High.
AMEN.

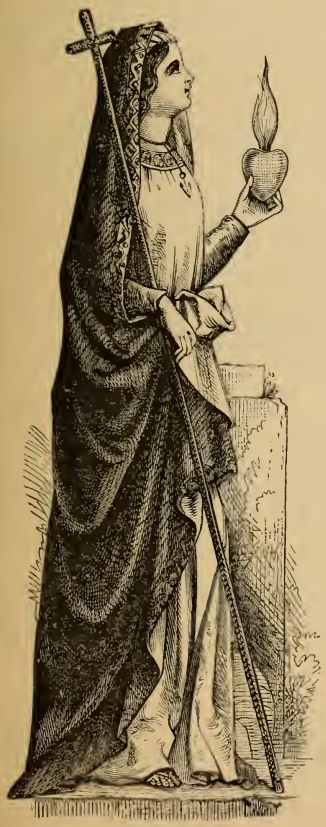
118* Sing to the Lord.

H. MILLARD.


1. Sing to the LORD a joy - ful song, Lift up your
Con moto.
hearts, your voices raise,..... To us His gra - cious
sf
gifts be - long, To Him our songs of love and praise.....
Chorus.
For He is LORD of Heav'n and earth, Whom Angels serve and Saints a -

Praise.





2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for it is fair:
For He is Lord of Heaven and earth,
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

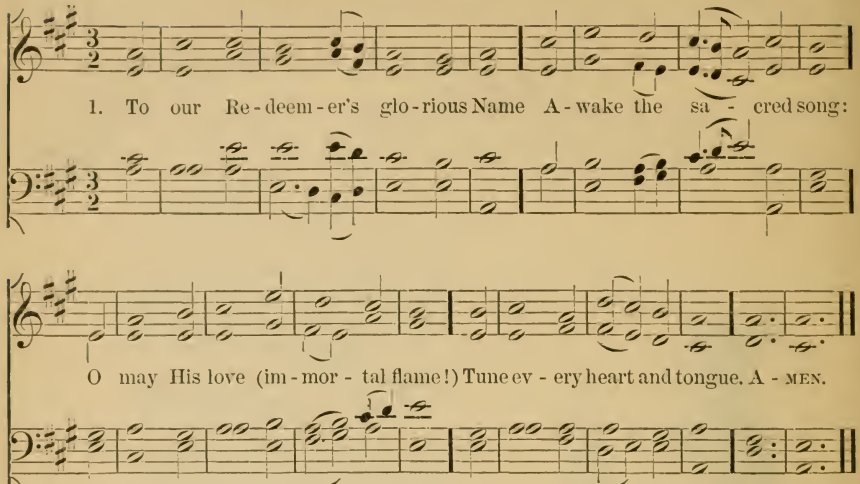
3 For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for it is true:
For He is Lord of Heaven and earth,
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

4 For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His Name, for it is joy:
For He is Lord of Heaven and earth,
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure on high,
That inner life, which over this,
Shall ever shine, and never die:
For He is Lord of Heaven and earth,
Whom Angels serve and Saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore. Amen

119 To our Redeemer's glorious Name.

FIRST TUNE. W. TANSUR, 1760.



2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

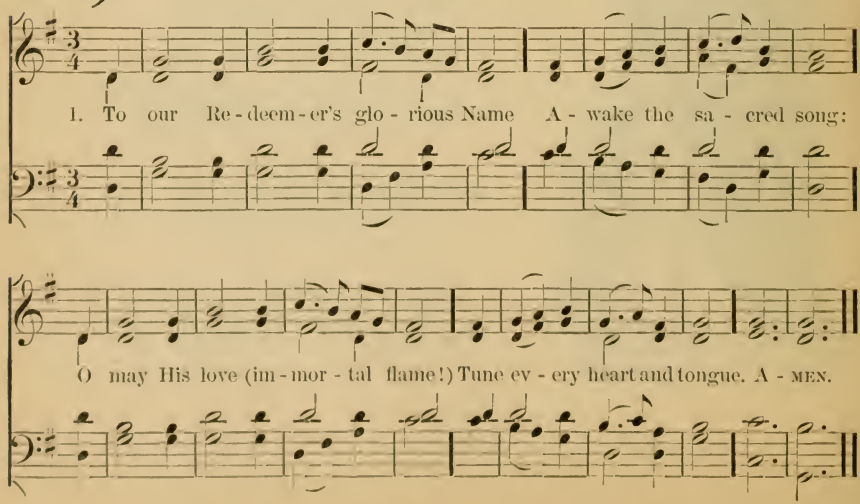
3 He left His radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die:
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear LORD, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to Thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The SAVIOUR died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue:
Till strangers love Thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song. AMEN.

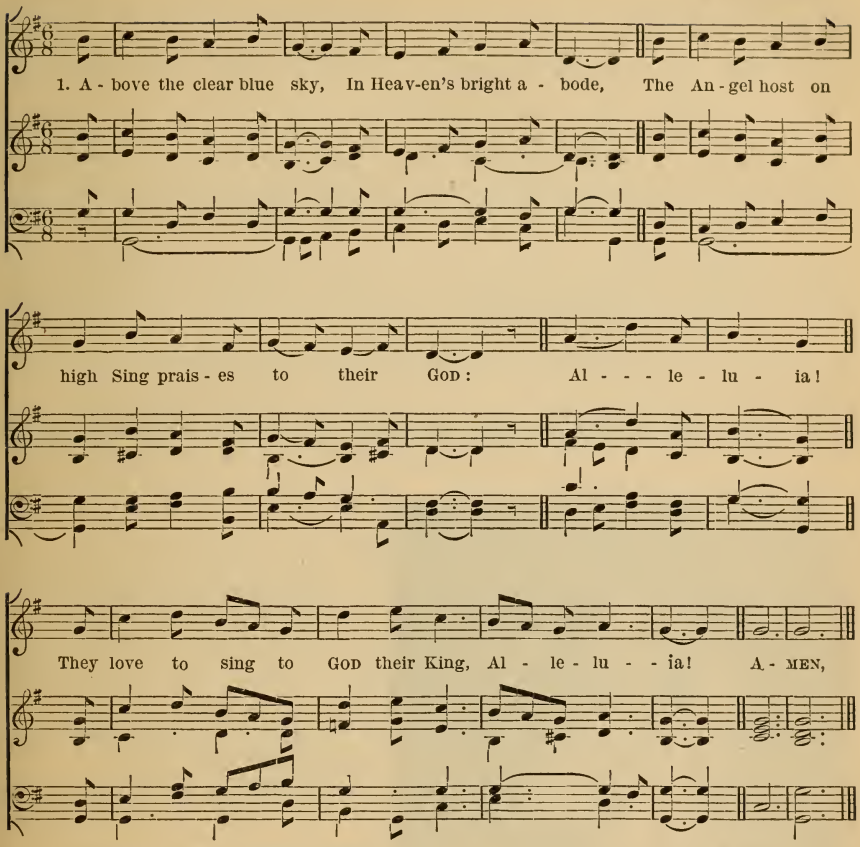
119†

SECOND TUNE. *From* BEETHOVEN.



120 Above the clear blue sky.

E. J. HOPKINS.


1. A - bove the clear blue sky, In Heav-en's bright a - bode, The An - gel host on
high Sing prais - es to their GOD: Al - - - le - lu - ia!
They love to sing to GOD their King, Al - le - lu - - ia! A - MEN,

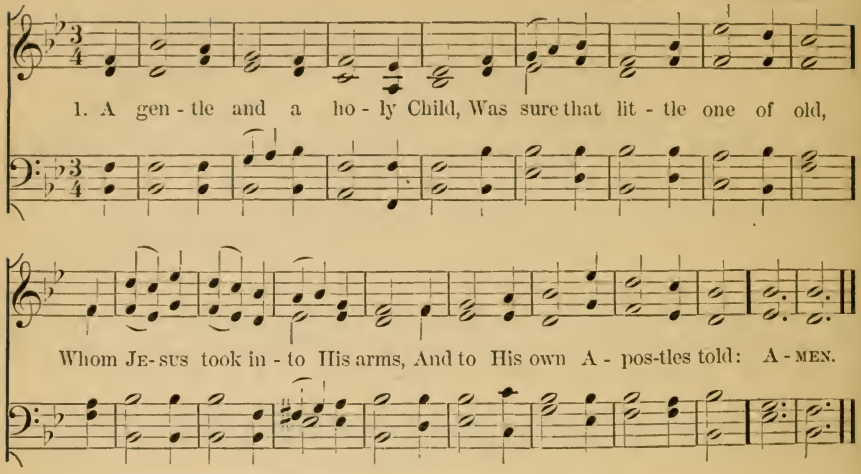
2 But GOD from infant tongues
On earth receiveth praise;
We then our cheerful songs
In sweet accord will raise:
Alleluia!
We too will sing
To GOD our King
Alleluia!

3 O Blessèd LORD, Thy truth
To us Thy babes impart,
And teach us in our youth
To know Thee as Thou art.
Alleluia!
Then shall we sing
To GOD our King
Alleluia!

4 Oh! may Thy holy word
Spread all the world around;
And all with one accord
Uplift the joyful sound.
Alleluia!
All then shall sing
To GOD their King
Alleluia! AMEN.

121† A gentle and a holy Child.

Arranged by W. H. WALTER.



2 Ye cannot enter into Heaven,
If still your hearts are proud and wild;
Except your hearts converted be;
Like little children, pure and mild.

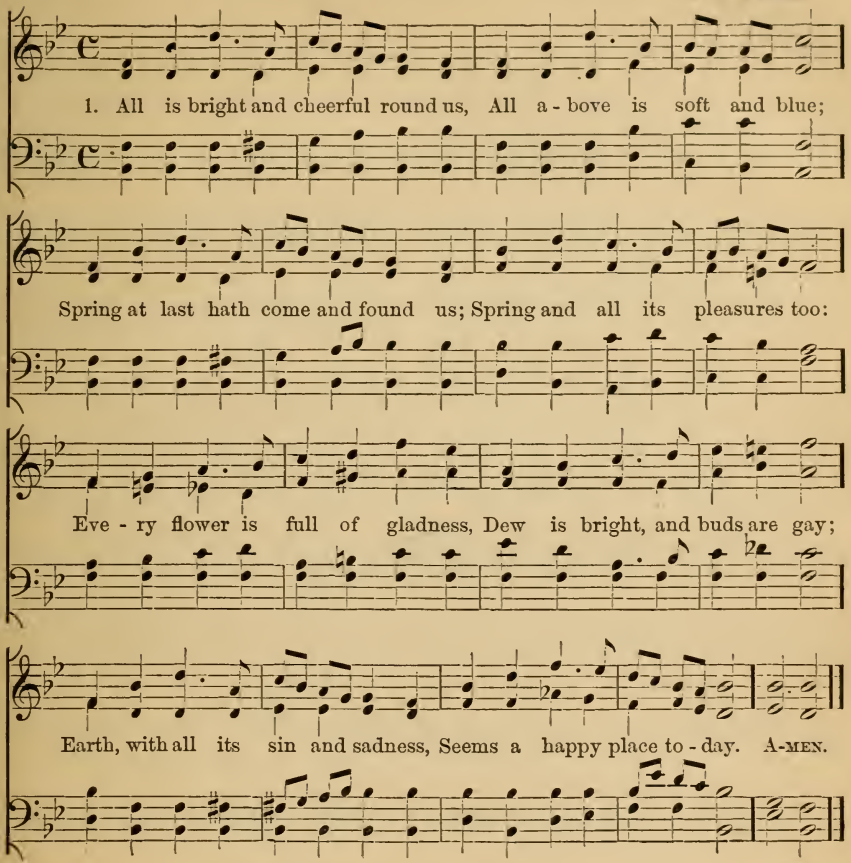
3 Had we been waiting at His side,
When JESUS taught His people thus,
Uplooking in His holy face,
Could He have have chosen one of us?

4 Oh! not unless our childish hearts,
In simple truthfulness obey;
Unless our souls be guileless found,
And meek and gentle, day by day.

5 O SAVIOUR, make us good and mild,
And fill our hearts with simple joy,
And bless us with Thy gentle hand,
As Thou didst bless that Jewish boy.

AMEN.

122* All is bright and cheerful.

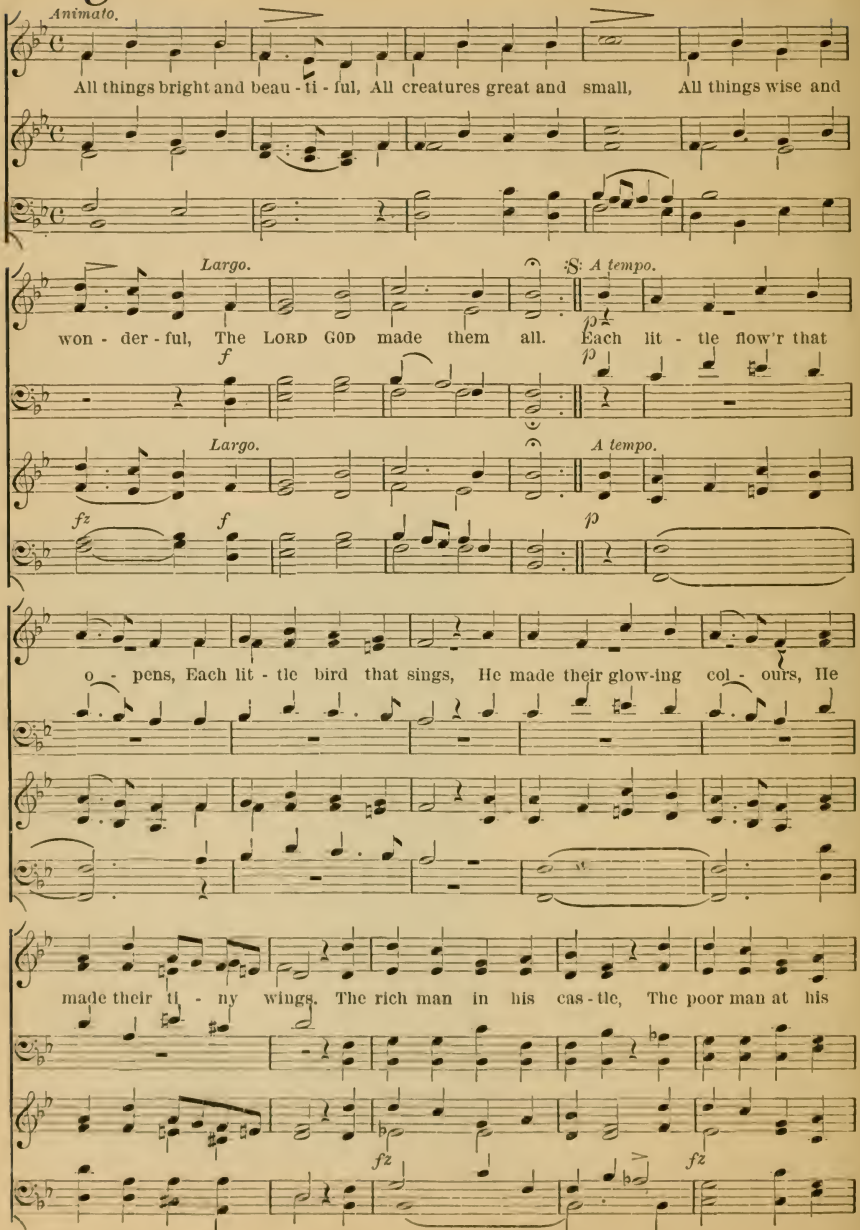
W. H. WALTER.

1. All is bright and cheerful round us, All a - bove is soft and blue;
Spring at last hath come and found us; Spring and all its pleasures too:
Eve - ry flower is full of gladness, Dew is bright, and buds are gay;
Earth, with all its sin and sadness, Seems a happy place to - day. A-MEN.

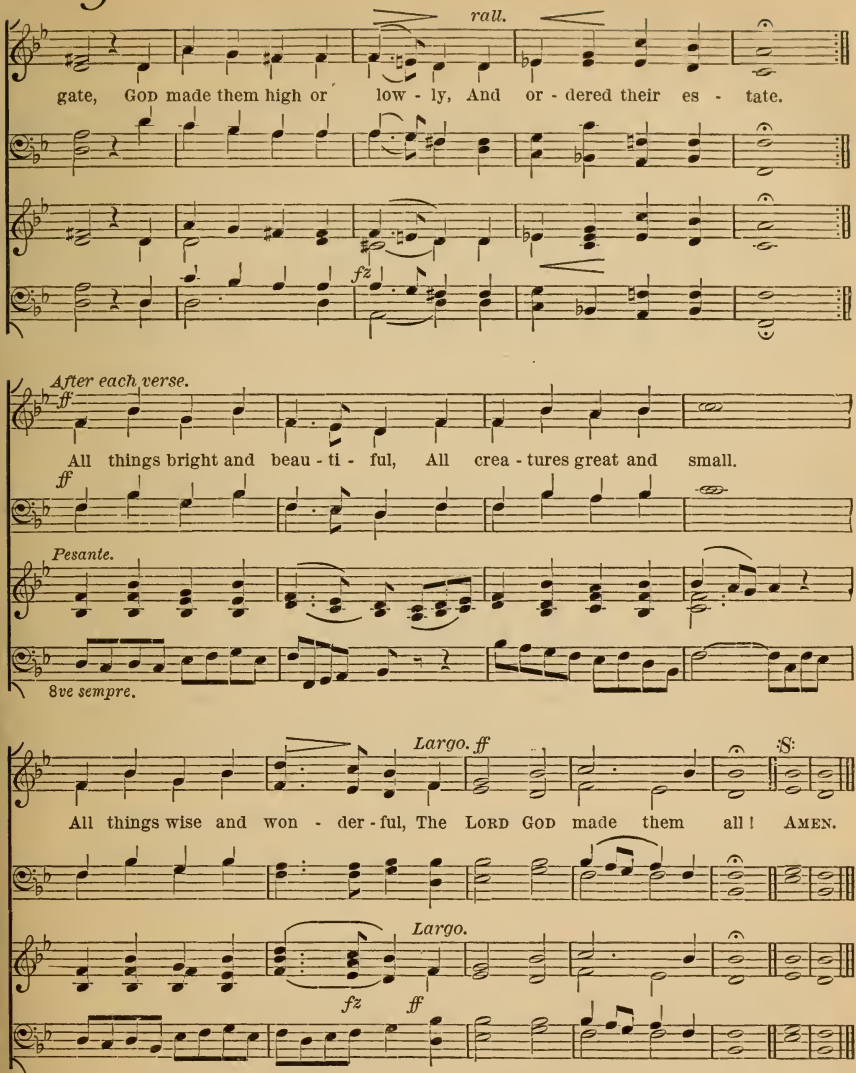
2 If the flowers that fade so quickly,
If a day that ends in night,
If the skies that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight, —
If they all have so much beauty,
What must be GOD's land of rest,
Where His sons that do their duty,
After many toils are blest?

3 There are leaves that never wither;
There are flowers that ne'er decay:
Nothing evil goeth thither;
Nothing good is kept away.
They that came from tribulation,
Washed their robes and made them white,
Out of every tongue and nation,
Now have rest, and peace, and light. AMEN.

123 All things bright and beautiful.

JOHN HULLAH.


Animato.
All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All creatures great and small, All things wise and
Largo.
A tempo.
won - der - ful, The LORD GOD made them all. Each lit - tle flow'r that
Largo.
A tempo.
o - pens, Each lit - tle bird that sings, He made their glow-ing col - ours, He
made their ti - ny wings. The rich man in his cas - tle, The poor man at his

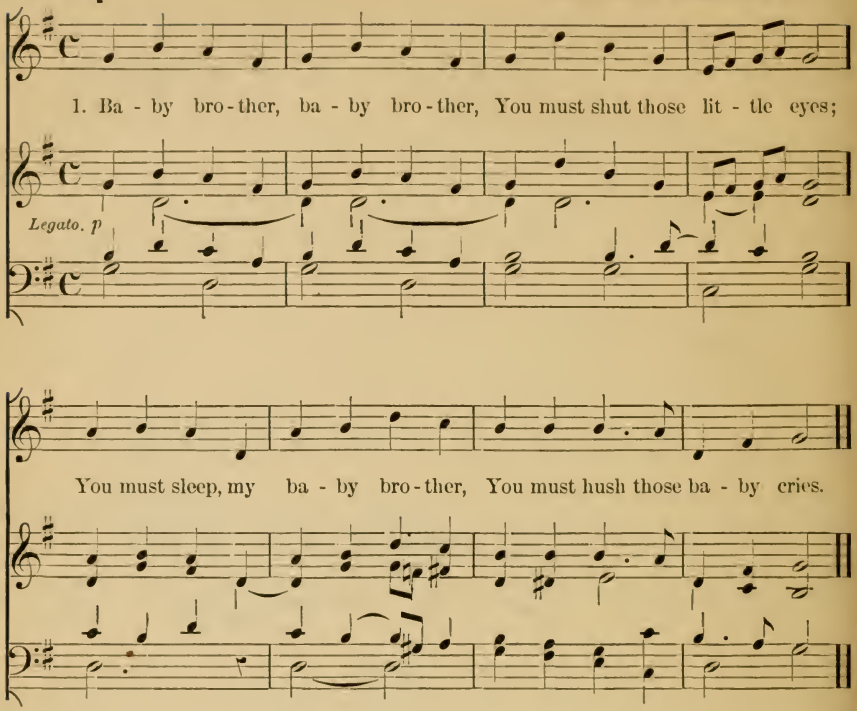

rall.
gate, God made them high or low - ly, And or - dered their es - tate.
fz
After each verse.
ff
All things bright and beau - ti - ful, All crea - tures great and small.
ff
Pesante.
8ve sempre.
Largo. ff
All things wise and won - der - ful, The Lord God made them all! Amen.
Largo.
fz
ff

2 The purple headed mountain,
The river running by,
The sunset and the morning,
That brightens up the sky,
The cold wind in the winter,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,
He made them ev'ry one.

3 The tall trees in the green-wood,
The meadows where we play,
The rushes by the water,
We gather ev'ry day;
He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
Who doeth all things well. Amen.

124 Baby brother, baby brother.

Rev. John B. Dykes, Mus. Doc


1. Ba - by bro - ther, ba - by bro - ther, You must shut those lit - tle eyes;
Legato. p
You must sleep, my ba - by bro - ther, You must hush those ba - by cries.

2 Baby brother, baby brother,
While I rock you on my arm,
You are safe, my baby brother,
No one here will do you harm.

3 Baby brother, baby brother,
Once the Lord of life and love
Came on earth a little baby,
From His throne in Heaven above.

4 Baby brother, baby brother,
Jesus had a mother too,
And she nursed Him and she loved Him,
Just as mother loveth you.

5 Baby brother, baby brother,
Shall I tell you why He came?
That we might become His children,
And be called by His Name.

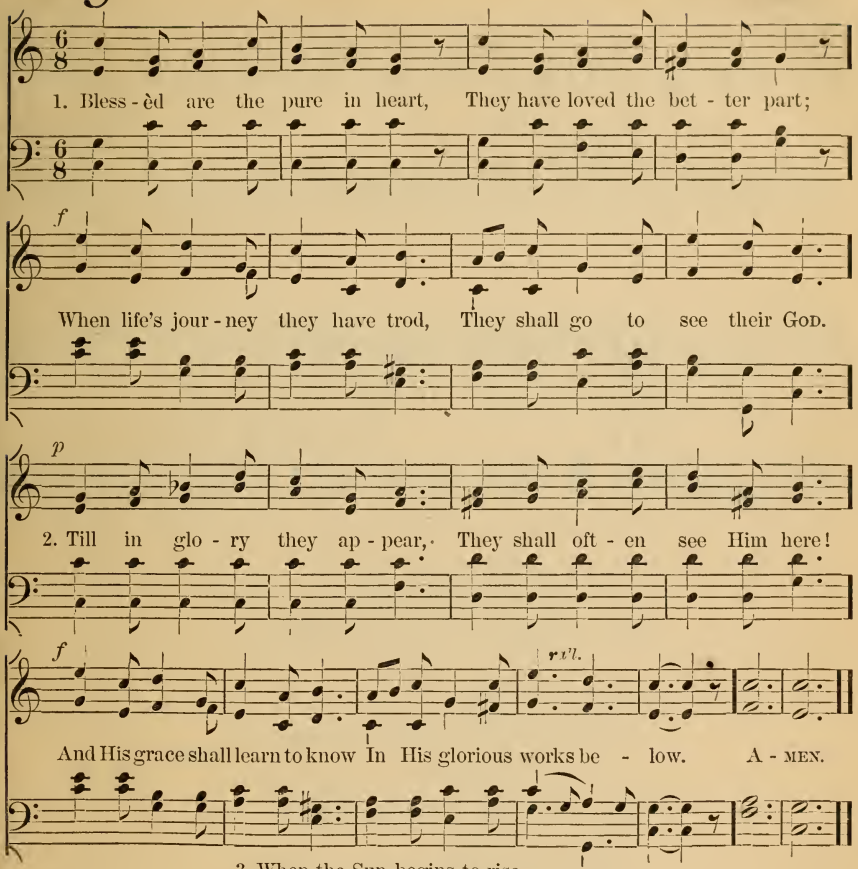
6 Baby brother, baby brother,
Jesus came, and lived, and died;
Lived to teach us to be holy,
And for us was crucified.

7 Baby brother, baby brother,
On our brow His cross we wear,
If we love as He has loved us,
We His own true children are.

8 Baby brother, baby brother,
Jesus rose again on high,
There He waits to make us ready,
Till He take us to the sky.

9 Baby brother, baby brother,
O how thankful we must feel,
That the blest and holy Saviour,
Loves us little children still!

125 Blessèd are the pure in heart.

JOHN HULLAH.

1. Bless - èd are the pure in heart, They have loved the bet - ter part;
When life's jour - ney they have trod, They shall go to see their GOD.
2. Till in glo - ry they ap - pear, They shall oft - en see Him here!
And His grace shall learn to know In His glorious works be - low. A - MEN.

3 When the Sun begins to rise,
Spreading brightness through the skies,
They will love to praise and bless
CHRIST, the Sun of Righteousness.

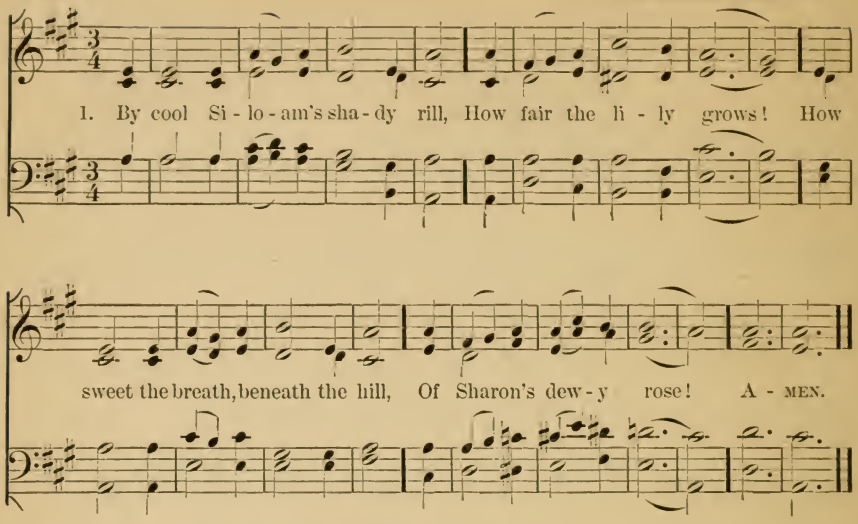
4 In the watches of the night,
When the stars are clear and bright,
"Thus the just shall shine" they say,
"In the Resurrection-day."

5 When the leaves in autumn die,
Falling fast and silently,
"These," they think, "that now seem dead,
Shall in spring lift up their head."

6 GOD in every thing they see:
First in all their thoughts is He:
They have loved the better part;—
Blessèd are the pure in heart! AMEN.

126 By cool Siloam's shady rill.

From St. Alban's Tune Book.



2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to GOD.

3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose, that blooms beneath the hill,
Must shortly fade away.

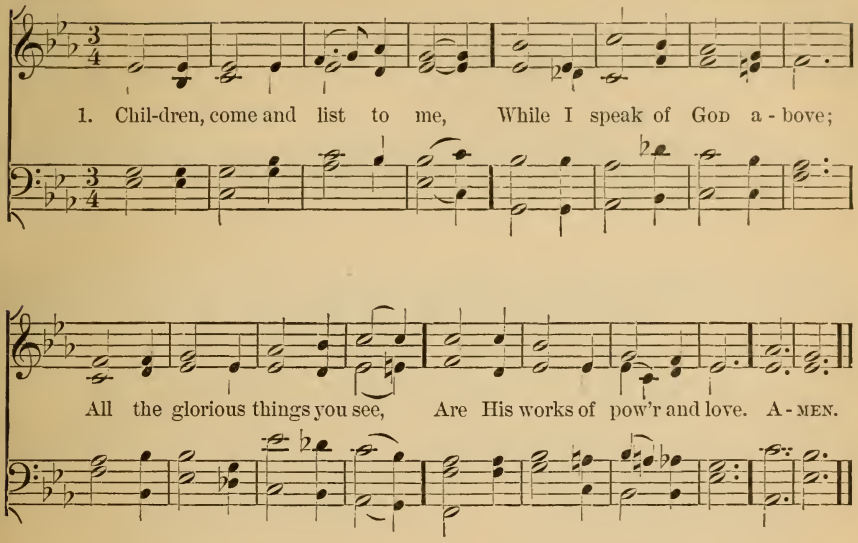
4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

5 O Thou, Whose infant feet were found
Within Thy FATHER'S shrine;
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine;

6 Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine Own. AMEN.

127 Children come and list to me.

Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, Mus. Doc.



2 Wheresoe'er your feet have trod,
Scattered blessings round you lie,
All by God's kind love bestowed,
Who has made both earth and sky.

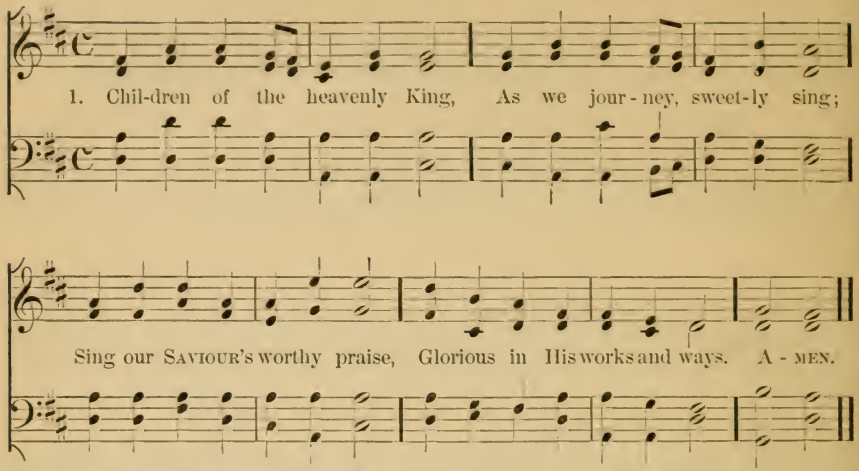
3 When you hear the loud winds howling
Tearing by with sudden crash,
Or the thunder's fearful growling,
Mingled with the lightning's flash:

4 These are subject to the Lord,
All created by His will,
And with one Almighty word,
He can make the storm be still.

5 O dear children you should try,
This Almighty God to love.
That when your frail bodies die,
You may see His face above. Amen.

128* Children of the heavenly King.

FIRST TUNE. J. I. T.


1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As we jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing our SAVIOUR'S worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways. A-MEN.

2 We are travelling home to GOD,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

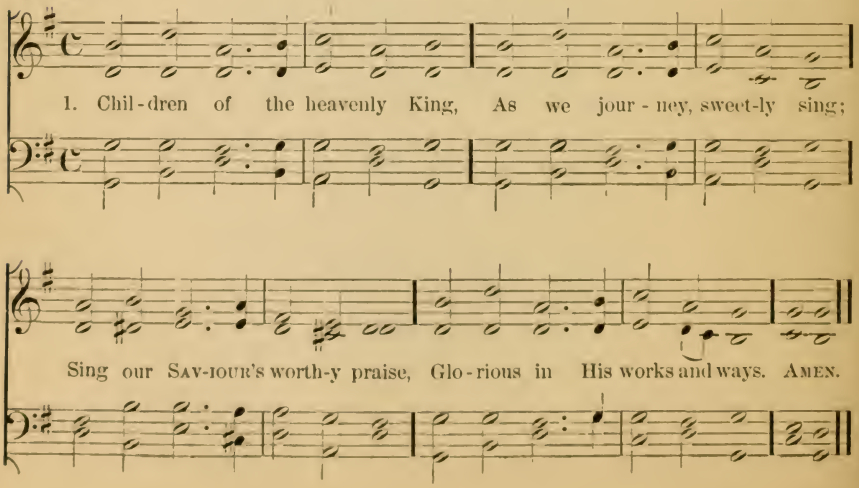
3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
CHRIST our Advocate was made;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
CHRIST conducts us to our Home.

4 LORD, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

5 Hymns of glory and of praise,
FATHER unto Thee we raise:
Praise to Thee, O CHRIST, our King,
And the HOLY GHOST, we sing. AMEN.

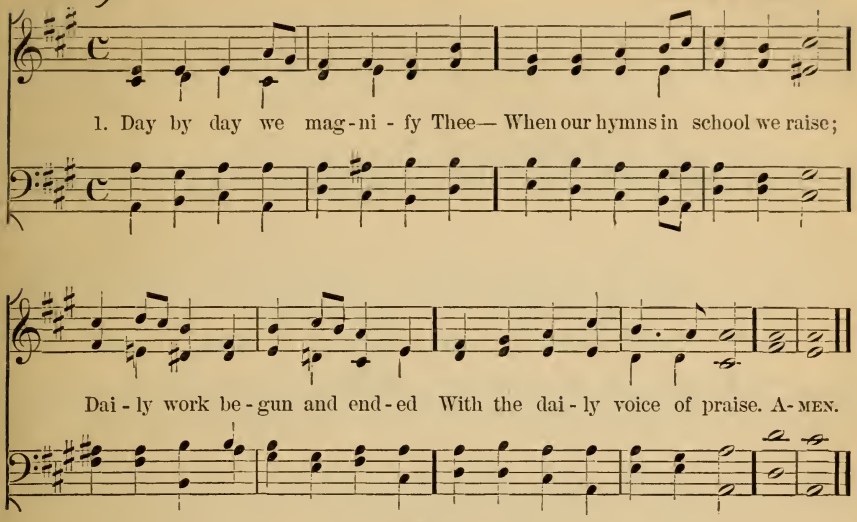
128

SECOND TUNE. *From* PLEYEL.


1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As we jour-ney, sweet-ly sing;
Sing our SAV-IOUR'S worth-y praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways. AMEN.

129 Day by day we magnify Thee.

Rev. E. S. Carter.


1. Day by day we mag-ni-fy Thee— When our hymns in school we raise;
Dai-ly work be-gun and end-ed With the dai-ly voice of praise. A-men.

2 Day by day we magnify Thee—
When, as each new day is born,
On our knees at home we bless Thee
For the mercies of the morn.

3 Day by day we magnify Thee—
In our hymns before we sleep;
Angels hear them, watching by us,
Christ's dear lambs all night to keep.

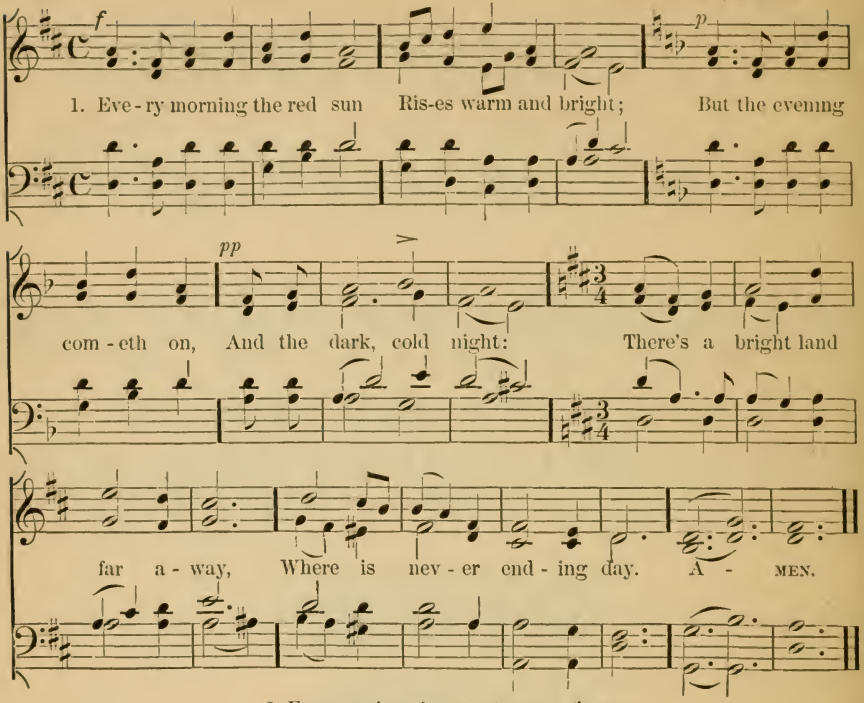
4 Day by day we magnify Thee
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience,
Show Thy glory in Thine own.

5 Day by day we magnify Thee—
When, for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

6 Day by day we magnify Thee—
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from these our labours,
Waiting for Thy Day in peace:

7 Then, on that eternal morning,
With Thy great redeemèd host,
May we fully magnify Thee—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost! Amen.

130 Every morning the red sun.

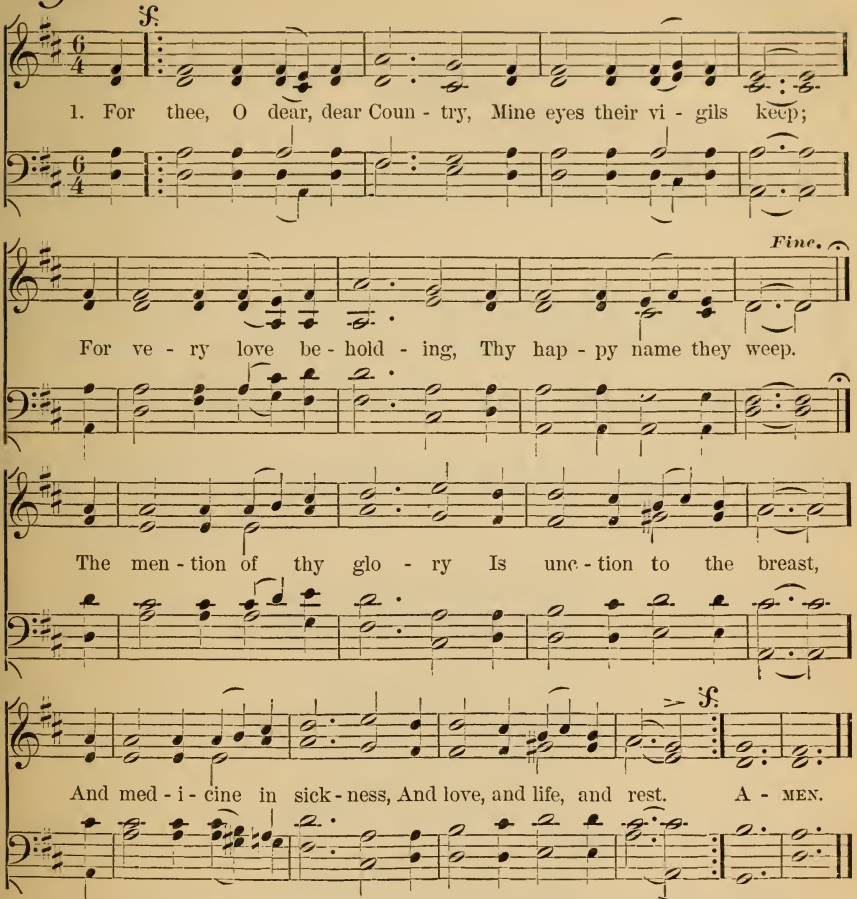
Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

1. Eve - ry morning the red sun Ris-es warm and bright; But the evening
com - eth on, And the dark, cold night: There's a bright land
far a - way, Where is nev - er end - ing day. A - MEN.

2 Every spring the sweet young flowers
Open fresh and gay;
Till the chilly autumn hours
Wither them away:
There's a land we have not seen
Where the trees are always green.

3 Little birds sing songs of praise
All the summer long;
But in colder, shorter days
They forget their song:
There's a place where Angels sing
Ceaseless praises to their King.

4 CHRIST our LORD is ever near
Those who follow Him!
But we cannot see Him here,
For our eyes are dim:
There is a most happy place,
Where men always see His Face.

5 Who shall go to that bright land?
All who do the right:
Holy children there shall stand,
In their robes of white,
For that Heaven so bright and blest,
Is our everlasting rest. AMEN.

131 For thee, O dear, dear Country.

f.
1. For thee, O dear, dear Coun - try, Mine eyes their vi - gils keep;
Fine.
For ve - ry love be - hold - ing, Thy hap - py name they weep.
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast,
f.
And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love, and life, and rest. A - MEN.

2 O one, O only Mansion;
O Paradise of joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
The Lamb is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

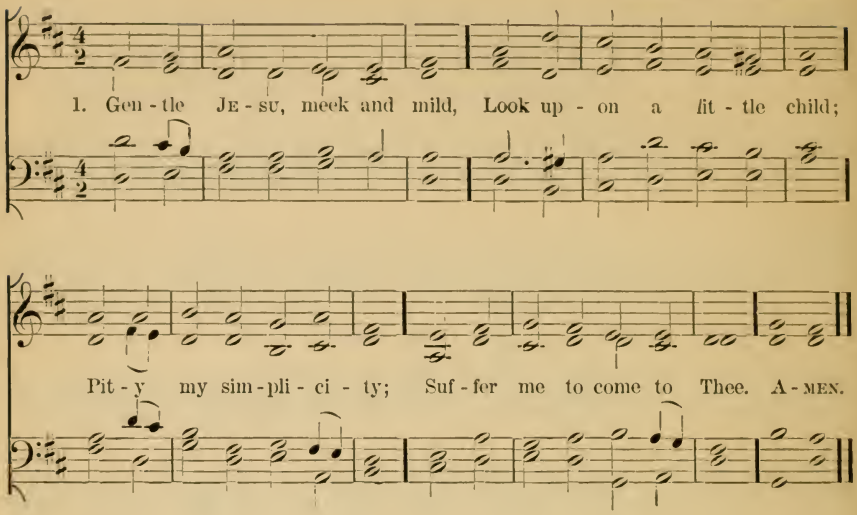
3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced;
The saints build up its fabric,
And the Corner-stone is CHRIST.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

5 O sweet and blessèd Country,
The home of GOD's elect!
O sweet and blessèd Country,
That eager hearts expect!
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest. AMEN.

132 Gentle Jesu, meek and mild.

Anglican Hymn Book.



2 Put Thy hands upon my head;
Let me in Thine arms be stayed;
Let me lean upon Thy breast;
Lull me, lull me, Lord, to rest.

3 Hold me fast in Thine embrace;
Let me see Thy smiling face;
Give me, Lord, Thy blessing give;
Pray for me, and I shall live.

4 Lamb of God, I look to Thee,
Thou shalt my example be;
Thou art gentle, meek, and mild;
Thou wast once a little Child.

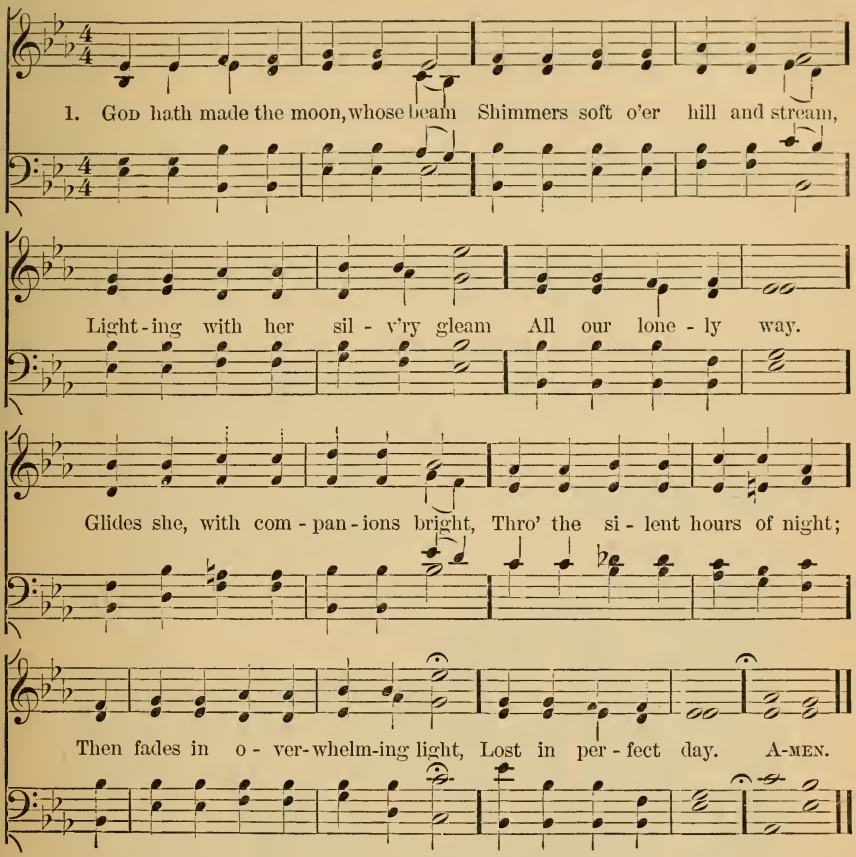
5 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve,
Only to His glory live.

6 Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am:
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart.

7 I shall then show forth Thy praise,
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

8 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One;
Glory as of old to Thee.
Now and evermore shall be. Amen.

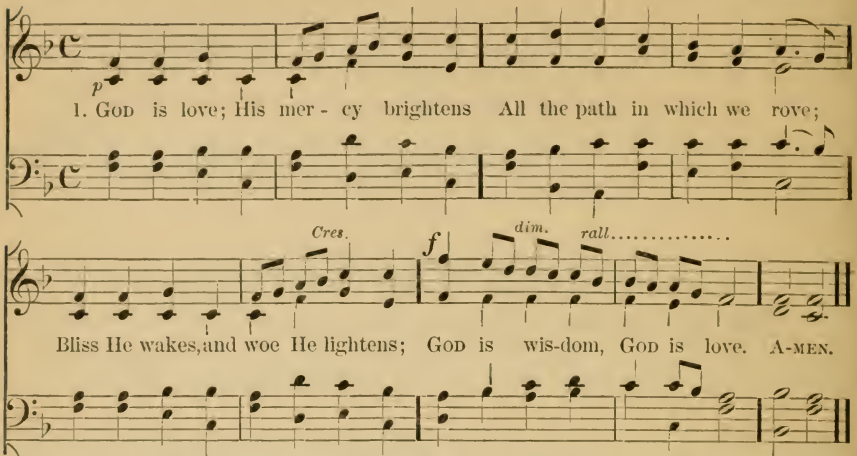
133 God hath made the moon, whose beam.

J. H. H., Jr.

1. God hath made the moon, whose beam Shimmers soft o'er hill and stream,
Light-ing with her sil - v'ry gleam All our lone - ly way.
Glides she, with com - pan - ions bright, Thro' the si - lent hours of night;
Then fades in o - ver-whelm-ing light, Lost in per - fect day. A-men.

2 God hath made the glorious sun,
Through his daily course to run;
From the dawn till day is done
Brightly shineth he.
When his circling round is o'er,
And we see him here no more,
He rises on a brighter shore,
Far beyond the sea.

3 God hath sent me here below,
In my daily life to show,
Constant love to friend and foe,
As He showed for me.
When we here have closed our eyes,
Sunk where death's dark ocean lies,
To worlds of glory may we rise,
Lighted, Lord, by Thee! Amen.

134* God is love; His mercy brightens.

GEO. WM. WARREN.

p
1. GOD is love; His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove;
Cres.
f
dim.
rall.....
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens; GOD is wis-dom, GOD is love. A-MEN.

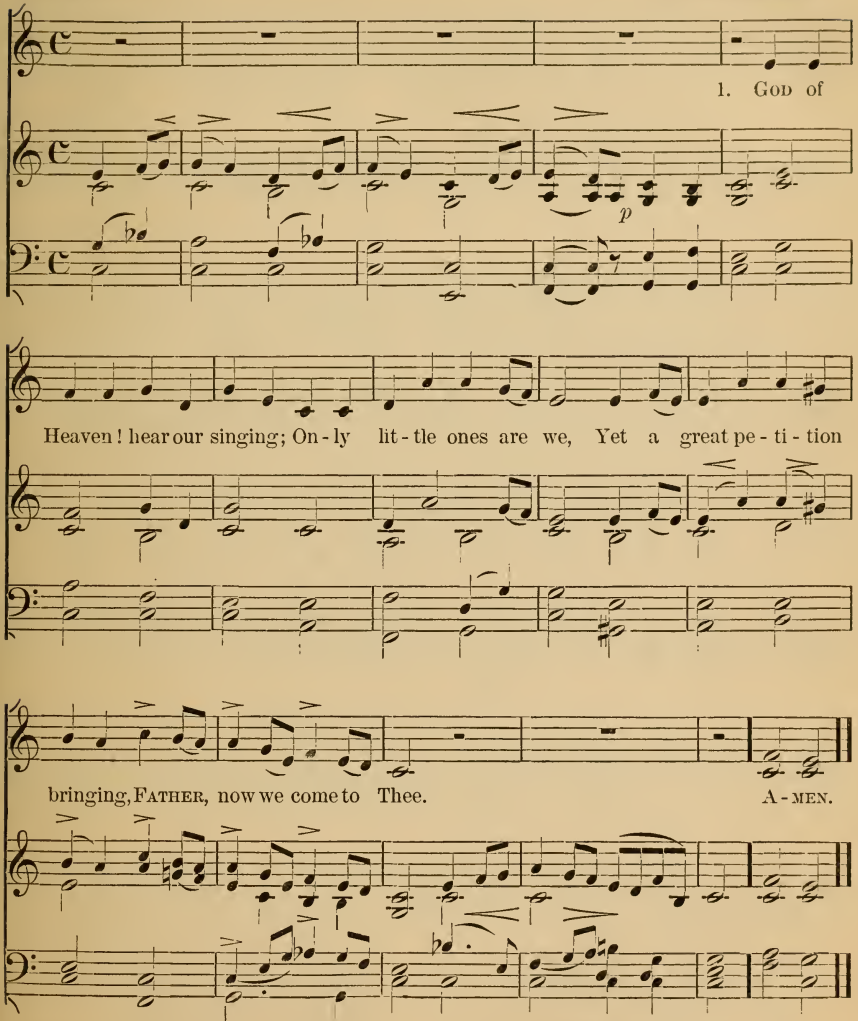
2 Chance and change are busy ever,
Man decays and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth,
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth;
GOD is wisdom, GOD is love. AMEN.

135 God of Heaven! hear our singing.

ALBERT RANDEGGER.



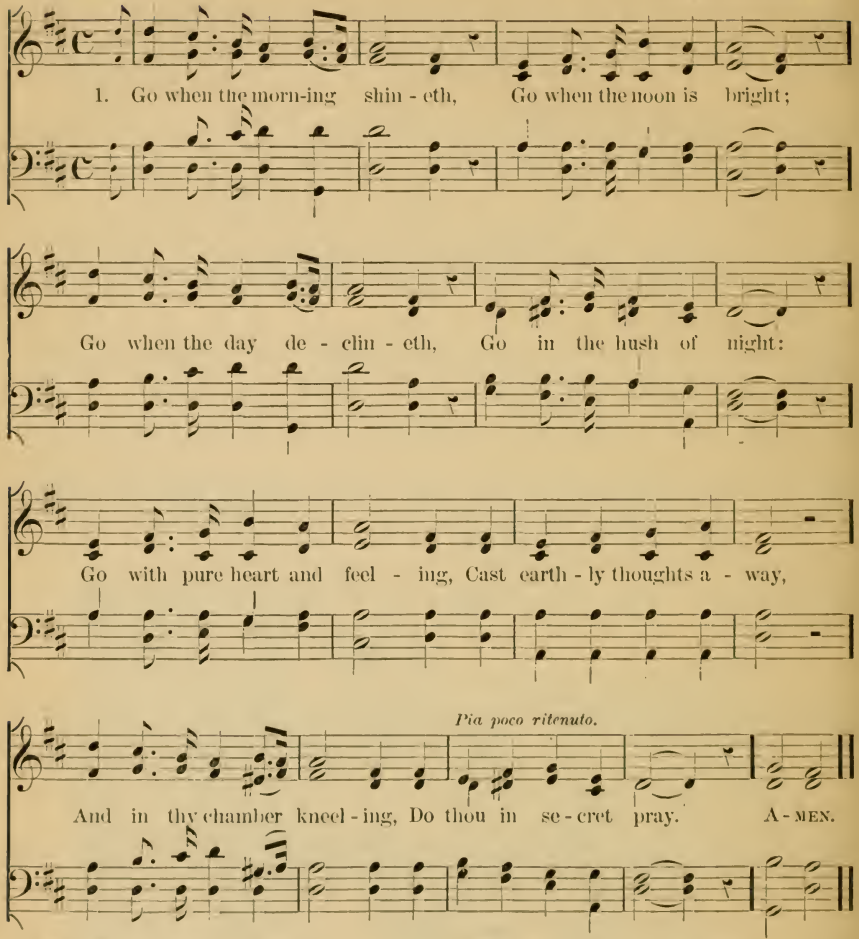
2 Let Thy Kingdom come, we pray Thee,
Let the world in Thee find rest,
Let all know Thee and obey Thee,
Loving, praising, blessing, blest!

3 Let the sweet and joyful story
Of the SAVIOUR's wondrous love,
Wake on earth a song of glory,
Like the Angels' song above.

4 FATHER, send the glorious hour,
Ev'ry heart be Thine alone!
For the kingdom and the power,
And the glory are Thine own. AMEN.

136 Go when the morning shineth.

THOMAS GARDINER.


1. Go when the morn-ing shin - eth, Go when the noon is bright;
Go when the day de - clin - eth, Go in the hush of night:
Go with pure heart and feel - ing, Cast earth - ly thoughts a - way,
Pia poco ritenuto.
And in thy chamber kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray. A - MEN.

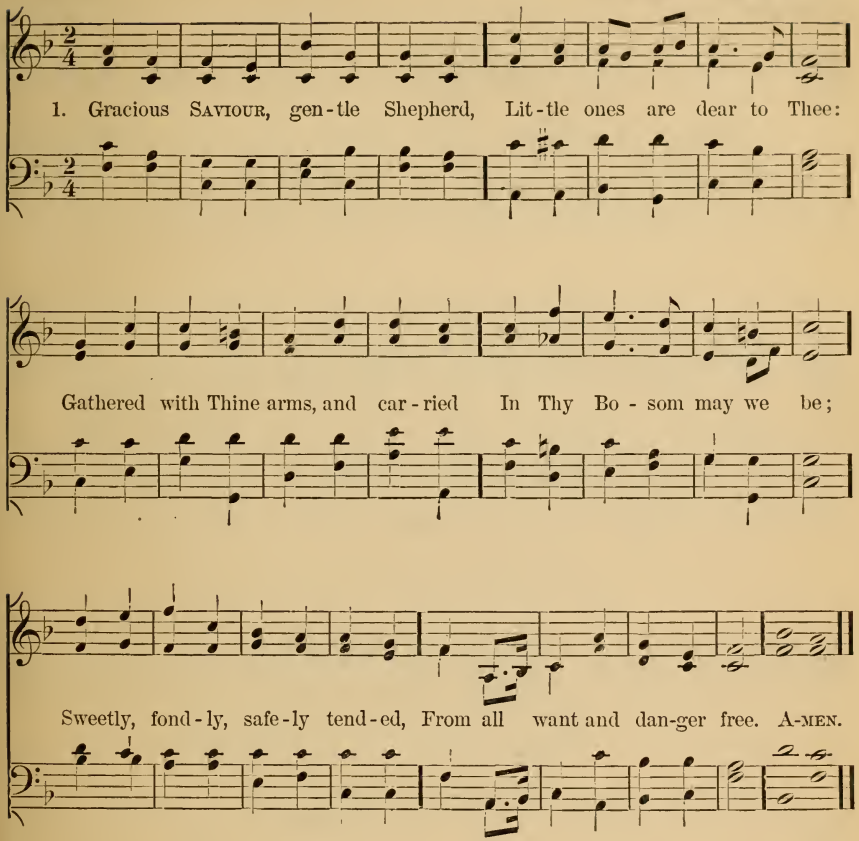
2 Remember all who love thee;
All who are lov'd by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's Name.

3 But if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way—
E'en then, in silence breathing,
The spirit, rais'd above,
Will reach the throne of glory,
Of mercy, truth, and love.

4 Whene'er thou pin'st in sickness,
Before His foot-stool fall;
Remember in thy gladness,
His love Who gave thee all.
Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this we can compare,
The power which He has given,
To approach His throne in pray'r.

AMEN.

137 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.

J. H. Willcox, Mus. Doc.

1. Gracious Saviour, gen-tle Shepherd, Lit-tle ones are dear to Thee:
Gathered with Thine arms, and car-ried In Thy Bo-som may we be;
Sweetly, fond-ly, safe-ly tend-ed, From all want and dan-ger free. A-men.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From Thy Fold to go astray;
By Thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

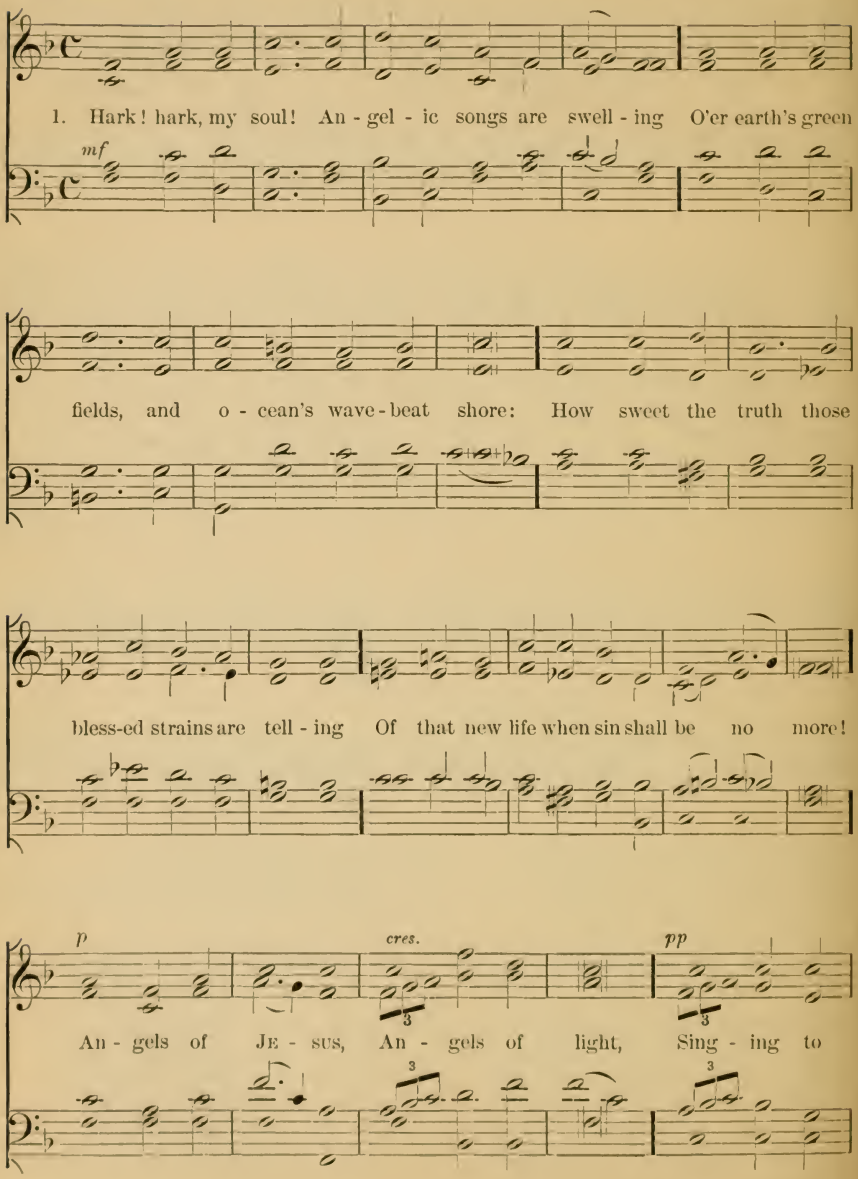
3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
In the stream Thy love supplied,
Mingled stream of Blood and Water,
Flowing from Thy wounded Side:
And to heavenly pastures lead us
Where Thine own still waters glide.

4 Let Thy Holy Word instruct us;
Fill our minds with heavenly light;
Let Thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right,
Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,
And to prove Thy burden light.

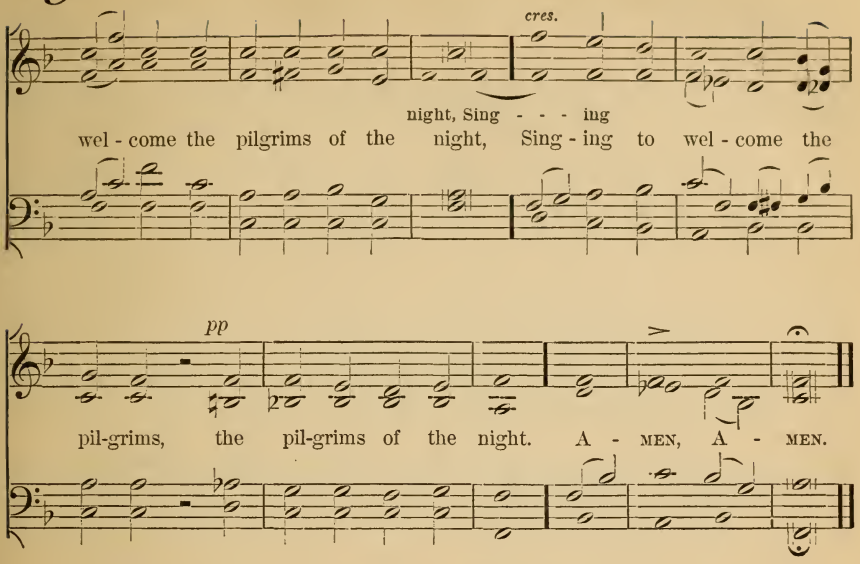
5 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth Thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then, with all the Saints in glory,
Join to praise our Lord and King. Amen

138 Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes.


1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green
mf
fields, and o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those
bless-ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
p
cres.
pp
An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to

138


cres.
night, Sing - - - ing
wel - come the pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the
pp
pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A - MEN, A - MEN.

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for JESUS bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of JESUS, etc.

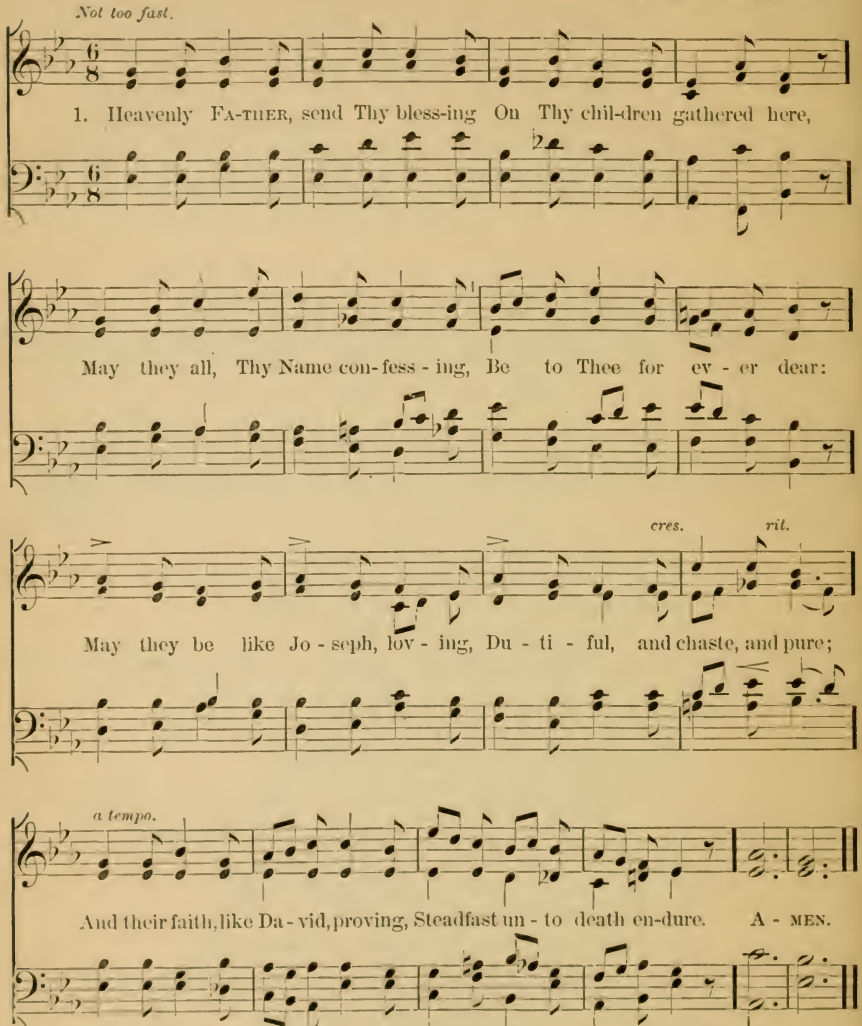
3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of JESUS sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of JESUS, etc.

4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of JESUS, etc.

5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of JESUS, etc. AMEN.

139* Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing.

W. H. WALTER, 1873.

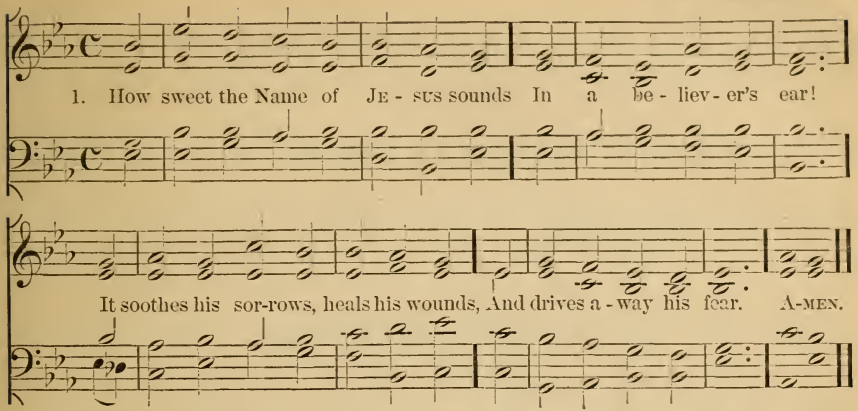

Not too fast.
1. Heavenly FA-THER, send Thy bless-ing On Thy chil-dren gathered here,
May they all, Thy Name con-fess - ing, Be to Thee for ev - er dear:
cres.
rit.
May they be like Jo - seph, lov - ing, Du - ti - ful, and chaste, and pure;
a tempo.
And their faith, like Da - vid, proving, Steadfast un - to death en-dure. A - MEN.

2 HOLY SAVIOUR, Who in meekness
Didst vouchsafe a Child to be,
Guide their steps and help their weakness,
Bless and make them like to Thee:
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary
In Thine arms and on Thy breast,
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.

3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,
HOLY SPIRIT, from above,
Guide them, lead them, go before them,
Give them peace, and joy, and love:
Thy true temples, HOLY SPIRIT,
May they with Thy glory shine,
And immortal bliss inherit,
And for evermore be Thine. AMEN.

140† How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.

A. B. Reinagle.


1. How sweet the Name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear. A-men.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

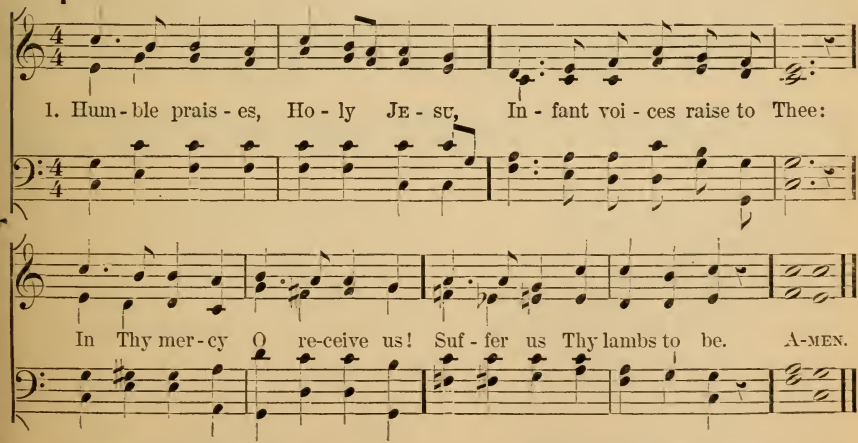
3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

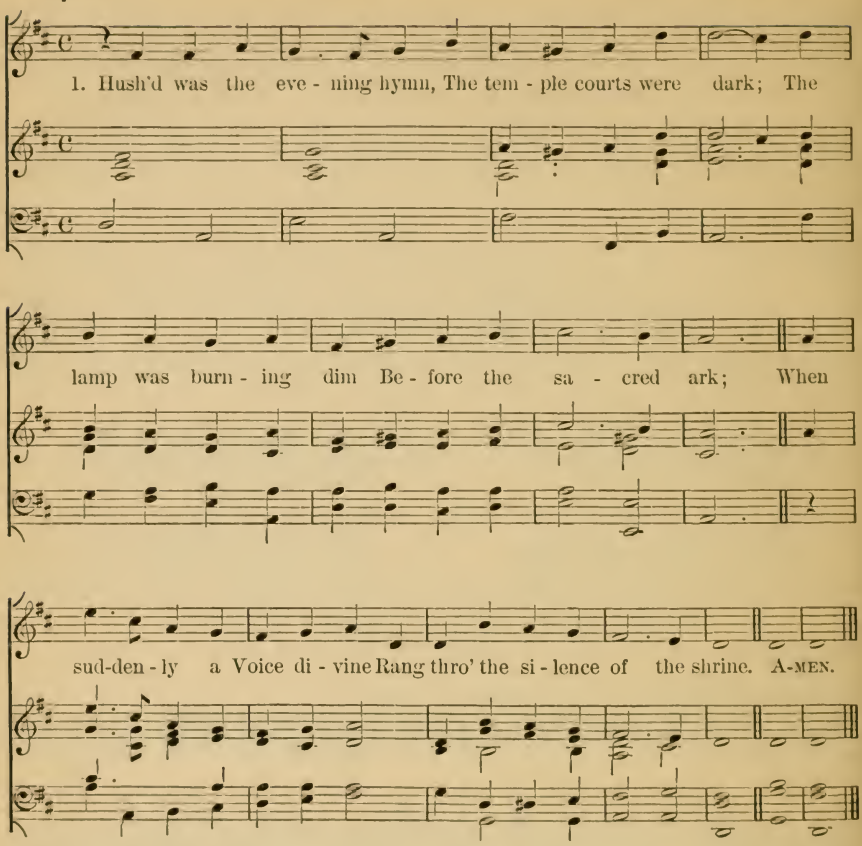
141† Humble praises, Holy Jesu.

J. I. T.



2 Blessèd Jesu! Thou hast bidden
Babes like us to come to Thee,
Though by Thy disciples chidden,
Thou didst tell them not to flee.

3 Saviour, condescend to feed us;
Richly let Thy mercy flow:
Send Thy Spirit, Blessèd Jesu!
Light and life on us bestow. Amen.

142 Hushed was the evening hymn.

1. Hush'd was the eve - ning hymn, The tem - ple courts were dark; The
lamp was burn - ing dim Be - fore the sa - cred ark; When
sud-den - ly a Voice di - vine Rang thro' the si - lence of the shrine. A-MEN.

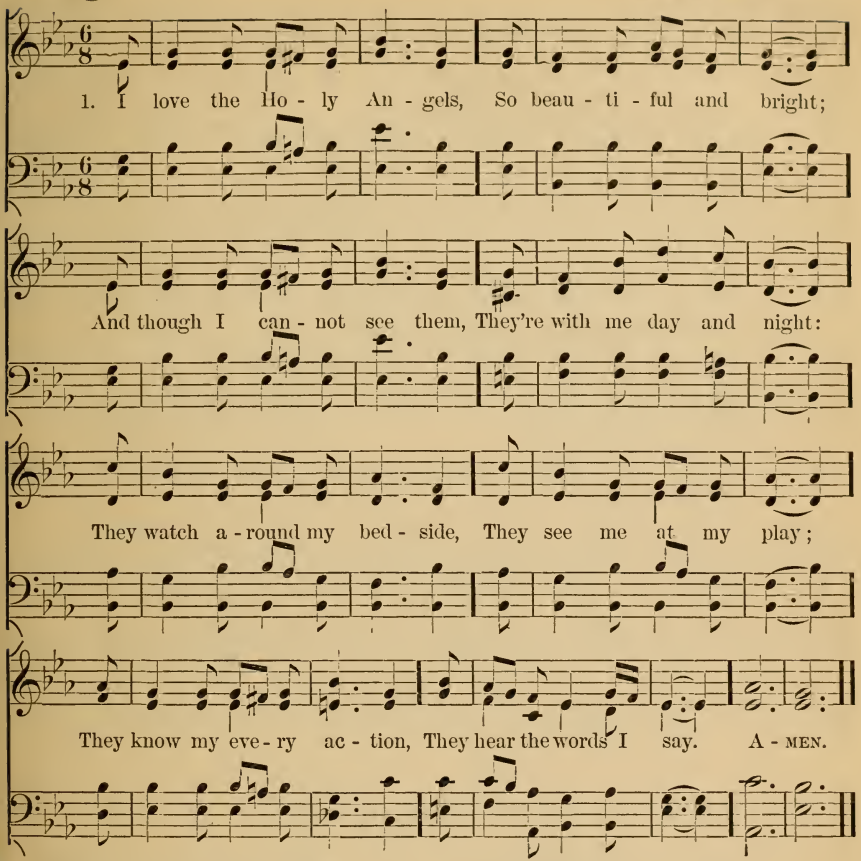
2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The LORD to Hannah's son revealed.

3 Oh! give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O LORD,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

4 Oh! give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in Thy House Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night; a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

5 Oh! give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death,
That I may read with childlike eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise. AMEN.

143* I love the Holy Angels.

W. H. WALTER, 1873.

1. I love the Ho - ly An - gels, So beau - ti - ful and bright;
And though I can - not see them, They're with me day and night:
They watch a - round my bed - side, They see me at my play;
They know my eve - ry ac - tion, They hear the words I say. A - MEN.

2 'Tis GOD our Heavenly FATHER,
Who doth the Angels send,
To guard His little children
Until their life shall end.
When we are cross and naughty
The Holy Angels grieve,
For they are sad when children
The way of goodness leave.

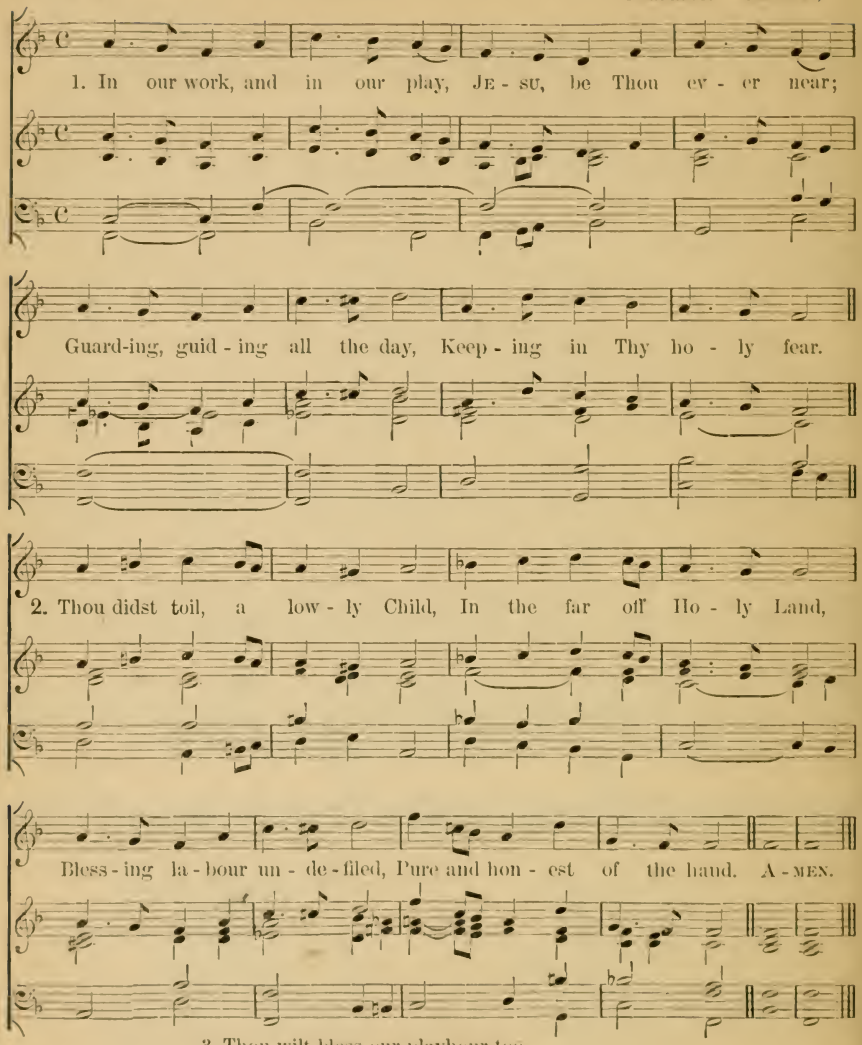
3 And when I die, the Angels
Will bear my soul away,
While here my body resteth
Until the Judgment Day.
They'll bear me gently, softly,
With loving care most sweet,
And lay me down in safety
At my Redeemer's feet.

4 There with the Holy Angels,
And holy men of old,
And all good friends who loved me,
Too many to be told.
Shall I be with the Angels,
And all that people bright,
For ever and for ever,
In GOD's most glorious light.

5 Among the flowers of Heaven
That never die or fade,
And far more lovely music
Than here on earth is made,
For ever, ever happy
Together we shall be,
For there our LORD and SAVIOUR
For ever we shall see! AMEN.

144 In our work, and in our play.

FREDERICK WESTLAKE.

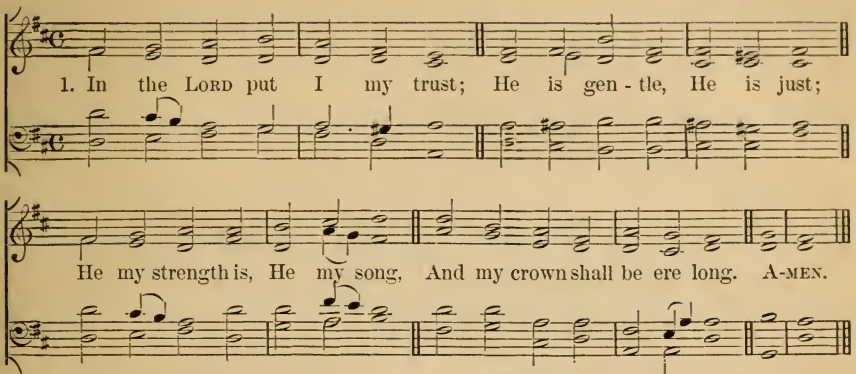

1. In our work, and in our play, JE - SU, be Thou ev - er near;
Guard-ing, guid - ing all the day, Keep - ing in Thy ho - ly fear.
2. Thou didst toil, a low - ly Child, In the far off Ho - ly Land,
Bless - ing la - bour un - de - filed, Pure and hon - est of the hand. A - MEN.

3 Thou wilt bless our playhour too,
If we ask Thy succour strong;
Watch o'er all we say and do,
Hold us back from guilt and wrong.

4 Oh! how happy thus to spend,
Work and playtime in His sight,
Till the Rest which shall not end,
Till the Day which knows not night. AMEN.

145* In the Lord put I my trust.

W. W. ROUSSEAU.

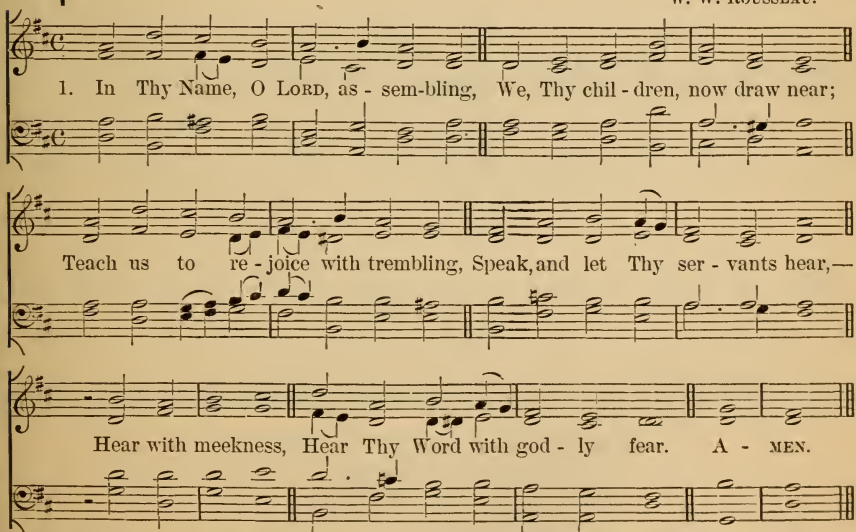


2 He may chasten and correct,
But He never can neglect;
May in faithfulness reprove,
But He ne'er can cease to love.

3 While in Him my trust is true,
Fear not I what man can do,
Joy and health with me abide
While the LORD is on my side. AMEN.

146* In Thy Name, O Lord, assembling.

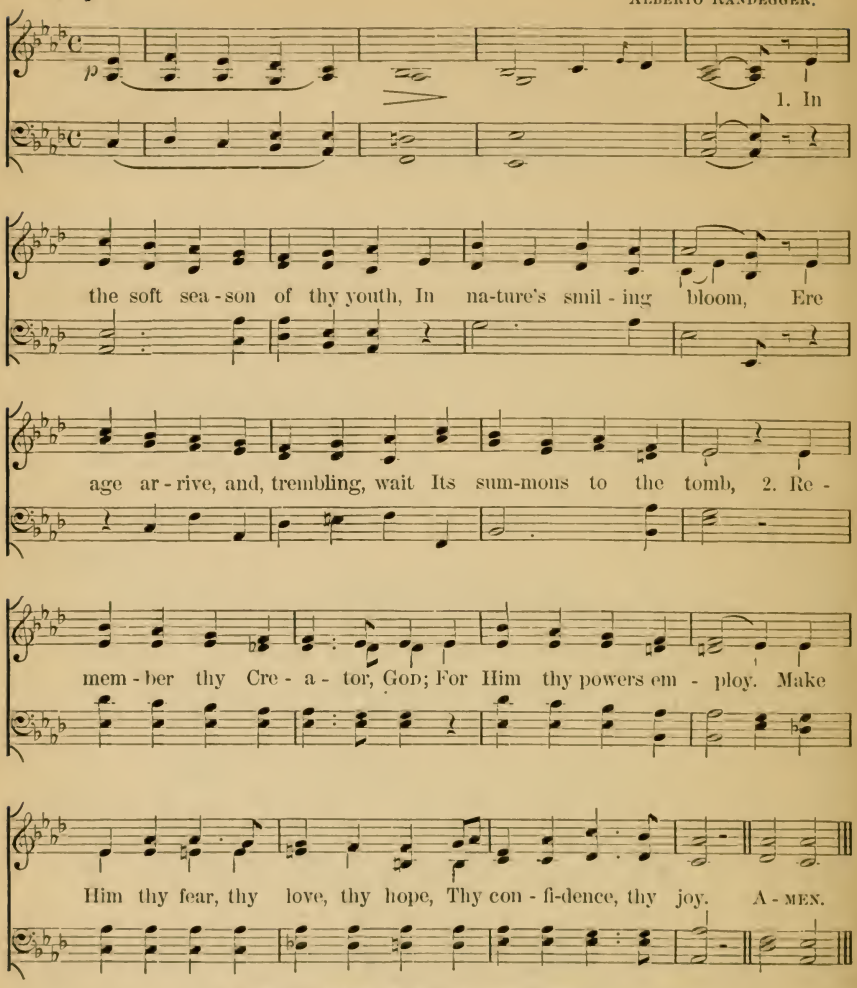
W. W. ROUSSEAU.


1. In Thy Name, O LORD, as - sem-bling, We, Thy chil - dren, now draw near;
Teach us to re - joice with trembling, Speak, and let Thy ser - vants hear,—
Hear with meekness, Hear Thy Word with god - ly fear. A - MEN.

2 While our days on earth are lengthen'd
May we give them, LORD, to Thee;
Cheer'd by hope, and daily strengthen'd
May we run nor weary be;
Till Thy glory
Without clouds in Heaven we see.

3 Then in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee Thy people shall adore
Trusting of enjoyment greater,
Far than thought conceived before,
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed and evermore. AMEN.

147 In the soft season of thy youth.

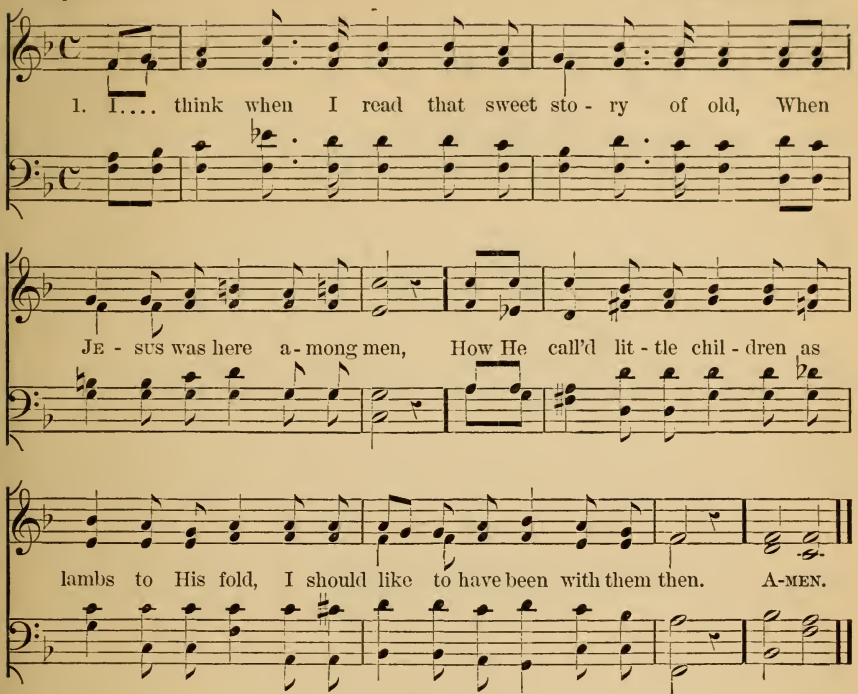
ALBERTO RANDEGGER.

1. In
the soft sea - son of thy youth, In na-ture's smil - ing bloom, Ere
age ar - rive, and, trembling, wait Its sum-mons to the tomb, 2. Re -
mem - ber thy Cre - a - tor, GOD; For Him thy powers em - ploy. Make
Him thy fear, thy love, thy hope, Thy con - fi-dence, thy joy. A - MEN.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea,
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blest eternity.

4 Then seek the LORD betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth. AMEN.

148 I think when I read that sweet story of old.

W. H. Walter. 1873.


1. I.... think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He call'd lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then. A-men.

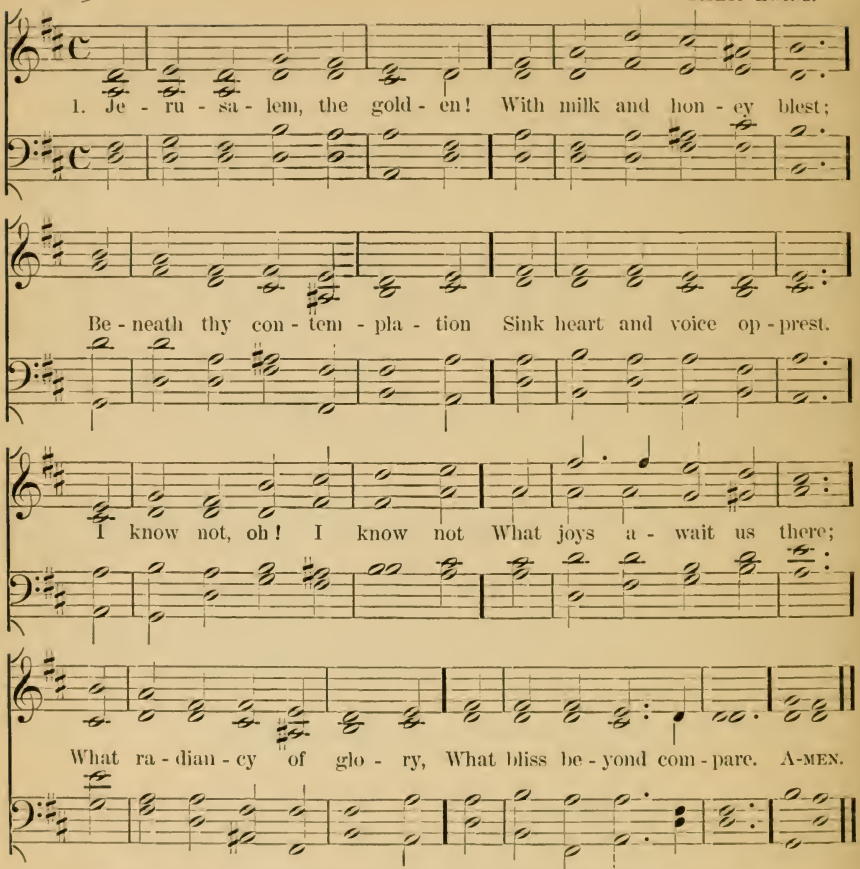
2 I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when
He said,
Let the little ones come unto Me.

3 Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4 In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children shall be with Him there,
For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

5 But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come. Amen.

149† Jerusalem, the golden!

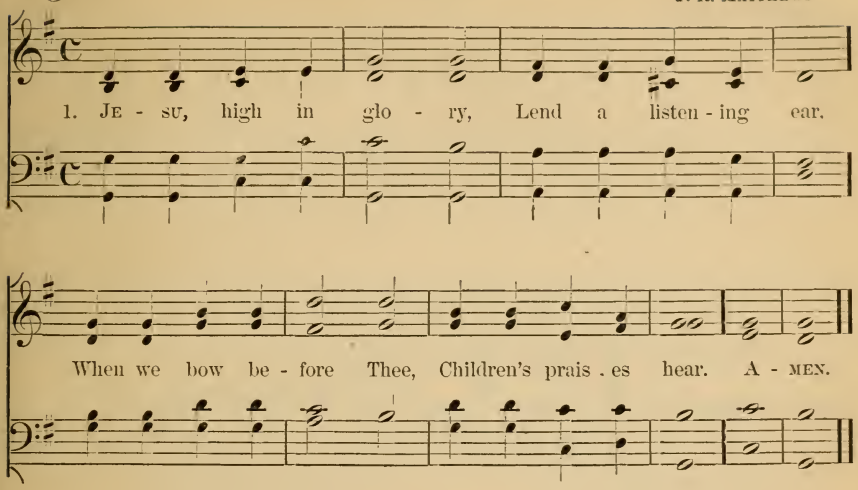
BISHOP EWING.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en! With milk and hon - ey blest;
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
I know not, oh! I know not What joys a - wait us there;
What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare. A-MEN.

2 They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an Angel,
And all the martyr throng.
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast.
And they, who with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 O sweet and blessèd Country,
The Home of GOD's elect!
O sweet and blessed Country,
That eager hearts expect!
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER,
And SPIRIT, ever blest. AMEN.

150 Jesu, high in glory.

T. R. Matthews.

2 Though Thou art so holy,
Heaven's Almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen,
When Thy praise we sing.

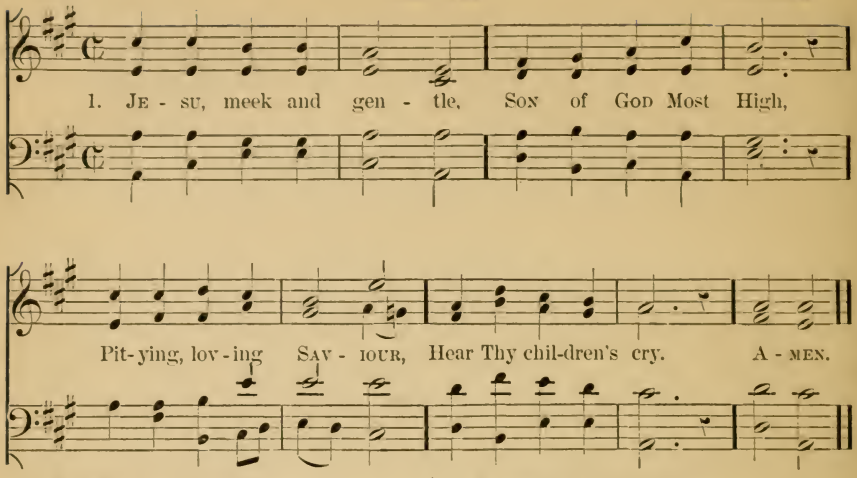
3 We are little children,
Weak and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.

4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love Thee;
Take our sins away:

5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly Home
We would gladly answer,
'Saviour, Lord, we come.' Amen.

151 Jesu, meek and gentle.

FIRST TUNE. C. H. RINK.



2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

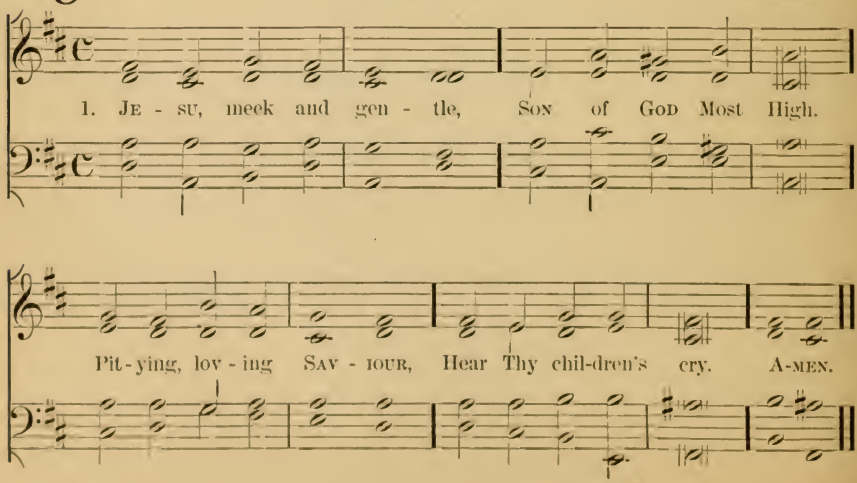
3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesu,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

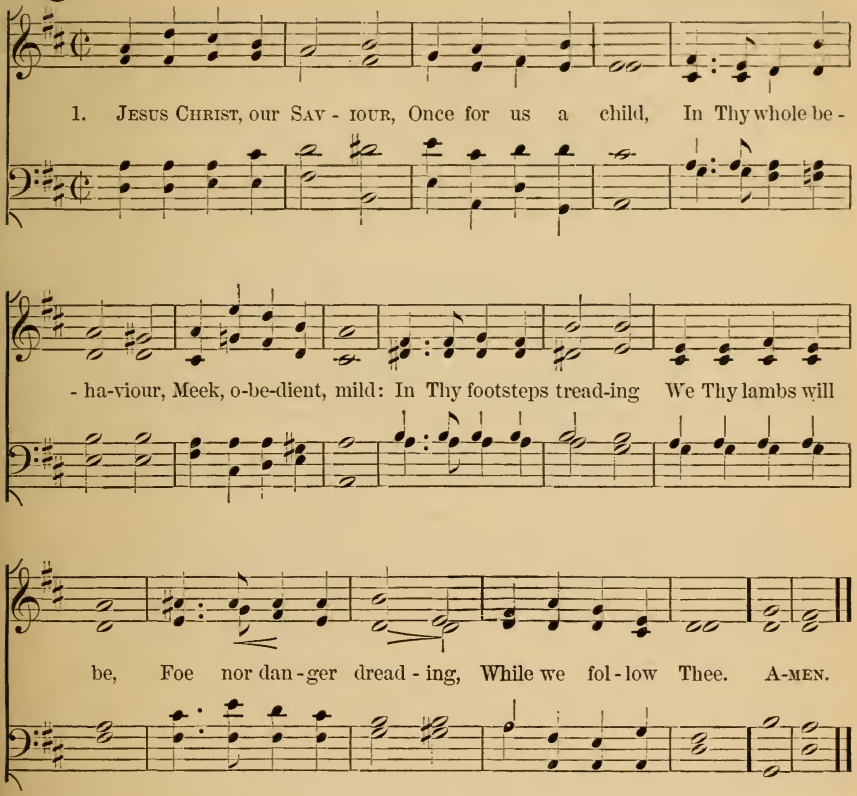
5 Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God Most High,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

151†

SECOND TUNE. W. H. MONK.



152 Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

J. Baptiste Calkin.

1. Jesus Christ, our Sav - iour, Once for us a child, In Thy whole be -
- ha-viour, Meek, o-be-dient, mild: In Thy footsteps tread-ing We Thy lambs will
be, Foe nor dan-ger dread - ing, While we fol - low Thee. A-men.

2 For the varied blessings
Given us to share;
Mother's fond caressings,
Father's guardian care;
For our friends and kindred,
For our daily food,
For our wanderings hindered;
For our learning good.

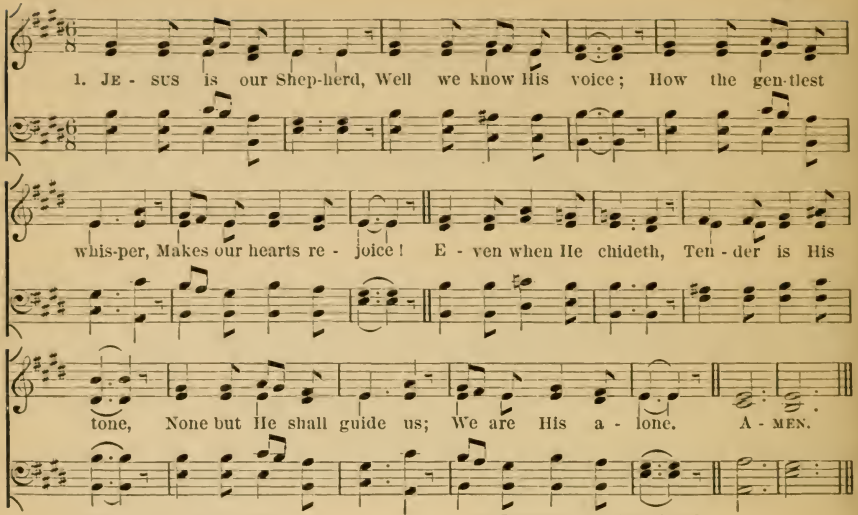
3 For all Thou bestowest,
All, Thou dost withhold;
Whatsoe'er Thou knowest
Best for us, Thy fold;
For all gifts and graces
While we live below,
Till in heavenly places
We Thy face shall know.

4 We, Thy children, raising
Unto Thee our hearts,
In Thy constant praising
Bear our duteous parts.
As Thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still Thy hands put on us;
Bless us day by day.

5 Let Thine Angels guide us;
Let Thine Arms enfold;
In Thy Bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
To Thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host,
Praising Thee, the Father,
And the Holy Ghost. Amen.

153* Jesus is our Shepherd.

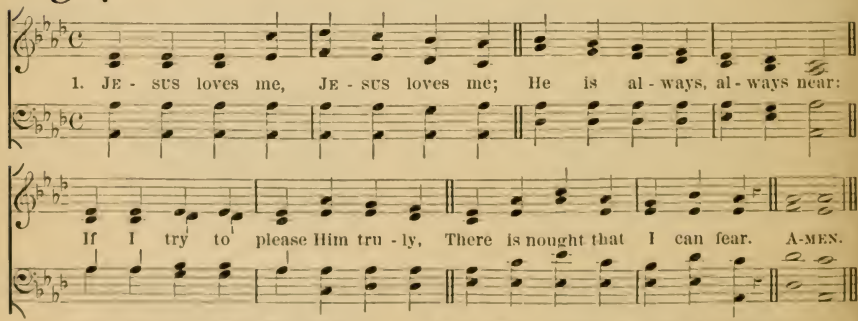
J. I. T.


1. Je - sus is our Shep-herd, Well we know His voice; How the gen-tlest
whis-per, Makes our hearts re - joice! E - ven when He chideth, Ten - der is His
tone, None but He shall guide us; We are His a - lone. A - men.

2 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by His Arm,
Though the wolves may raven
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd;
With His goodness now
And His tender mercy,
He doth us endow!
Let us sing His praises
With a gladsome heart,
Till in Heaven we meet Him
Never more to part. Amen

154* Jesus loves me, Jesus loves me.

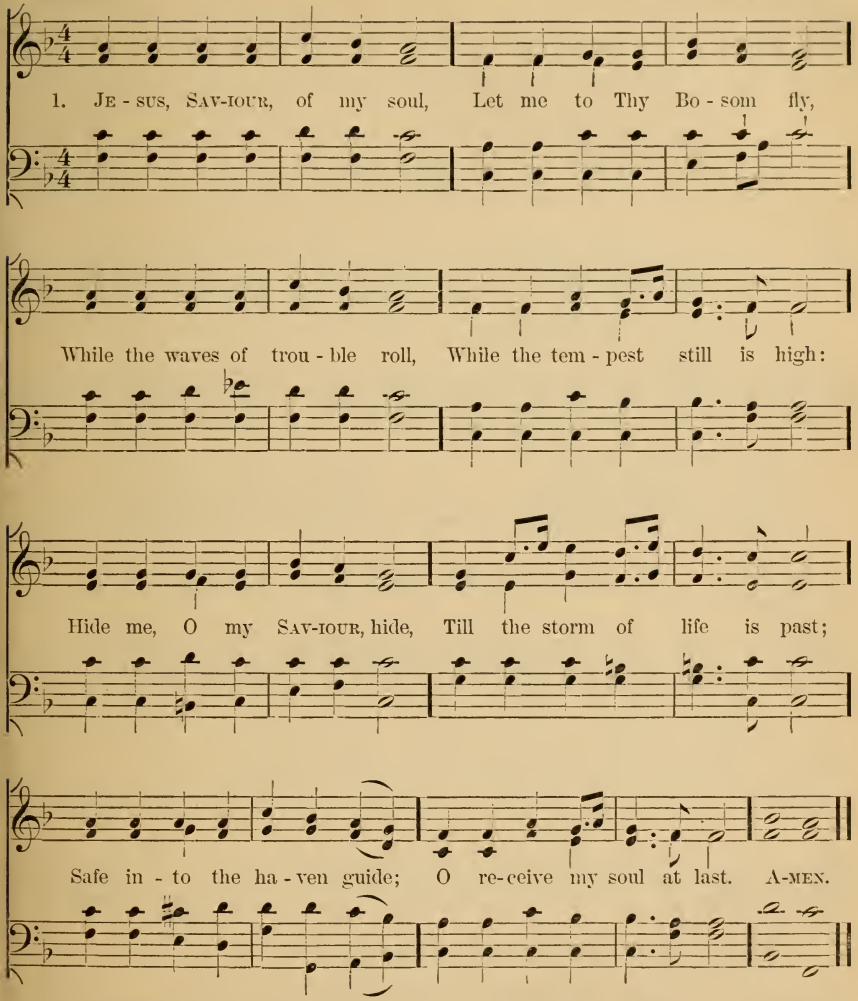
J. I. T.

2 Jesus loves me, — well I know it,
For to save my soul He died:
He for me bore pain and sorrow,
Nailèd hands and piercèd side.

3 Jesus loves me, night and morning
Jesus hears the prayers I pray:
And He never, never leaves me,
When I work or when I play.

4 Jesus loves me, — and He watches
Over me with loving eye,
And He sends His holy Angels,
Safe to keep me, till I die.

5 Jesus loves me, — O Lord Jesu,
Now I pray Thee by Thy love,
Keep me ever pure and holy,
Till I come to Thee above! Amen.

155 Jesus, Saviour of my soul.

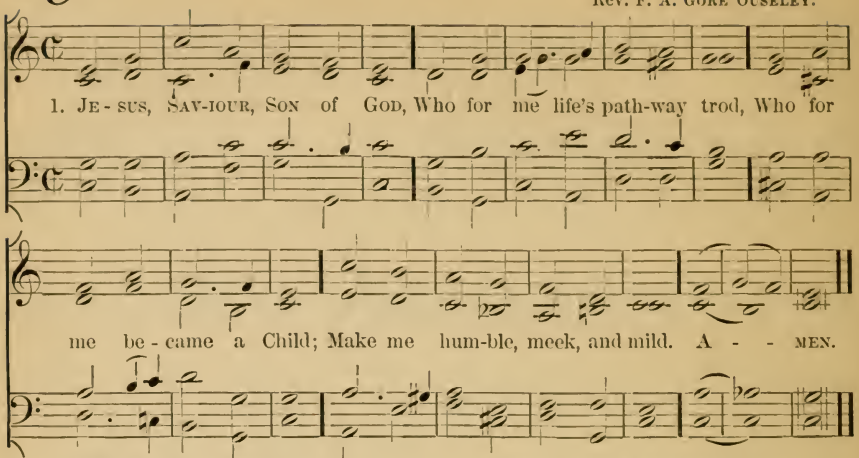
From BLUMENTHAL.

1. JE - SUS, SAV-IOUR, of my soul, Let me to Thy Bo - som fly,
While the waves of trou - ble roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Hide me, O my SAV-IOUR, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide; O re-ceive my soul at last. A-MEN.

2 Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stay'd;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. AMEN.

156 Jesus, Saviour, Son of God.

Rev. F. A. Gore Ouseley.

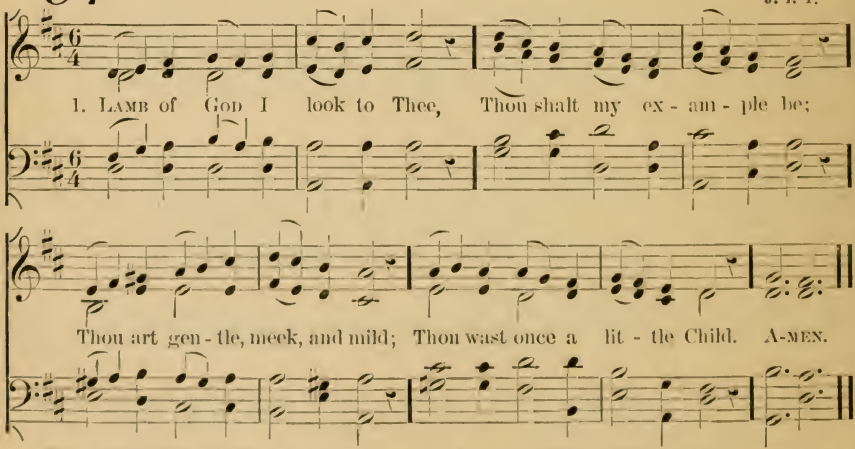


2 I Thy little lamb would be,
Jesus, I would follow Thee;
Samuel was Thy child of old,
Take me, too, within Thy fold.

3 Teach me how to pray to Thee,
Make me holy, heavenly;
Let me love what Thou dost love,
Let me live alone with Thee. Amen.

157* Lamb of God, I look to Thee.

J. I. T.



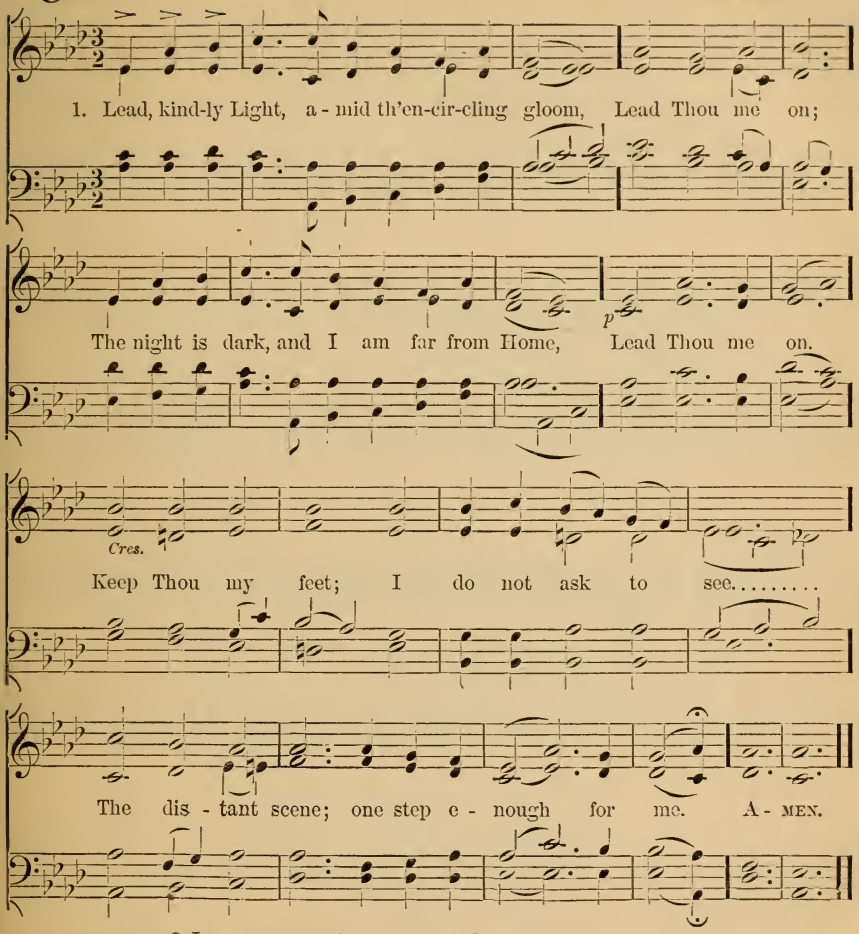
2 Fain I would be as Thou art;
Give me Thy obedient heart!
Thou art pitiful and kind;
Let me have Thy loving mind.

3 Let me, above all, fulfil
God my Heavenly Father's will;
Never His good Spirit grieve;
Only to His glory live.

4 Loving Jesu, gentle Lamb,
In Thy gracious hands I am;
Make me, Saviour, what Thou art,
Live Thyself within my heart;

5 Then shall I show forth Thy praise
Serve Thee all my happy days;
Then the world shall always see
Christ, the Holy Child, in me. Amen.

158 Lead, kindly Light.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th'en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from Home, Lead Thou me on.
p
Cres.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see.....
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me. A - MEN.

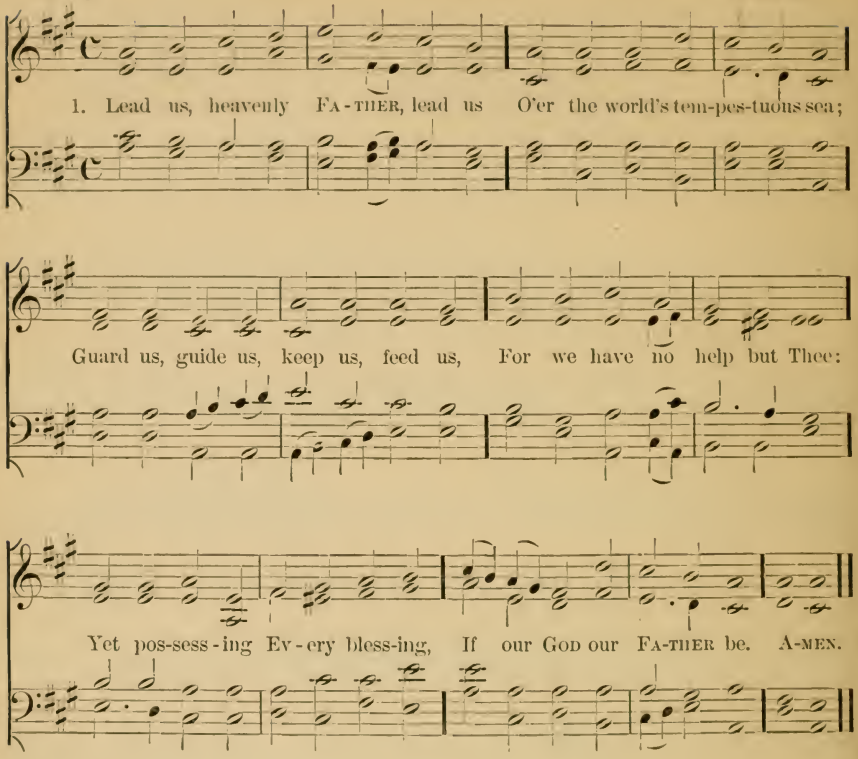
2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day: and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

AMEN.

159 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.

M. HAYDN.

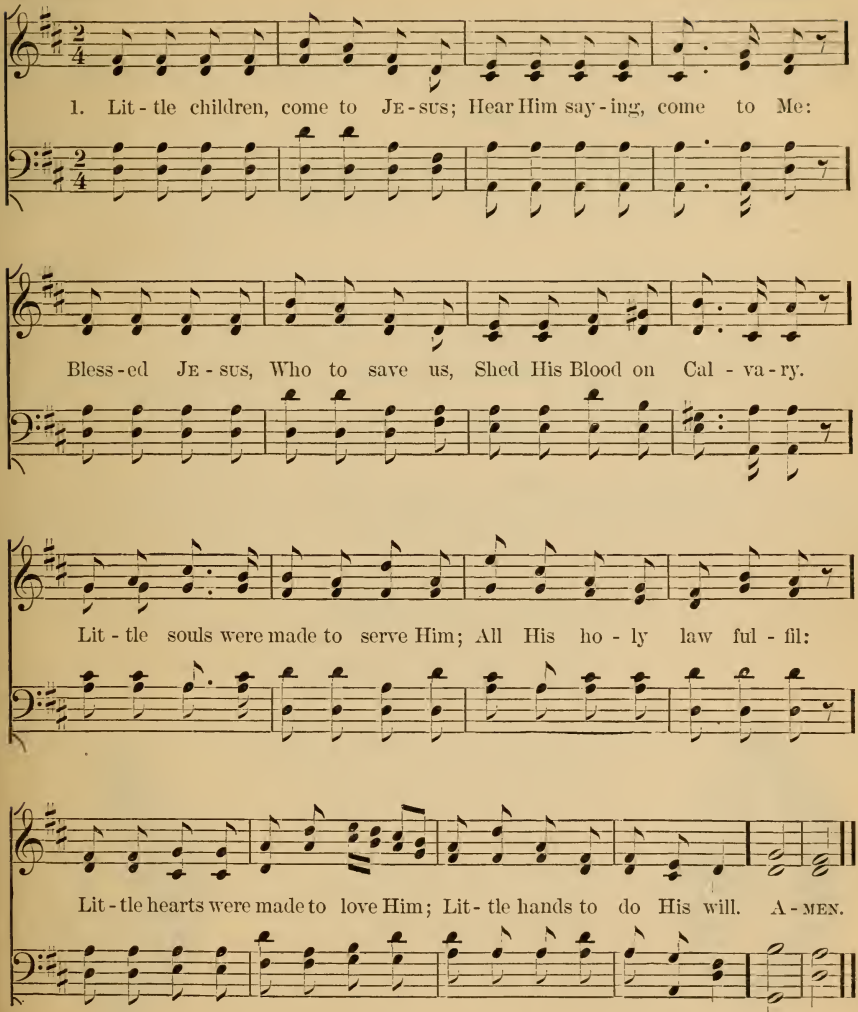

1. Lead us, heavenly FA-THER, lead us O'er the world's tem-pes-tuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:
Yet pos-sess-ing Ev-ery bless-ing, If our GOD our FA-THER be. A-MEN.

2 SAVIOUR, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Long and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

3 SPIRIT of our GOD, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy;
Thus provided,
Pardon'd, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy. AMEN.

160 Little children, come to Jesus.

S. B. Saxton.

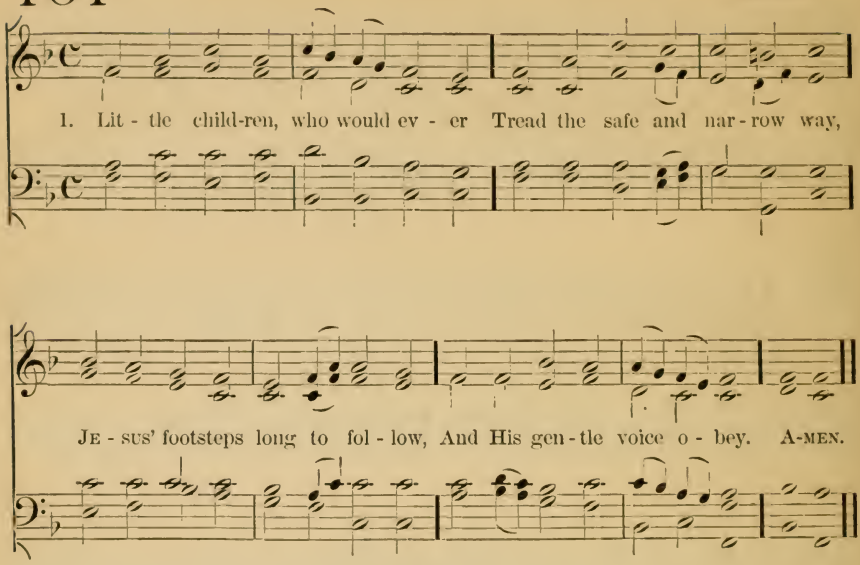

1. Lit - tle children, come to Je - sus; Hear Him say - ing, come to Me:
Bless - ed Je - sus, Who to save us, Shed His Blood on Cal - va - ry.
Lit - tle souls were made to serve Him; All His ho - ly law ful - fil:
Lit - tle hearts were made to love Him; Lit - tle hands to do His will. A - men.

2 Little eyes to read the Bible,
Given from the heavens above;
Little ears to hear the story
Of the Saviour's wondrous love;
Little tongues to sing His praises;
Little feet to walk His ways;
Little bodies to be temples
Where the Holy Spirit stays. Amen.

Little children, who would ever.

161

WRANISKY.

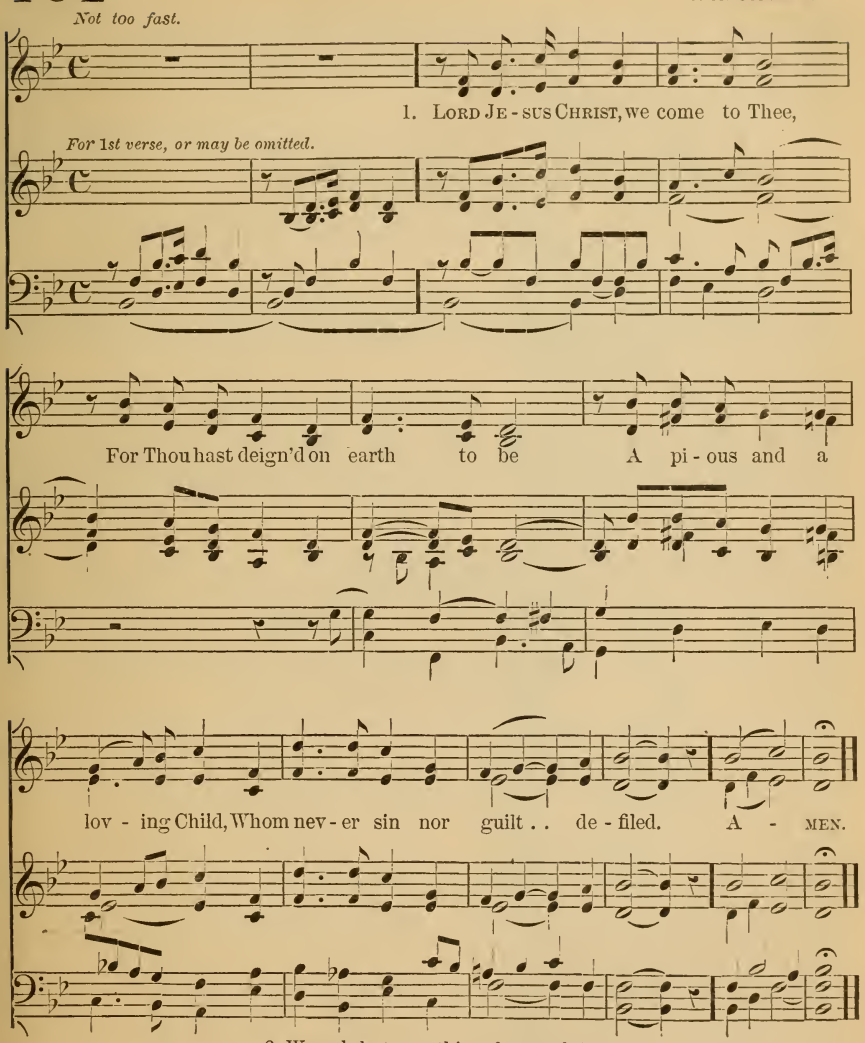

1. Lit - tle child-ren, who would ev - er Tread the safe and nar - row way,
JE - SUS' footsteps long to fol - low, And His gen - tle voice o - bey. A-MEN.

2 As a rough road often trodden,
Smooth and easy doth become,
So the straight and narrow pathway,
Widens, brightens nearer Home.

3 Eye ne'er saw, nor ear hath heard it,
Neither can the heart conceive,
Of the joy which GOD prepareth,
For His children who believe.

4 Yet the SPIRIT doth reveal it
Here we have our bliss in part,
Since, our heritage for ever,
GOD abideth in our heart. AMEN.

162* Lord Jesus Christ, we come to Thee.

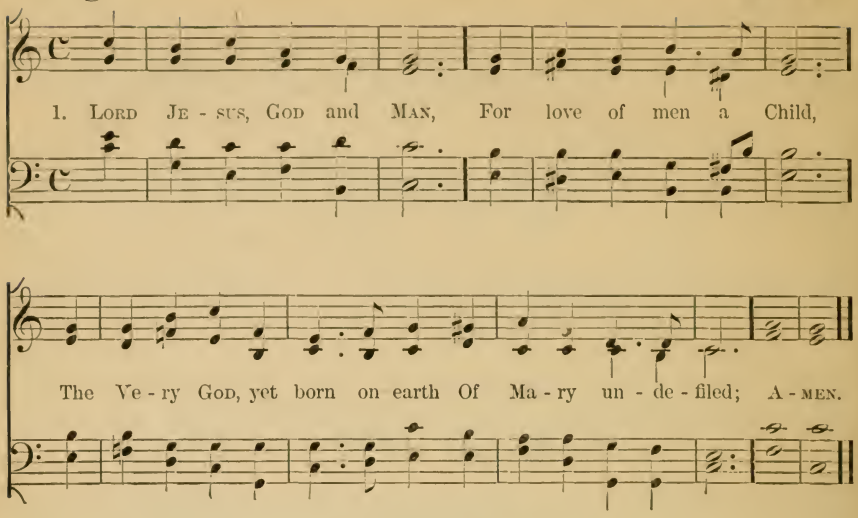
J. H. CORNELL.

Not too fast.
1. LORD JE - SUS CHRIST, we come to Thee,
For 1st verse, or may be omitted.
For Thou hast deign'd on earth to be A pi - ous and a
lov - ing Child, Whom nev - er sin nor guilt . . de - filed. A - MEN.

2 We ask but one thing for our lot,
O LORD, deny Thy children not,—
Teach us to rest upon Thy will,
And take Thee for our Pattern still.

2 O put Thy SPIRIT in our breast,
Help us to learn with childlike zest,
That we may lay the one true ground,
And evermore in Thee be found. AMEN.

163 Lord Jesus, God and Man.

J. W. Elliot.



2 Lord Jesus, God and Man,
In this our festal day
To Thee for precious gifts of grace,
Thy ransomed people pray.

3 We pray for childlike hearts,
For gentle holy love,
For strength to do Thy will below
As Angels do above.

4 We pray for simple faith,
For hope that never faints,
For true communion evermore
With all Thy blessèd Saints.

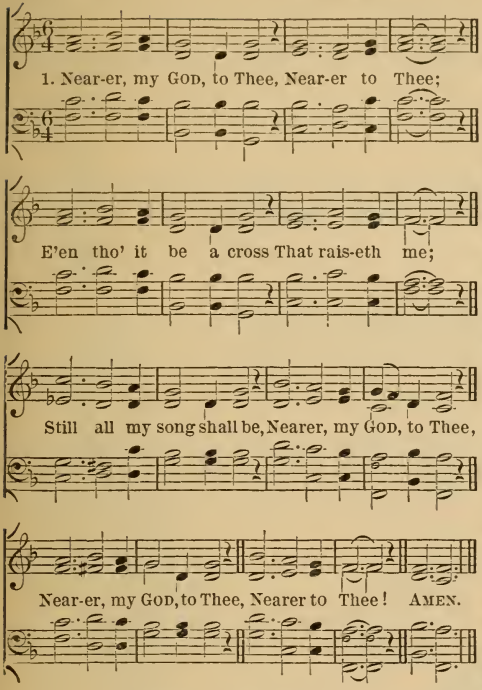
5 On friends around us here
O let Thy blessing fall;
We pray for grace to love them well
But Thee beyond them all.

6 O joy to live for Thee!
O joy in Thee to die!
O very joy of joys to see
Thy Face eternally!

7 Lord Jesus, God and Man,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

164* Nearer, my God, to Thee.

W. H. WALTER, 1873.


1. Near-er, my GOD, to Thee, Near-er to Thee;
E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;
Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Near-er, my GOD, to Thee, Nearer to Thee! AMEN.

2 Though, like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

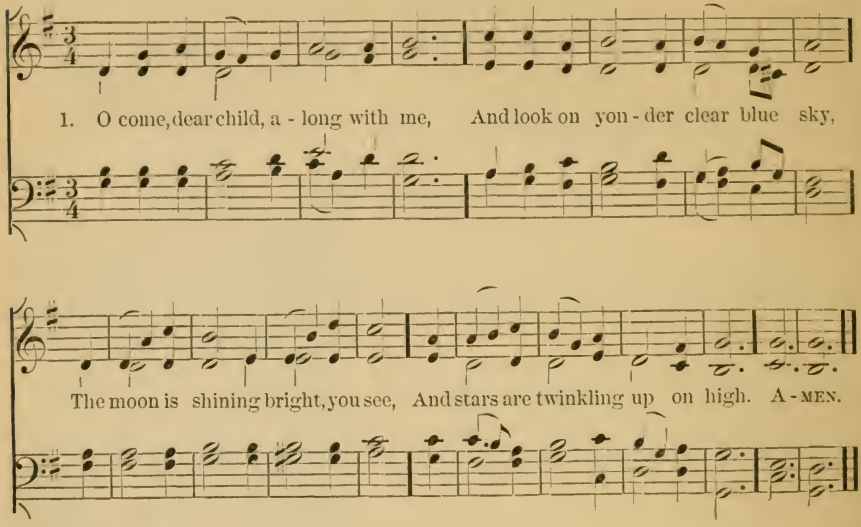
3 There let my way appear
Steps unto Heaven:
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Altars I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee.
Nearer to Thee! AMEN.

165 O come, dear child, along with me.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.


1. O come, dear child, a - long with me, And look on yon - der clear blue sky,
The moon is shining bright, you see, And stars are twinkling up on high. A - MEN.

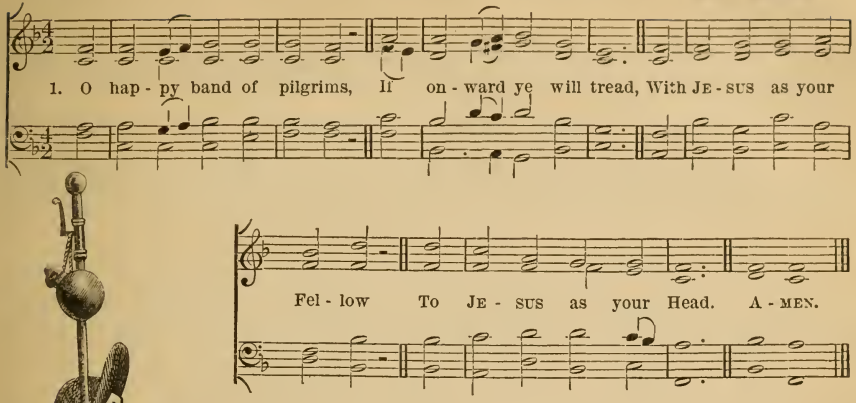
2 'Tis there, my child, far, far above,
That Heaven's eternal Kingdom lies,
There holy Angels dwell in love,
And tears are wiped from off all eyes.

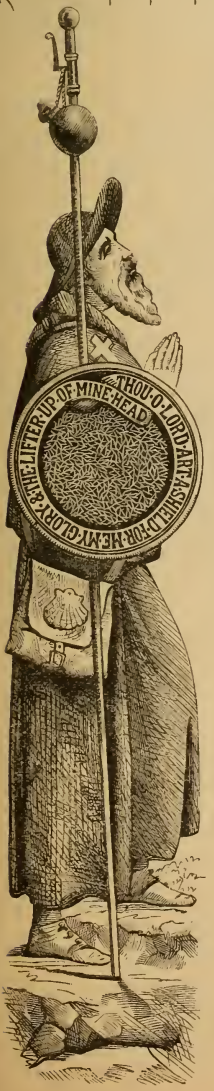
3 It is a happy, happy place,
Without a sorrow, pain, or care,
There you may see the SAVIOUR'S face,
Who loves to take good children there.

4 O pray each night that GOD may bless,
And keep you while on earth you stay,
And give you endless happiness,
When from the earth you pass away.
AMEN.

166 O happy band of pilgrims.

CONRAD KOCKER.





2 O happy if ye labour
As JESUS did for men:
O happy if ye hunger
As JESUS hungered then.

3 The Cross that JESUS carried
He carried as your due:
The Crown that JESUS weareth
He weareth it for you.

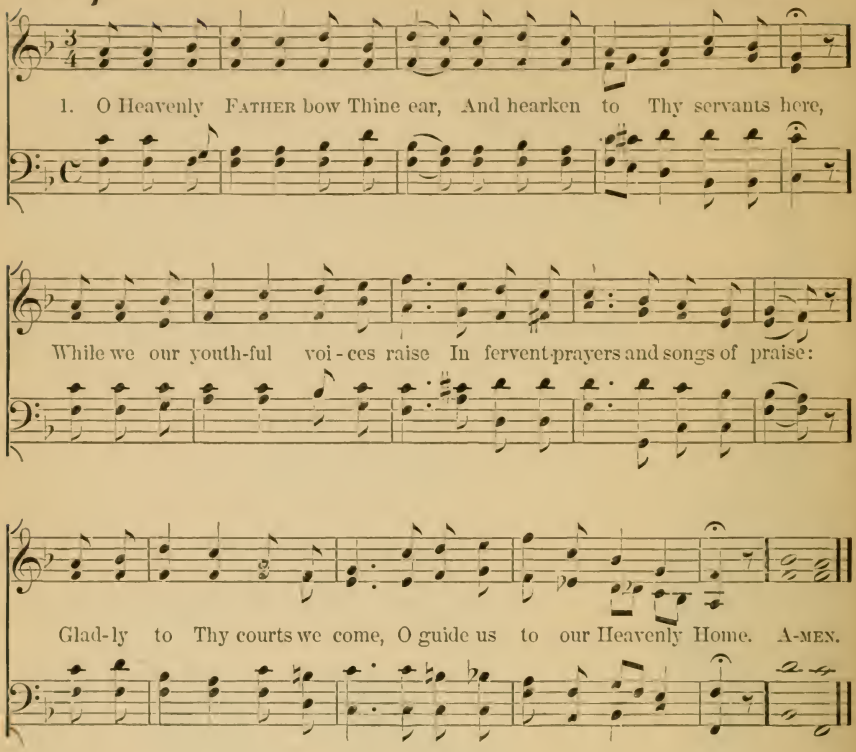
4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,

5 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure,

6 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to Heaven on earth?

7 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize. AMEN.

167 O Heavenly Father, bow Thine ear.

H. C. Lockwood.

1. O Heavenly Father bow Thine ear, And hearken to Thy servants here,
While we our youth-ful voi-ces raise In fervent prayers and songs of praise:
Glad-ly to Thy courts we come, O guide us to our Heavenly Home. A-men.

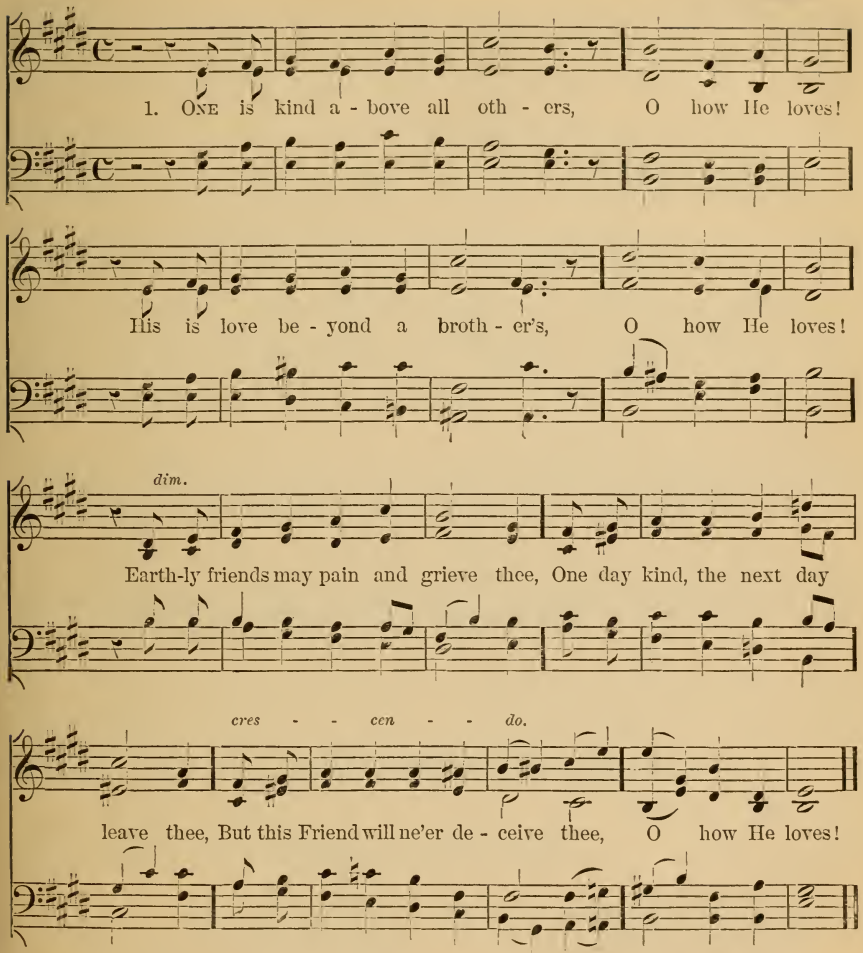
2 From out the busy ways of life,
From all its pleasures and its strife,
We seek, O Lord, Thy loving face,
And beg the treasures of Thy grace:
Gladly to Thy courts we come,
O guide us to our Heavenly Home.

3 Teach us, dear Lord, Thy way to know,
And help us in that way to go,
That so our walk with Thee begun
May in Thy footsteps always run:
Gladly to Thy courts we come,
O guide us to our Heavenly Home.

4 Let the sweet sunshine of Thy love,
Still hovering o'er us like the dove,
Fill all our hearts and homes with joy,
And all our grateful hours employ:
Gladly to Thy courts we come,
O lead us to our Heavenly Home. Amen.

168* One is kind above all others.

E. J. Hopkins.

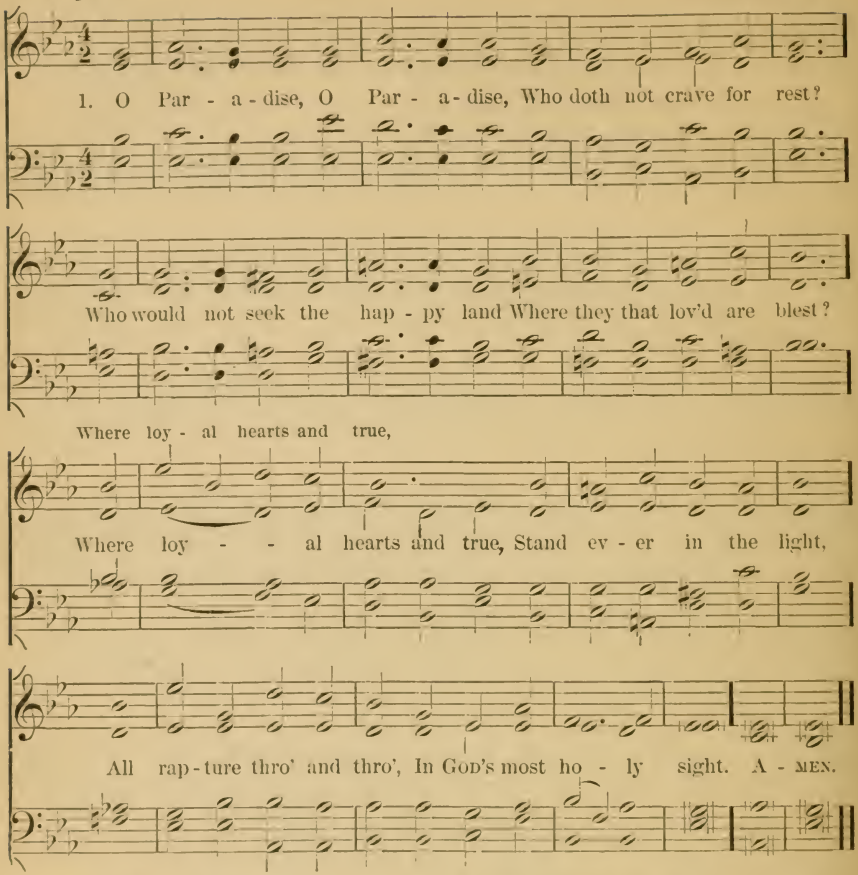

1. One is kind a - bove all oth - ers, O how He loves!
His is love be - yond a broth - er's, O how He loves!
dim.
Earth-ly friends may pain and grieve thee, One day kind, the next day
cres - - cen - - do.
leave thee, But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive thee, O how He loves!

2 Blessèd Jesus! would'st thou know Him:
O how He loves!
Give thyself entirely to Him:
O how He loves!
Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief or trials seize thee?
Jesus can from all release thee:
O how He loves!

3 He's thy Friend, He died to save thee;
O how He loves!
All through life He will not leave thee:
O how He loves!
Think no more of friendship hollow,
Take His easy yoke and follow;
Jesus carries all thy sorrow:
O how He loves!

4 All thy sin shall be forgiven;
O how He loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven;
O how He loves!
Every blessing He'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee;
Safe to glory He will guide thee:
O how He loves!

169 O Paradise, O Paradise.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that lov'd are blest?
Where loy - al hearts and true,
Where loy - - al hearts and true, Stand ev - er in the light,
All rap - ture thro' and thro', In GOD'S most ho - ly sight. A - MEN.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where JESUS is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

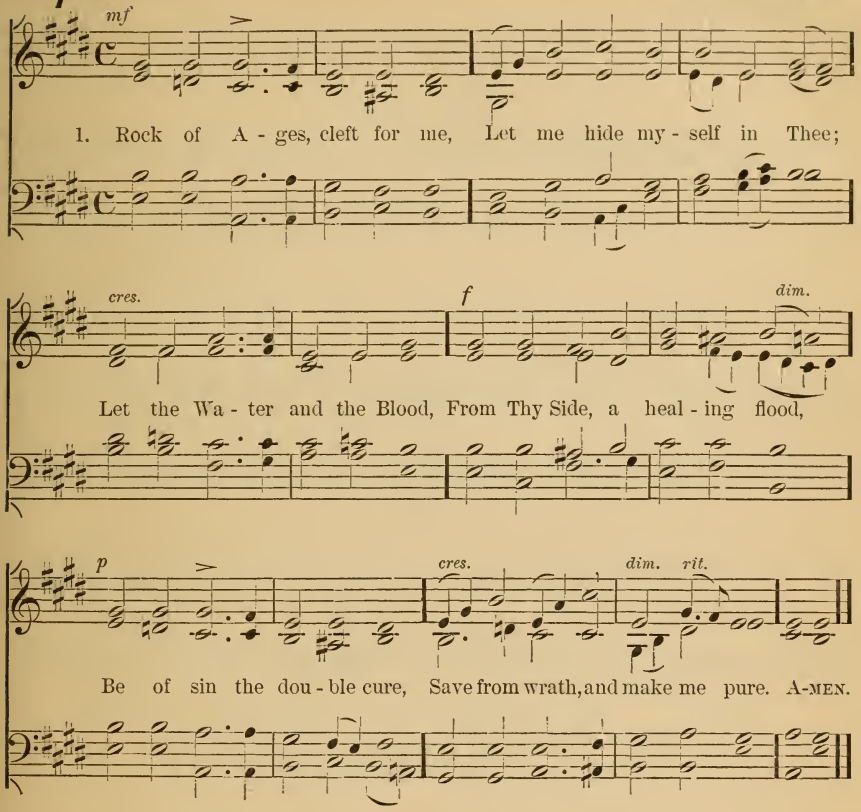
4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest LORD
In love prepares for me:
Where loyal hearts and true, etc

6 LORD JESU, King of Paradise,
O keep me in Thy love,
And guide me to that happy land
Of perfect rest above;
Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In GOD'S most holy sight. AMEN.

170 ✣ Rock of Ages, cleft for me.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes.


mf
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
cres.
f
dim.
Let the Wa - ter and the Blood, From Thy Side, a heal - ing flood,
p
cres.
dim.
rit.
Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. A-men.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling,

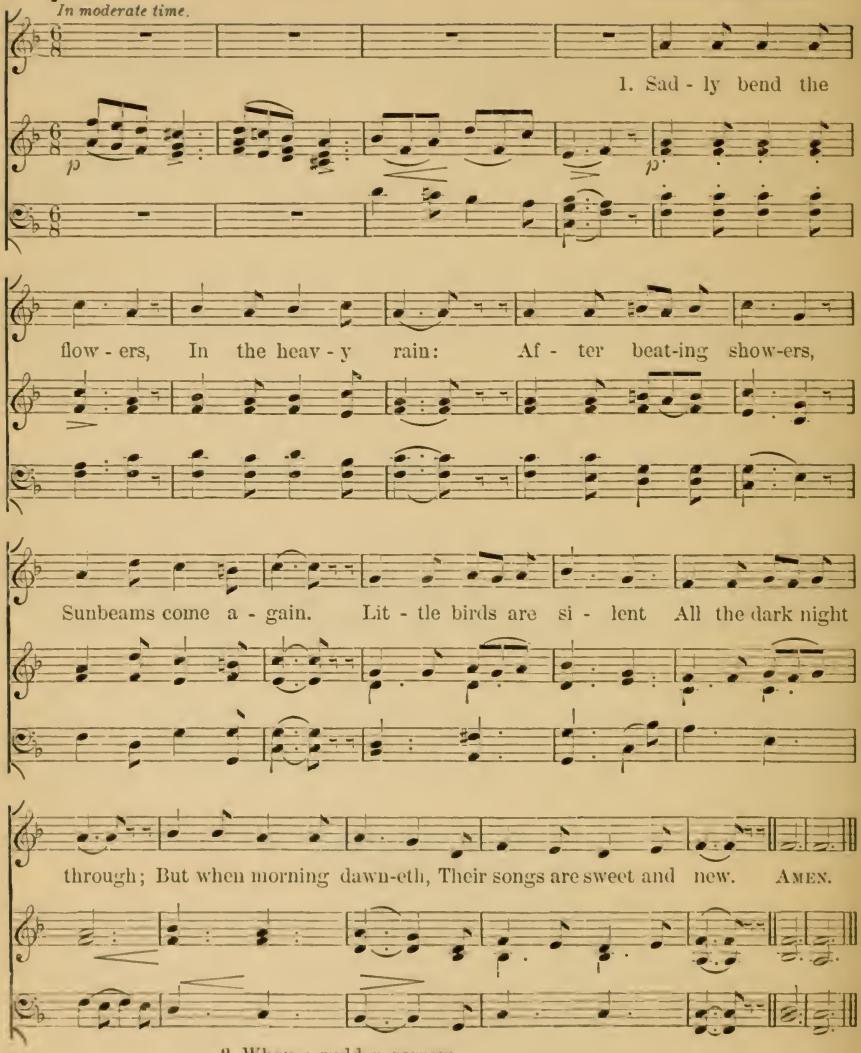
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

171

Sadly bend the flowers.

ALBERTO RANDEGGER.

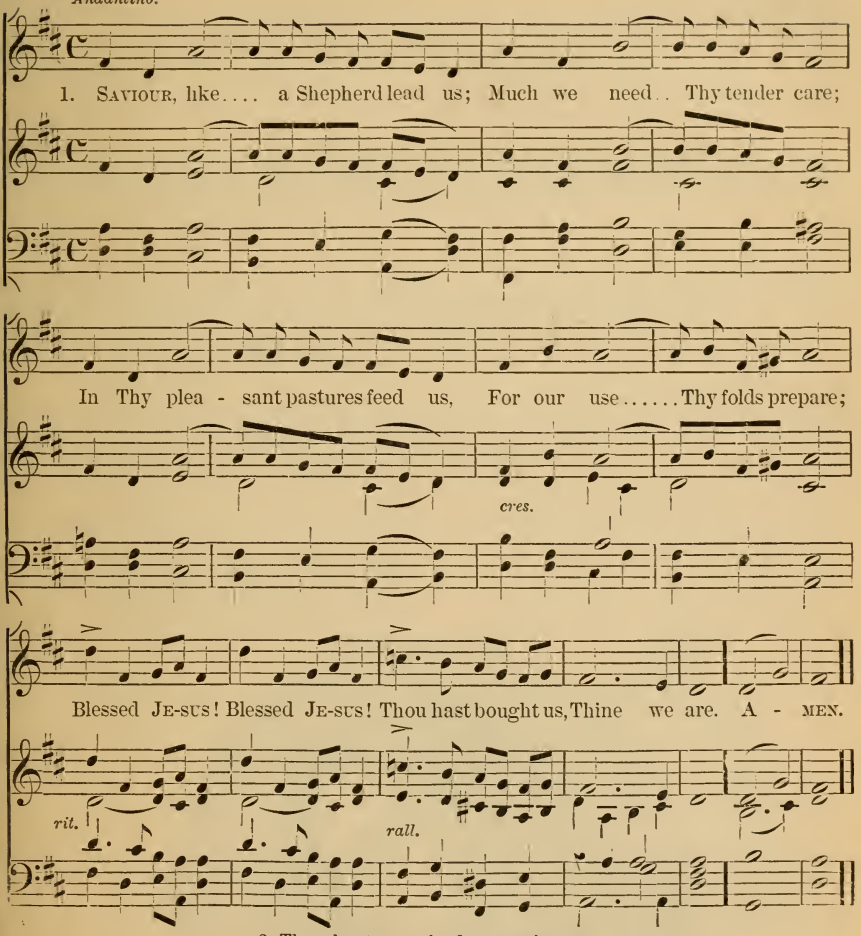
In moderate time.


1. Sad - ly bend the
flow - ers, In the heav - y rain: Af - ter beat-ing show-ers,
Sunbeams come a - gain. Lit - tle birds are si - lent All the dark night
through; But when morning dawn-eth, Their songs are sweet and new. AMEN.

2 When a sudden sorrow
Comes like cloud and night,
Wait for GOD's to-morrow;
All will then be bright.
Only wait and trust Him
Just a little while;
After evening tear drops
Shall come the morning smile. AMEN.

172* Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.

JOHN HULLAH.

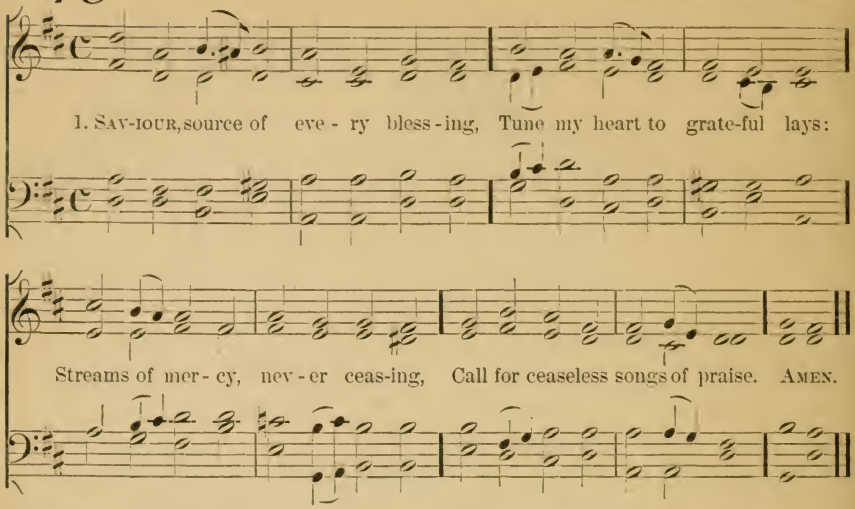

Andantino.
1. SAVIOUR, like.... a Shepherd lead us; Much we need.. Thy tender care;
In Thy plea - sant pastures feed us, For our use.....Thy folds prepare;
cres.
Blessed JE-SUS! Blessed JE-SUS! Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. A - MEN.
rit.
rall.

2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us:
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessèd JESUS!
Let us early turn to Thee.

3 Early let us seek Thy favour,
Early let us learn Thy will;
Do Thou, LORD, our only SAVIOUR,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessèd JESUS!
Thou hast loved us, —love us still. AMEN.

173* Saviour, source of every blessing.

Wm. H. Walter. 1873.

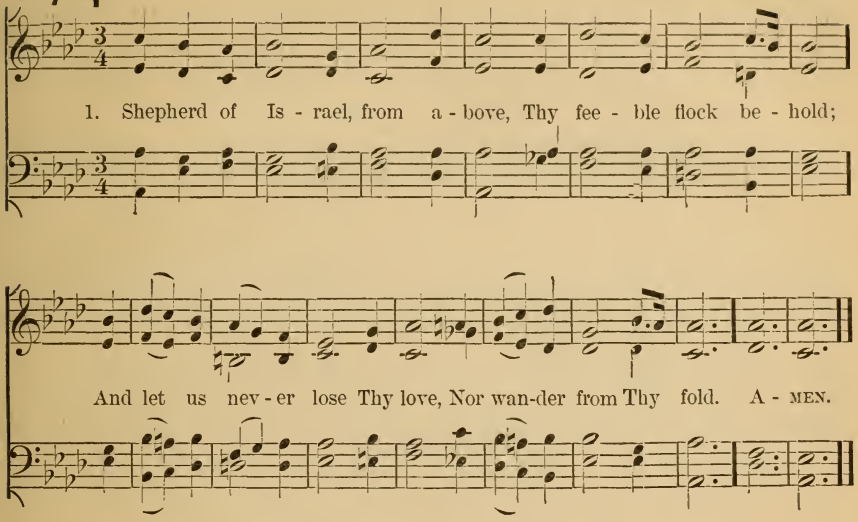

1. Sav-iour, source of eve - ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to grate-ful lays:
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for ceaseless songs of praise. Amen.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.

4 By Thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home. Amen.

174 ✝ Shepherd of Israel, from above.

W. H. WALTER. 1878.

2 Thou wilt not cast Thy lambs away;
Thy hand is ever near
To guide them, lest they go astray,
And keep them safe from fear.

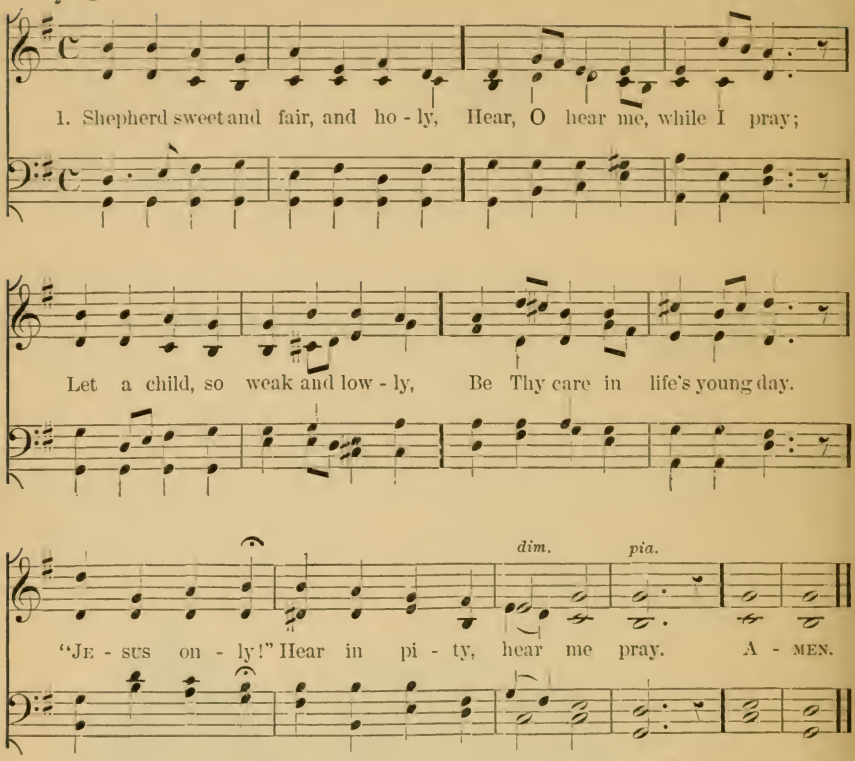
3 Guide us through life; and when at last
We enter into rest,
Thy tender arms around us cast,
And fold us to Thy breast.

GLORIA PATRI.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
The GOD Whom we adore
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. AMEN.

175* Shepherd sweet and fair, and holy.

E. J. Hopkins.


1. Shepherd sweet and fair, and ho - ly, Hear, O hear me, while I pray;
Let a child, so weak and low - ly, Be Thy care in life's young day.
dim.
pia.
"Je - sus on - ly!" Hear in pi - ty, hear me pray. A - men.

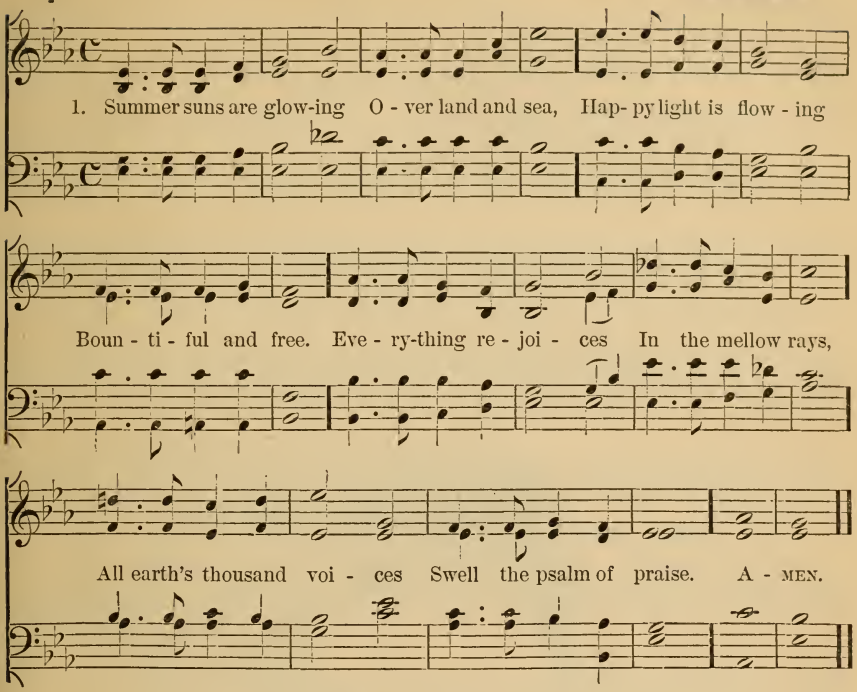
2 When Thy voice the stillness breaking
Seems to whisper soft to me:
"Child of sin the world forsaking
Take thy cross and follow me."
"Jesus only!"
Give me grace to learn of Thee.

3 Grace to seek Thee as my Saviour,
Grace to trust Thee as my Friend,
Grace to love Thee as my Father,
And Thy sweet commands attend.
"Jesus only!"
Now and ever without end.

4 Like a lamb of Thine forever,
Bear me, Saviour, on Thy breast,
Guard me, keep me, leave me never,
With Thy blessing make me blest.
"Jesus only!"
Guide me to Thy Home of rest. Amen.

176 Summer suns are glowing.

SAMUEL SMITH.


1. Summer suns are glow-ing O - ver land and sea, Hap- py light is flow - ing
Boun - ti - ful and free. Eve - ry-thing re - joi - ces In the mellow rays,
All earth's thousand voi - ces Swell the psalm of praise. A - MEN.

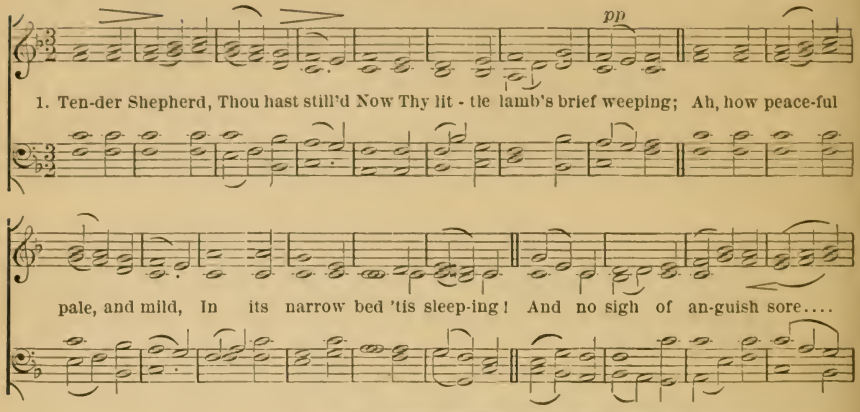
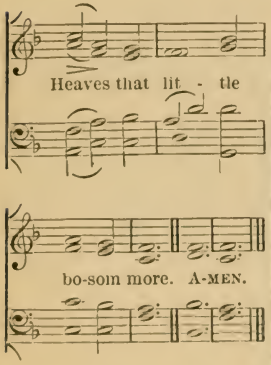
2 God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And His banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal Love.

3 Lord, upon our blindness,
Thy pure radiance pour;
For Thy loving-kindness
Make us love Thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
FATHER, be Thou nigh.

4 We will never doubt Thee;
Though Thou veil Thy light:
Life is dark without Thee;
Death with Thee is bright.
Light of Light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go Thou still before us
To the endless day. AMEN.

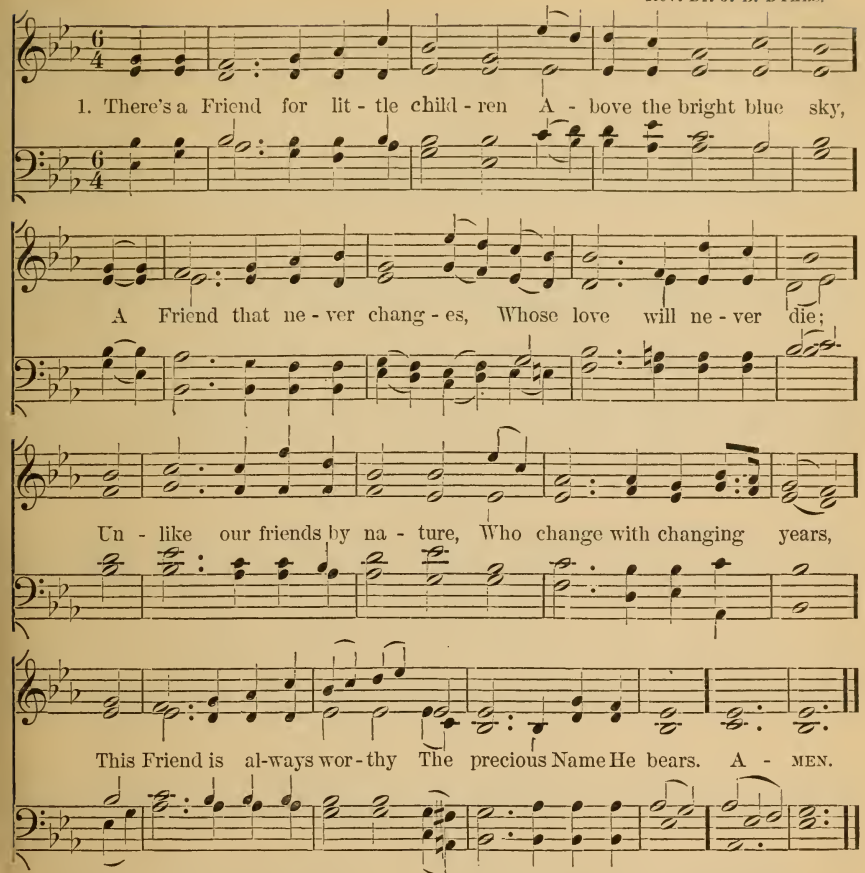
177* Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled.

BURIAL OF A CHILD. HENRY WILSON.


pp
1. Ten-der Shepherd, Thou hast still'd Now Thy lit - tle lamb's brief weeping; Ah, how peace-ful
pale, and mild, In its narrow bed 'tis sleep-ing! And no sigh of an-guish sore....

2 In this world of care and pain.
LORD, Thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with Thee in light.

3 Ah, LORD JESU, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though Thou take what most we love. AMEN.

178* There's a Friend for little children.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes.

1. There's a Friend for lit - tle child - ren A - bove the bright blue sky,
A Friend that ne - ver chang - es, Whose love will ne - ver die;
Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change with changing years,
This Friend is al-ways wor - thy The precious Name He bears. A - men.

2 There's a rest for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour
And to His Father cry:
A rest from every trouble
From sin and danger free;
There every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

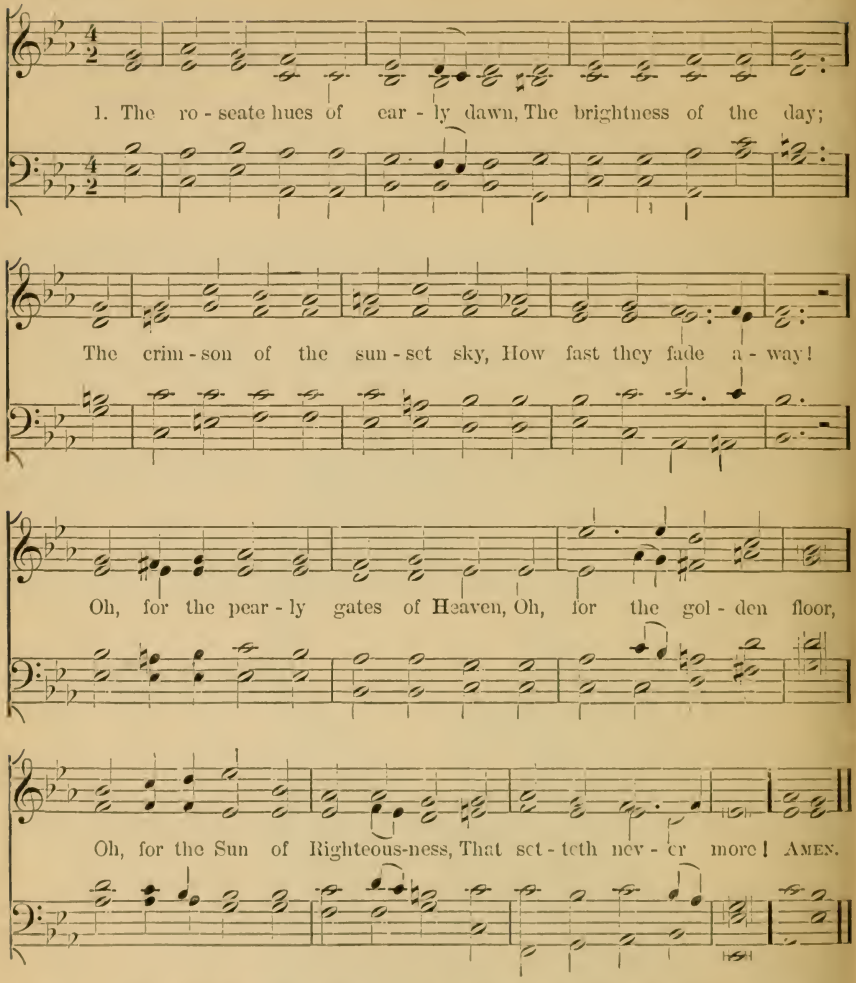
3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare,
For every one is happy,
Nor can be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look to Jesus
Shall wear it by-and-by;
A crown of brightest glory
Which He shall sure bestow
On all who love the Saviour,
And walk with Him below.

5 There's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music
For their hymn of victory:
And all above is pleasure,
And found in Christ alone;
O come, dear little children,
That all may be your own. Amen.

179† The roseate hues of early dawn.

F. A. J. Hervey.

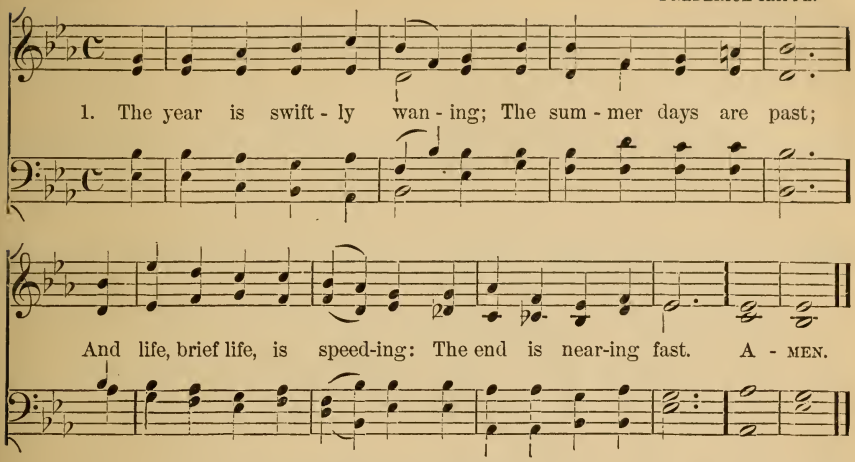

1. The ro - seate hues of ear - ly dawn, The brightness of the day;
The crim - son of the sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way!
Oh, for the pear - ly gates of Heaven, Oh, for the gol - den floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteous-ness, That set - teth nev - er more! Amen.

2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white;
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night!

3 Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown! Amen.

180 The year is swiftly waning.

FREDERICK ILIFFE.



2 The ever-changing seasons
In silence come and go;
But Thou, Eternal FATHER,
No time or change canst know.

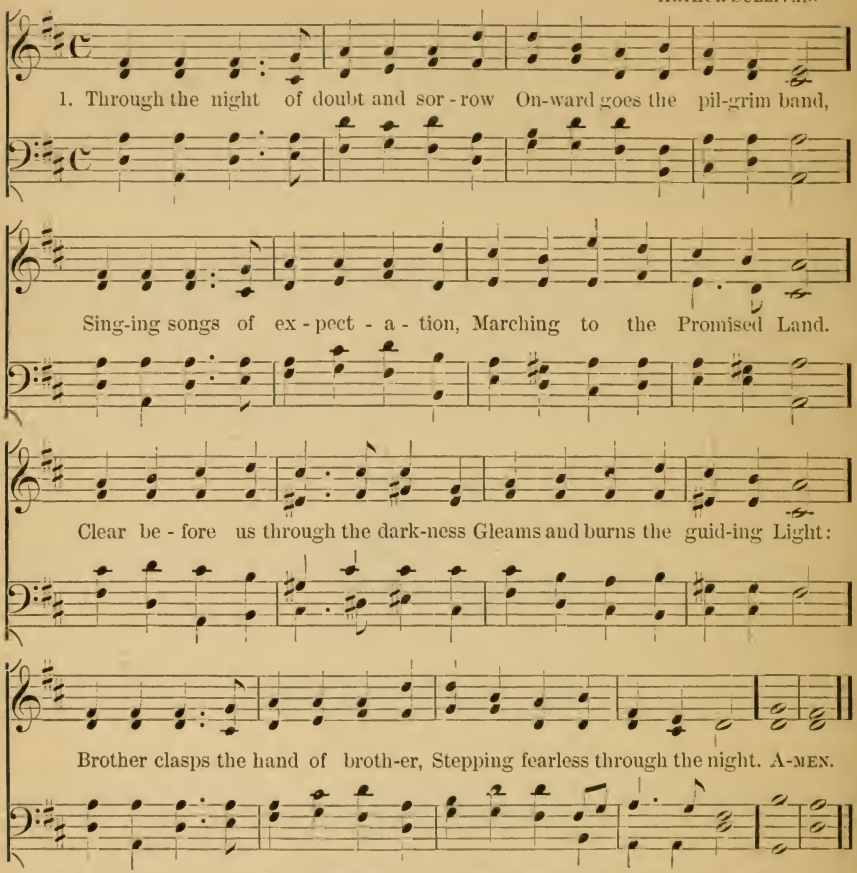
3 Oh! pour Thy Grace upon us
That we may worthier be,
Each year that passes o'er us,
To dwell in Heaven with Thee.

4 Behold, the bending orchards
With bounteous fruit are crowned;
LORD, in our hearts more richly
Let heavenly fruits abound.

5 Oh! by each mercy sent us,
And by each grief and pain,
By blessings like the sunshine,
And sorrows like the rain,

6 Our barren hearts make fruitful
With every goodly grace,
That we Thy Name may hallow,
And see at last Thy Face. AMEN.

181 Through the night of doubt and sorrow.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. Through the night of doubt and sor - row On-ward goes the pil-grim band,
Sing-ing songs of ex - pect - a - tion, Marching to the Promised Land.
Clear be - fore us through the dark-ness Gleams and burns the guid-ing Light:
Brother clasps the hand of broth-er, Stepping fearless through the night. A-MEN.

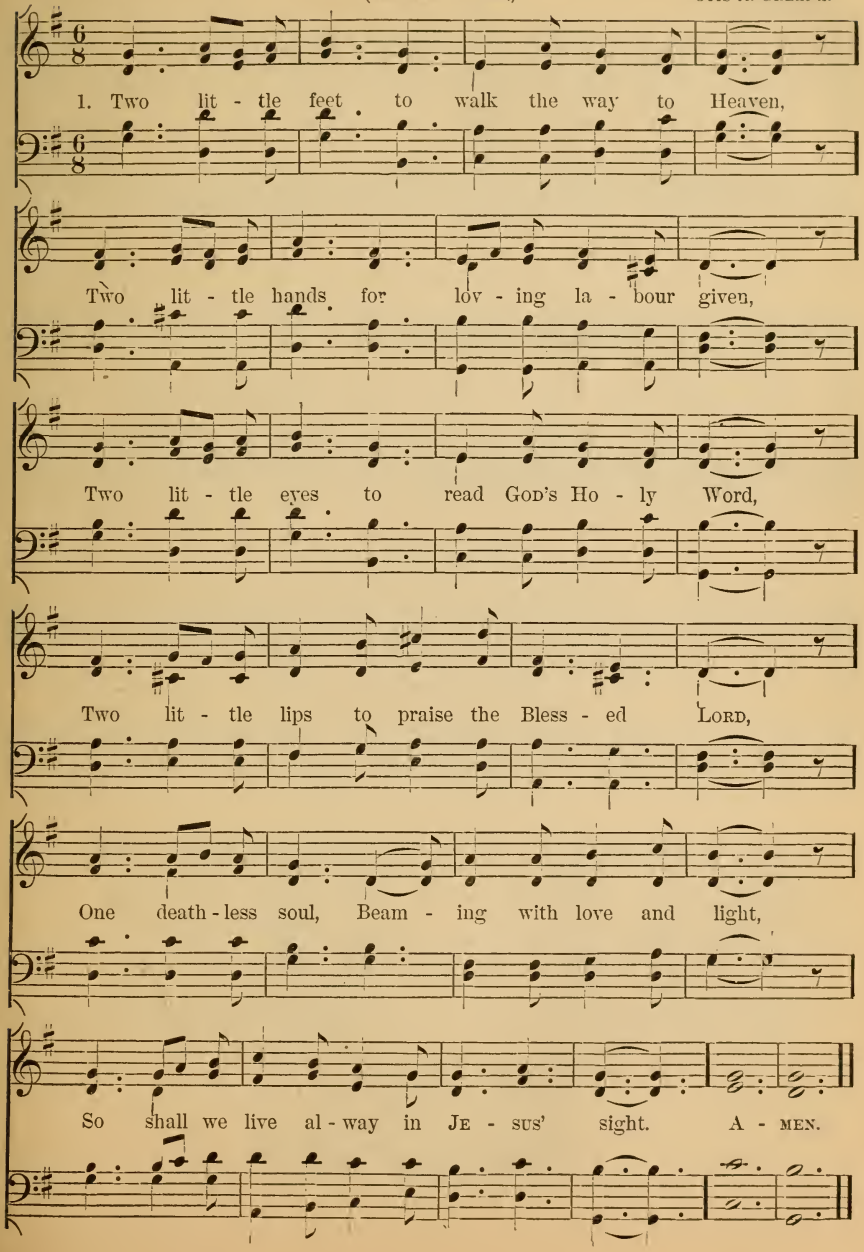
2 One the Light of GOD's own Presence,
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One the object of our journey,
One the Faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the Hope our GOD inspires.

3 One the strain the lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in GOD begun:
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty FATHER
Reigns in love for evermore.

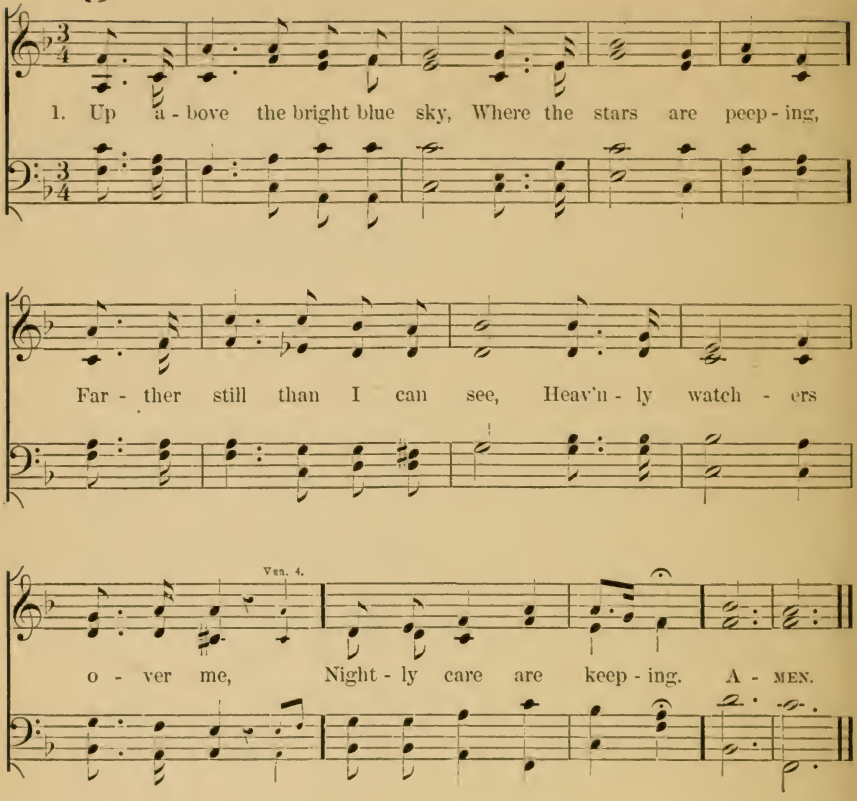
4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward, with the Cross our aid!
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade!
Soon shall come the great awaking;
Soon the rending of the tomb;
Then, the scattering of all shadows,
And the end of toil and gloom! AMEN.

182* Two little feet to walk the way to Heaven.

(INFANT CLASS.) OTIS R. GREENE.


1. Two lit - tle feet to walk the way to Heaven,
Two lit - tle hands for lov - ing la - bour given,
Two lit - tle eyes to read God's Ho - ly Word,
Two lit - tle lips to praise the Bless - ed Lord,
One death - less soul, Beam - ing with love and light,
So shall we live al - way in Je - sus' sight. A - men.

183 Up above the bright blue sky.

G. F. Flowers, Mus. Bac.

1. Up a - bove the bright blue sky, Where the stars are peep - ing,
Far - ther still than I can see, Heav'n - ly watch - ers
Ven. 4.
o - ver me, Night - ly care are keep - ing. A - men.

2 And, if like the Angels, I
Could behold around me,
I should see them come and go,
Pass from Heaven to earth below;
And their hosts surround me.

3 All day long and all night too,
While I'm safely sleeping,
Busy on their task of love,
They are sent from Heaven above
Faithful vigil keeping.

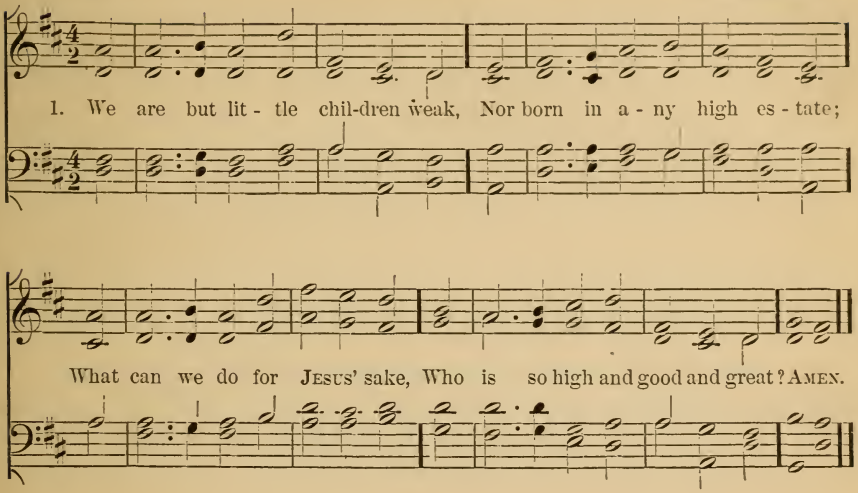
4 And whilst us, from evil things
Angels are defending,
Little children robed in white
Sing before the throne of light,
In daylight never ending.

5 Jesus took them for His own,
Made them pure and holy,
And on earth His gentle love
Trained them for their Home above,
Safe from sin and folly.

6 Blessèd Jesu take me too,
Though I'm weak and lowly,
Let Thy gentle grace within
Make my garments white and clean,
And my spirit holy. Amen.

184 We are but little children weak.

C. E. WILLING.


1. We are but lit - tle chil-dren weak, Nor born in a - ny high es - tate;
What can we do for JESUS' sake, Who is so high and good and great? AMEN.

2 We know the Holy Innocents
Laid down for Him their infant life,
And Martyrs brave and patient Saints
Have stood for Him in fire and strife.

3 We wear the cross they wore of old,
Our lips have learned like vows to make;
We need not die; we cannot fight,
What may we do for JESUS' sake?

4 O, day by day, each Christian child
Has much to do, without, within;
A death to die for JESUS' sake,
A weary war to wage with sin.

5 When deep within our swelling hearts
The thoughts of pride and anger rise;
When bitter words are on our tongues,
And tears of passion in our eyes;

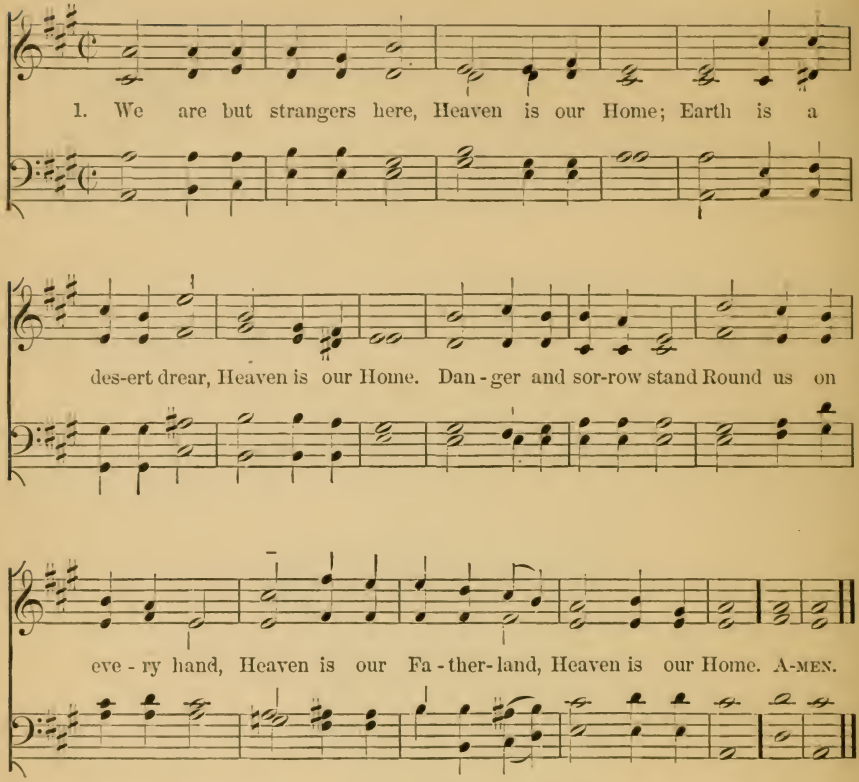
6 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word;
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our LORD.

7 With smiles of peace, and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make,
Bid kind good humour brighten there,
And do all still for JESUS' sake.

8 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take;
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for JESUS' sake. AMEN.

185 We are but strangers here.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.


1. We are but strangers here, Heaven is our Home; Earth is a
des-ert drear, Heaven is our Home. Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round us on
eve-ry hand, Heaven is our Fa-ther-land, Heaven is our Home. A-MEN.

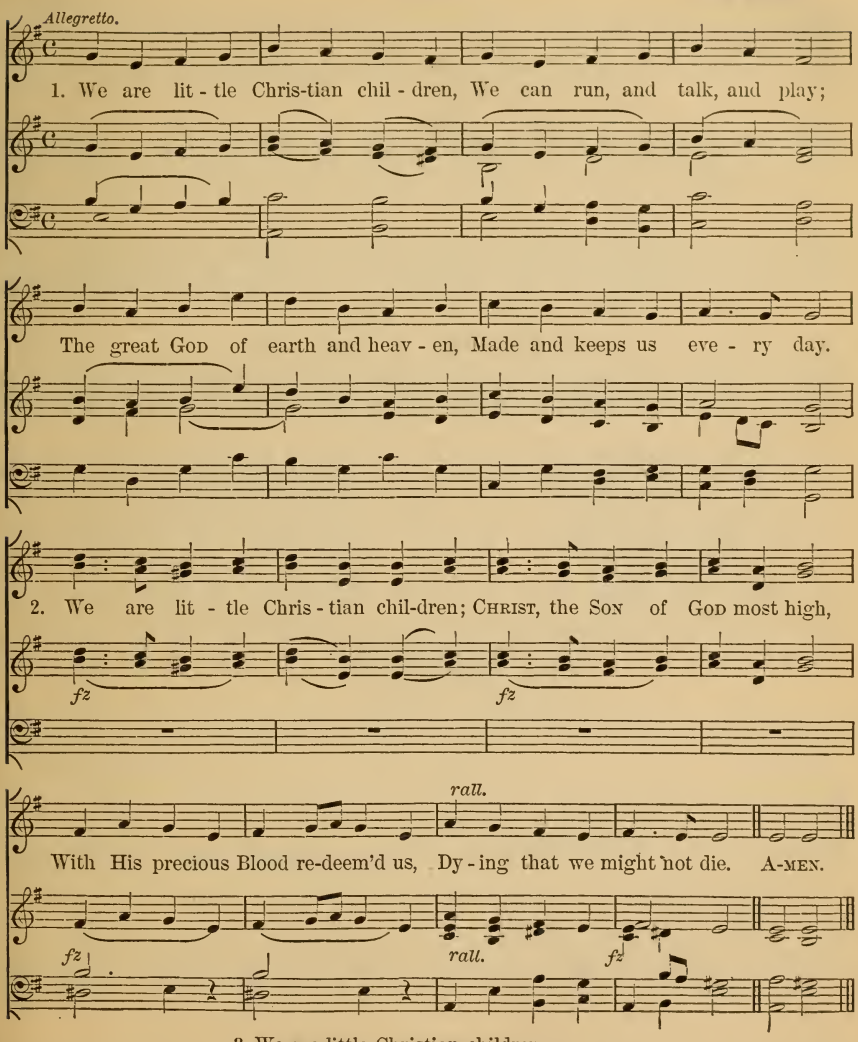
2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is our Home;
Short is our pilgrimage,
Heaven is our Home.
And Time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be overpast,
We shall reach Home at last;
Heaven is our Home.

3 There at our SAVIOUR'S side,
Heaven is our Home;
May we be glorified;
Heaven is our Home:
There are the good and blest,
Those we love most and best,
Grant us with them to rest;
Heaven is our Home.

5 Grant us to murmur not,
Heaven is our Home;
Whate'er our earthly lot,
Heaven is our Home.
Grant us at last to stand
There at Thine own Right Hand
JESU, in Fatherland:
Heaven is our Home! AMEN.

186 We are little Christian children.

JOHN HULLAH.

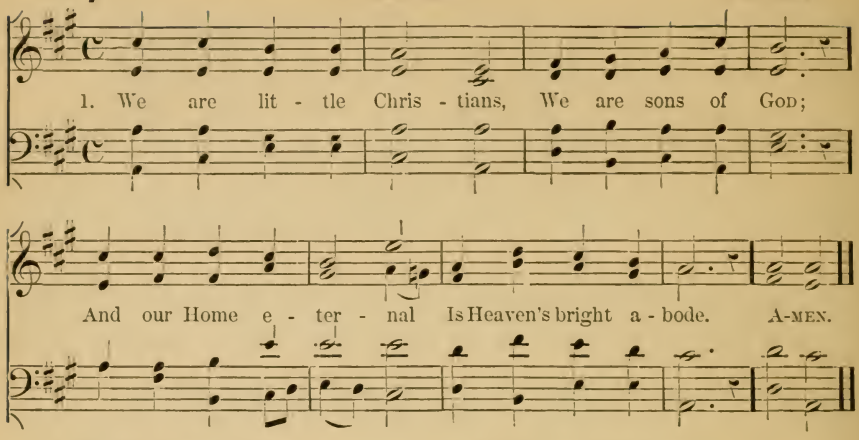

Allegretto.
1. We are lit - tle Chris-tian chil - dren, We can run, and talk, and play;
The great GOD of earth and heav - en, Made and keeps us eve - ry day.
2. We are lit - tle Chris - tian chil-dren; CHRIST, the SON of GOD most high,
fz
fz
rall.
With His precious Blood re-deem'd us, Dy - ing that we might not die. A-MEN.
fz
rall.
fz

3 We are little Christian children,
GOD, the HOLY GHOST, is here;
Dwelling in our hearts, to make us
Kind and holy, good and dear.

4 We are little Christian children,
Sav'd by Him Who lov'd us most,
We believe in GOD Almighty,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. AMEN.

187 We are little Christians.

FIRST TUNE. C. H. RINK.



2 We with sin and sorrow
Are encompassed here;
What we one day shall be
Doth not yet appear.

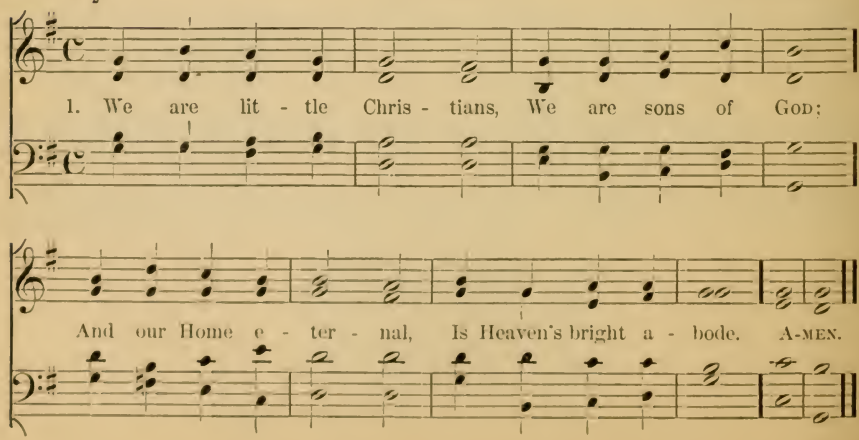
3 But when JESUS cometh,
We like Him shall be,
For in all His beauty,
We our GOD shall see.

4 Help us, Gentle JESU,
Help Thy children weak,
We to vanquish Satan
Ghostly strength would seek.

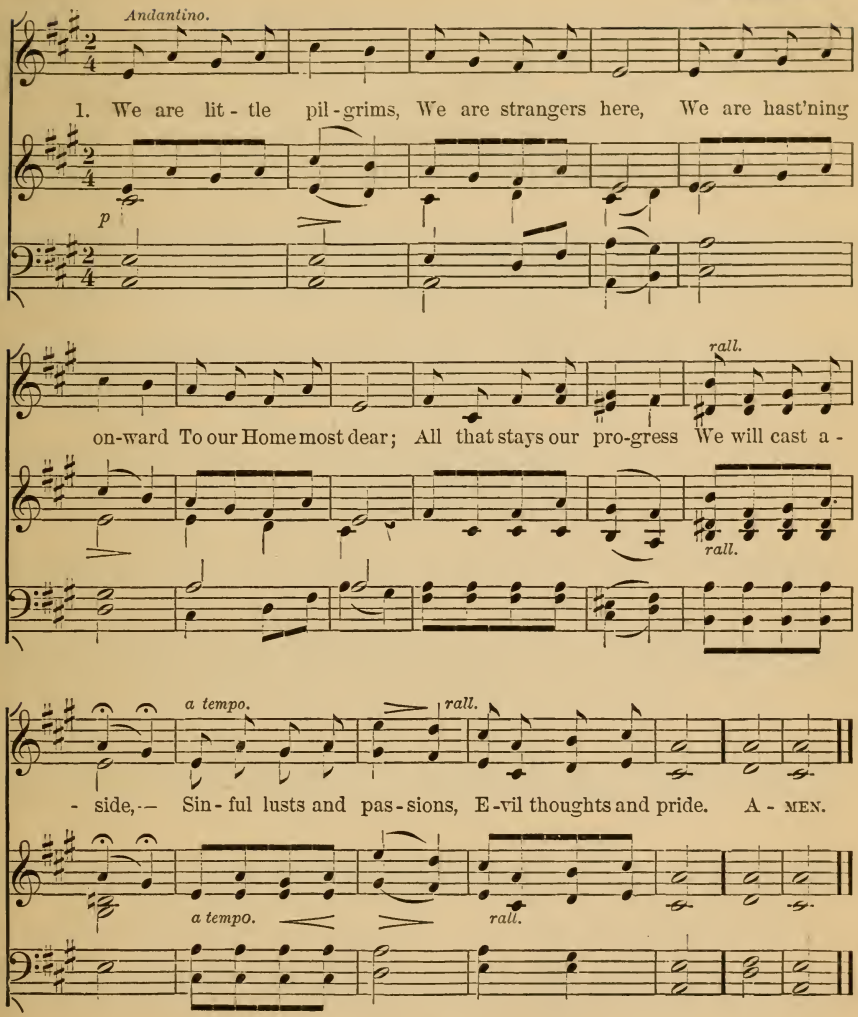
5 We are Thine own members,
Make us like to Thee,
For as Thou art perfect
We would perfect be;

6 That we may be changèd,
When Thou dost appear,
To Thy glorious likeness
GOD and SAVIOUR dear. AMEN.

187

SECOND TUNE. T. R. MATTHEWS.

188 We are little pilgrims.

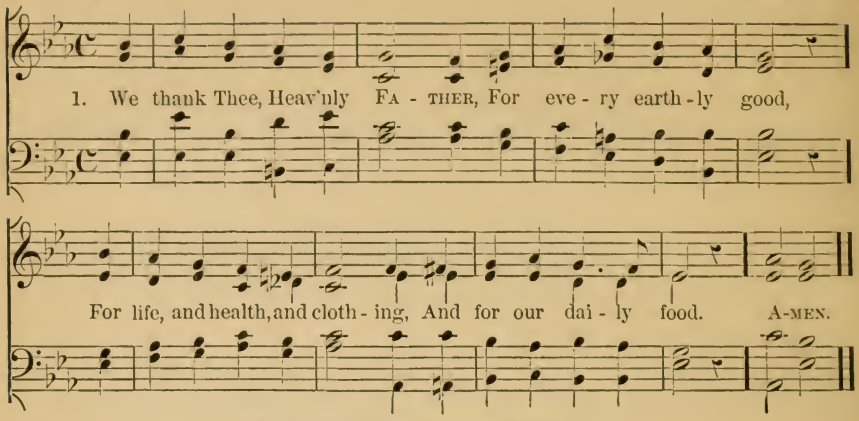
JOHN HULLAH.


Andantino.
1. We are lit - tle pil - grims, We are strangers here, We are hast'ning
p
on-ward To our Home most dear; All that stays our pro-gress We will cast a -
rall.
rall.
- side,— Sin - ful lusts and pas - sions, E - vil thoughts and pride. A - MEN.
a tempo.
rall.
a tempo.
rall.

2 Ofttimes we are weary,
Oftentimes in pain;
But the hope of Heaven
Cheers our souls again.
Grief will there be rapture,
Toil will there be rest;
Each day brings us nearer
To our Home most blest. AMEN.

189* We thank Thee, Heavenly Father.

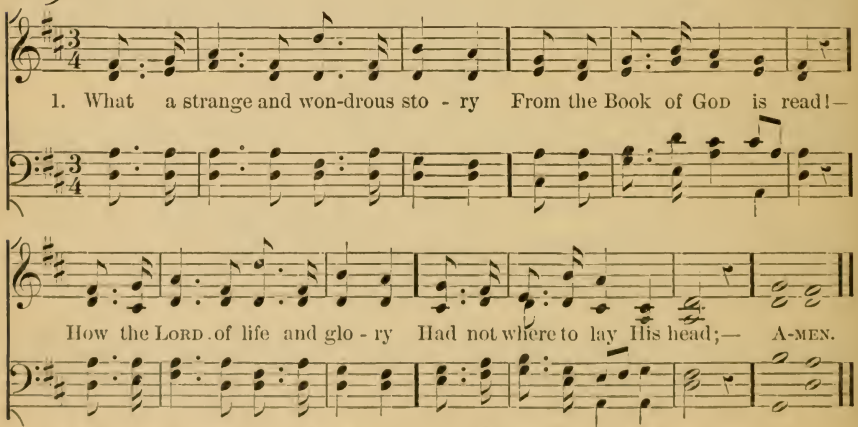
J. I. T.



2 O give us hearts to thank Thee,
For ev'ry blessing sent,
And whatsoe'er Thou sendest
Make us therewith content. AMEN.

190* What a strange and wondrous story.

R. S. T.


1. What a strange and won-drous sto - ry From the Book of GOD is read!—
How the LORD of life and glo - ry Had not where to lay His head;— A-MEN.

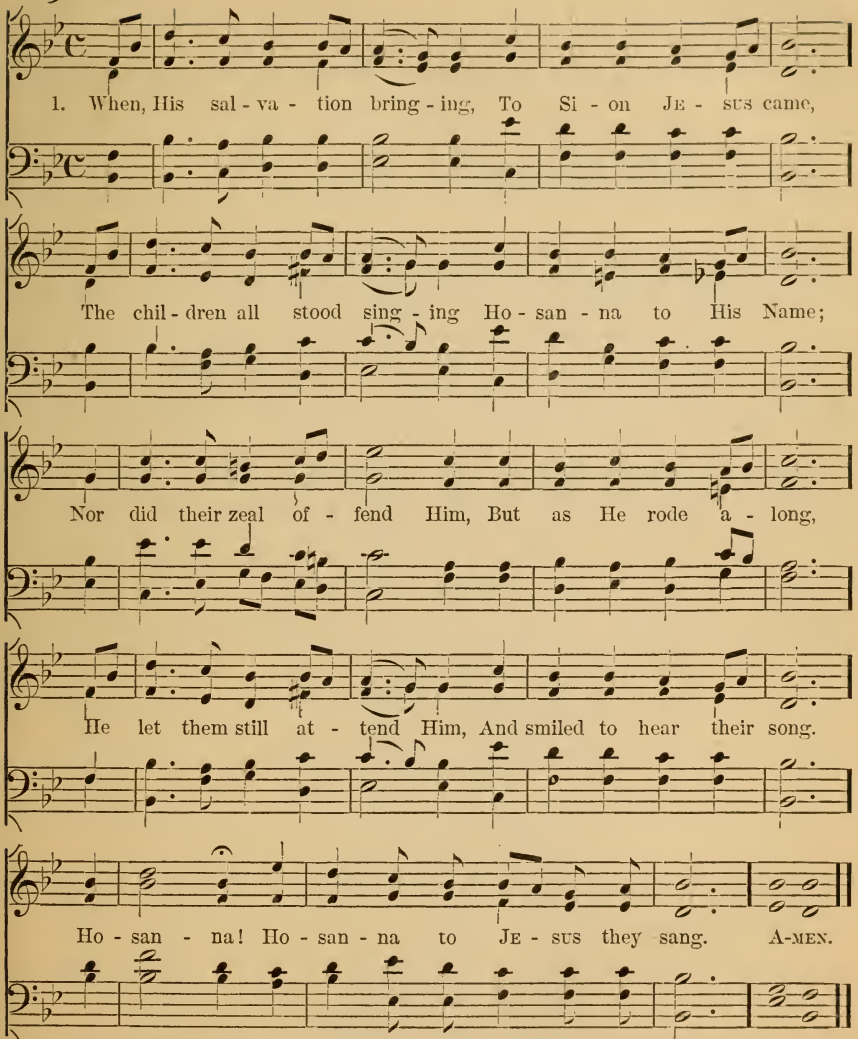
2 How He left His throne in Heaven,
Here to suffer, bleed, and die,
That my soul might be forgiven,
And ascend to GOD on high!

3 FATHER! let Thy HOLY SPIRIT
Still reveal a SAVIOUR'S love,
And prepare me to inherit
Glory where He reigns above.

4 There, with Saints and Angels dwelling,
May I that great love proclaim,
And with them be ever telling
All the wonders of His Name. AMEN.

191 When, His salvation bringing.

From MEHUL.

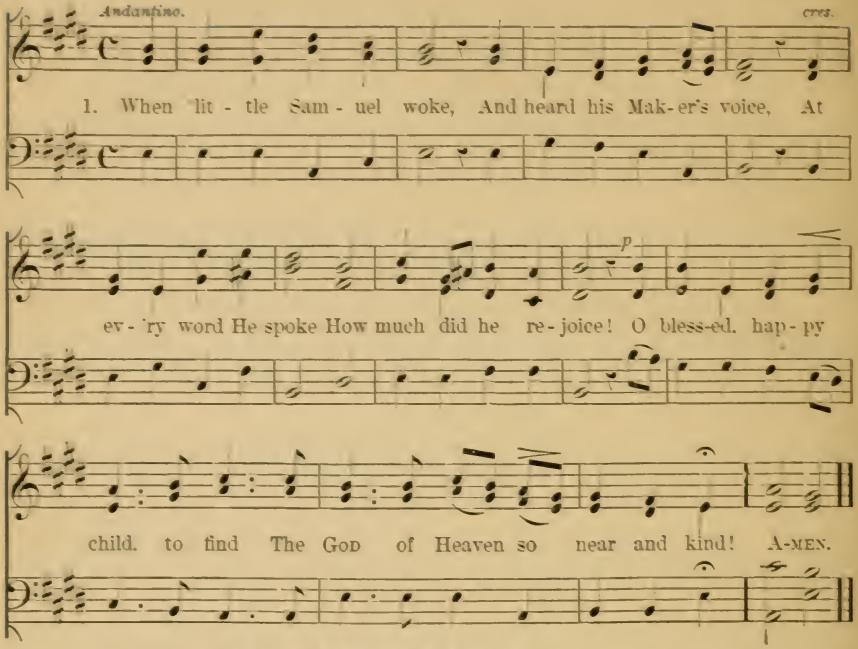

1. When, His sal - va - tion bring - ing, To Si - on JE - SUS came,
The chil - dren all stood sing - ing Ho - san - na to His Name;
Nor did their zeal of - fend Him, But as He rode a - long,
He let them still at - tend Him, And smiled to hear their song.
Ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to JE - SUS they sang. A-MEN.

2 And since the LORD retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as King He reigneth
On Sion's heavenly hill;
We'll flock around His banner,
Who sits upon the throne,
And cry aloud, Hosanna
To David's royal SON:
Hosanna to JESUS we'll sing.

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the LORD's:
Hosanna to JESUS, our King. AMEN.

192 When little Samuel woke.

J. TILLEARD.


Andantino.
cres.
1. When lit - tle Sam - uel woke, And heard his Mak-er's voice, At
p
ev - 'ry word He spoke How much did he re - joice! O bless-ed, hap - py
child. to find The God of Heaven so near and kind! A-MEN.

2 If GOD would speak to me.
And say He was my Friend,
How happy I should be!
Oh! how would I attend!
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If GOD Almighty were so near.

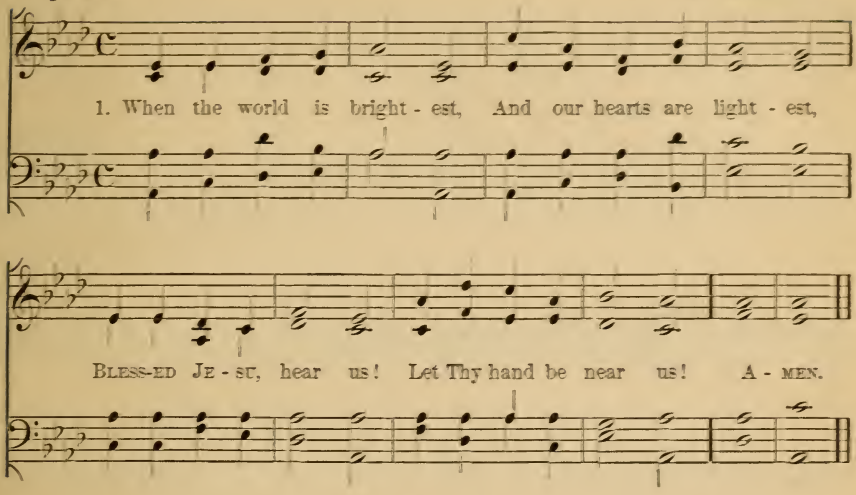
3 And does He never speak?
O yes; for, in His word,
He bids me come and seek
The GOD that Samuel heard:
In almost every page I see
The GOD of Samuel calls to me.

4 And I beneath His care
May safely rest my head;
I know that GOD is there
To guard my humble bed.
And every sin I well may fear,
Since GOD Almighty is so near.

5 Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read His word,
"Speak, LORD: I would obey
"The voice that I have heard.
"And when I in Thy house appear,
"Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

AMEN.

193 When the world is brightest.

Rev. R. R. Chope.

2 When life's scene is shaded;
All its bright hopes faded.
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of Heaven, be near us!

3 When with blessings sated
Or by praise elated,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy Cross, be near us!

4 When the night of sorrow
Makes us dread to-morrow,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of Heaven, be near us!

5 When our foes surround us,
When our sins have bound us,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy help be near us!

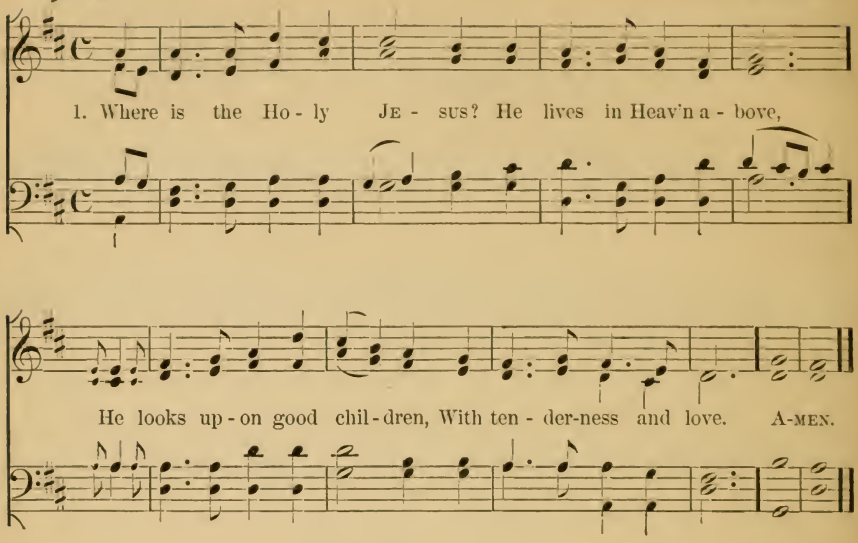
6 When our hearts are grieving,
O'er the grave bereaving,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of Heaven, be near us!

7 When in sickness lying,
Dark with fear of dying,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Let Thy help be near us!

8 When life, slowly waning,
Shows but Heaven remaining,
Blessèd Jesu, hear us!
Light of all, be near us! Amen

194 Where is the Holy Jesus?

Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes.



2 Where is the Holy Jesus?
His home is everywhere,
He loves that little children
Should speak to Him in prayer.

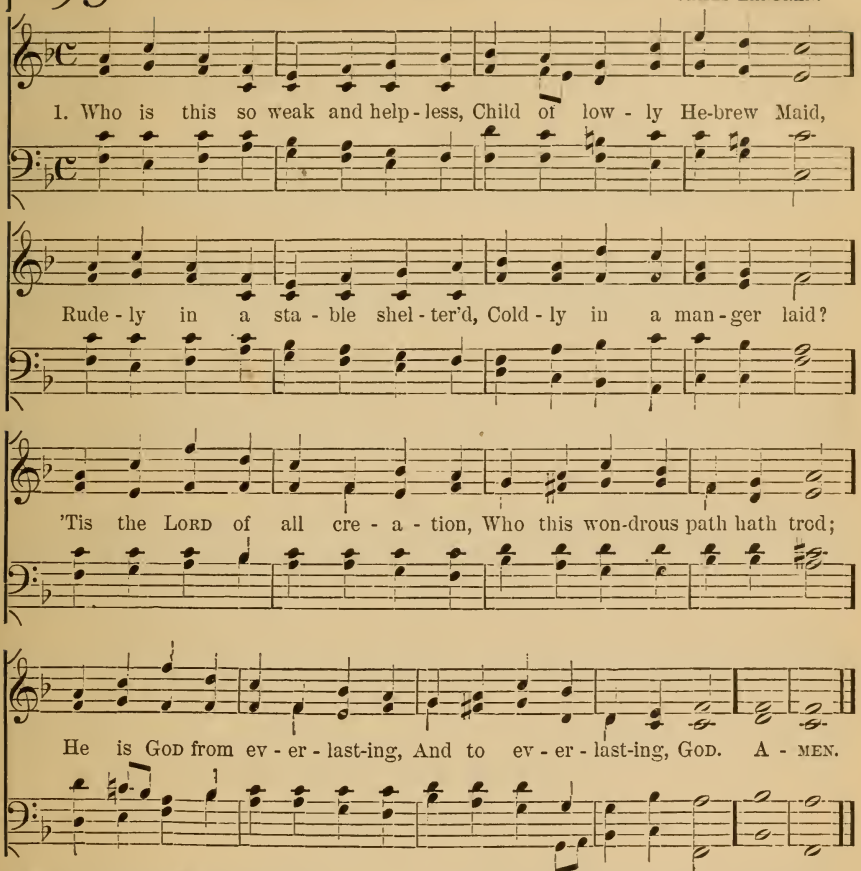
3 Once He came down from Heavèn,
And became a little child,
He was so good and gentle
Obedient, meek, and mild.

4 He had no naughty tempers,
He said no angry word;
And all good little children,
Should be like Christ their Lord.

5 For He will make them holy,
And teachable and mild,
And has sent His Blessèd Spirit
To every Christian child.

6 Then every night and morning
When I kneel down to pray,
I will ask the Holy Jesus,
To help me day by day. Amen.

195 Who is this, so weak and helpless?

JAMES LANGRAN.

1. Who is this so weak and help-less, Child of low-ly He-brew Maid,
Rude-ly in a sta-ble shel-ter'd, Cold-ly in a man-ger laid?
'Tis the LORD of all cre-a-tion, Who this won-drous path hath trod;
He is GOD from ev-er-last-ing, And to ev-er-last-ing, GOD. A-MEN.

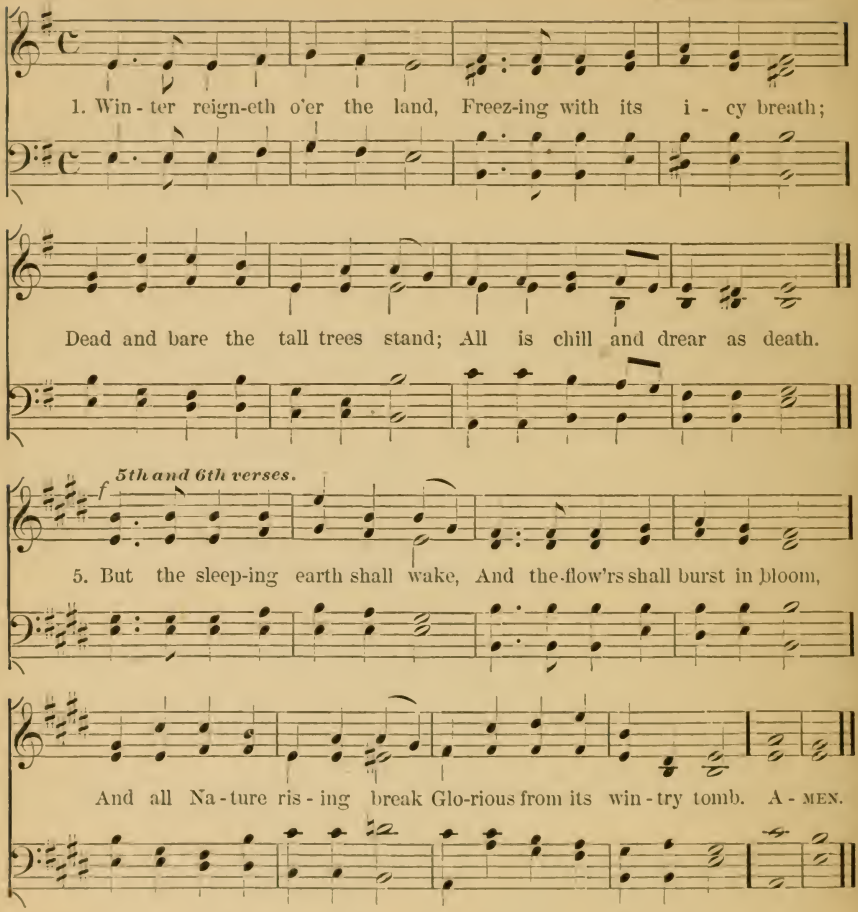
2 Who is this—a Man of Sorrows,
Walking sadly life's hard way,
Homeless, weary, sighing, weeping,
Over sin and Satan's sway?
'Tis our GOD, our glorious SAVIOUR,
Risen above the starry sky,
To prepare the many mansions,
Where no tear can dim the eye.

3 Who is this—behold Him raining
Drops of Blood upon the ground?
Who is this—despised, rejected,
Mock'd, insulted, beaten, bound?
'Tis our GOD, Who gifts and graces
On His Church now poureth down;
Who shall smite in holy vengeance
All His foes beneath His throne.

4 Who is this that hangeth dying,
With the thieves on either side;
Nails His Hands and Feet are tearing,
And the spear hath pierced His side?
'Tis the GOD Who ever liveth,
'Mid the shining ones on high,
In the glorious golden City,
Reigning everlastingly! AMEN.

196 Winter reigneth o'er the land.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


1. Win - ter reign-eth o'er the land, Freez-ing with its i - cy breath;
Dead and bare the tall trees stand; All is chill and drear as death.
5th and 6th verses.
5. But the sleep-ing earth shall wake, And the flow'rs shall burst in bloom,
And all Na - ture ris - ing break Glo-rious from its win - try tomb. A - MEN.

2 Yet it seemeth but a day
Since the summer flowers were here,
Since they stacked the balmy hay,
Since they reaped the golden ear.

3 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

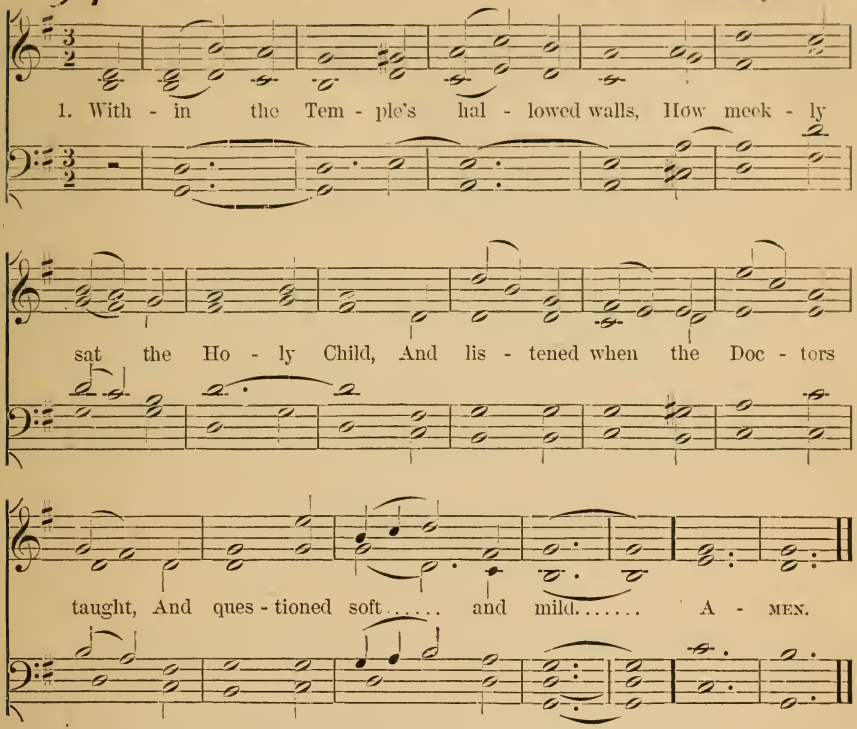
4 Life is waning; life is brief:
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade, and fall, and die.

5 But the sleeping earth shall wake,
And the flowers shall burst in bloom,
And all Nature rising break
Glorious from its wintry tomb.

6 So, LORD, after slumber blest
Comes a bright awakening,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading Spring. AMEN.

197† Within the Temple's hallowed walls.

From 'Narrative Hymns.'


1. With - in the Tem - ple's hal - lowed walls, How meek - ly
sat the Ho - ly Child, And lis - tened when the Doc - tors
taught, And ques - tioned soft..... and mild..... A - MEN.

2 He did His FATHER's work betimes,
He loved within His courts to stay,
While three long days the Mother trod,
Alone her homeward way.

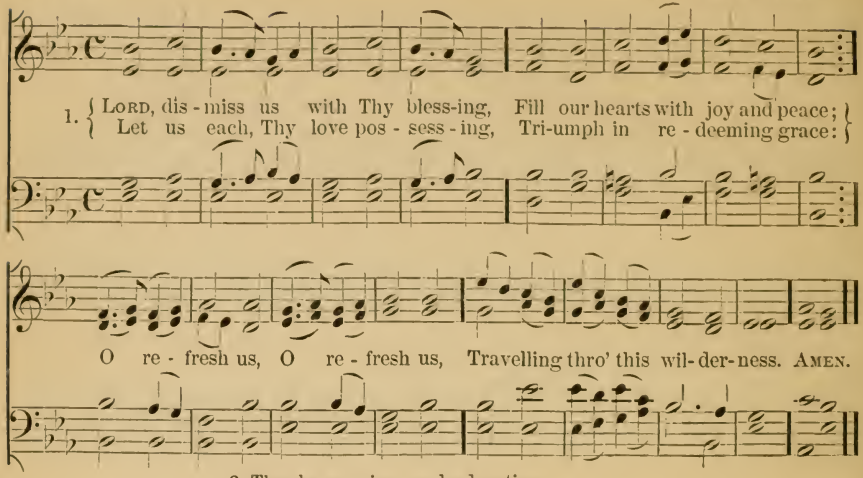
3 Oh! shame on any Christian child,
Who does not love the House of Prayer;
Who goes with cold, unwilling heart,
To serve his FATHER there;

4 Who takes no heed when holy words
Are spoken to his listless ears,
Nor ever questions in his heart,
What mean the things he hears.

5 Come, let him learn what JESUS did,
And love to trace, with wondering eyes,
His perfect works, His holy ways,
Who was so early wise.

6 And let him ask of GOD in Heaven,
A spirit teachable and mild,
A simple heart to learn and love,
Like that sweet Holy Child. AMEN.

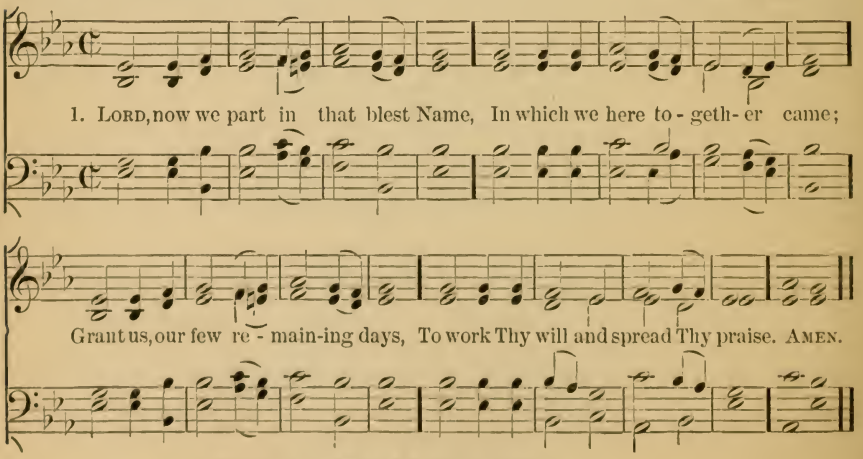
198 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.

'Sicilian Hymn.'

1. { LORD, dis - miss us with Thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
{ Let us each, Thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri-umph in re - deeming grace:
O re - fresh us, O re - fresh us, Travelling thro' this wil-der-ness. AMEN.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found. AMEN.

199 Lord, now we part in that blest Name.

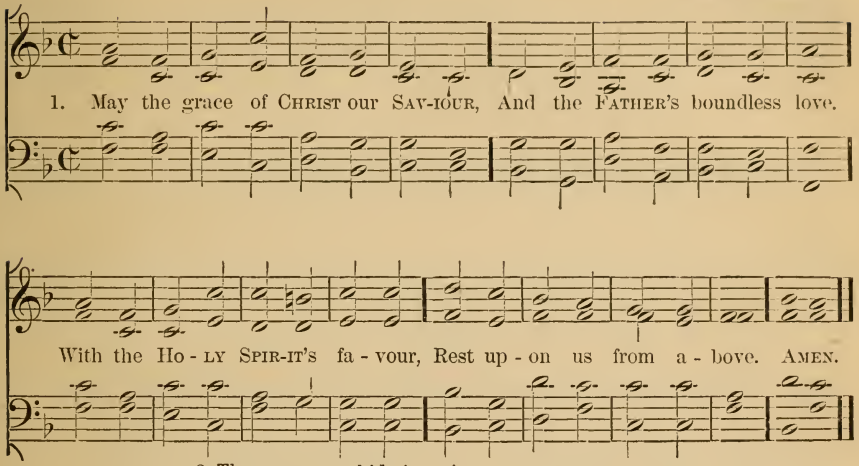
DR. LOWELL MASON.


1. LORD, now we part in that blest Name, In which we here to - geth-er came;
Grant us, our few re - main-ing days, To work Thy will and spread Thy praise. AMEN.

2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The LORD our Strength and Righteousness;
And grant us all to meet above,
Where we shall better sing Thy love. AMEN.

200 May the grace of Christ, our Saviour.

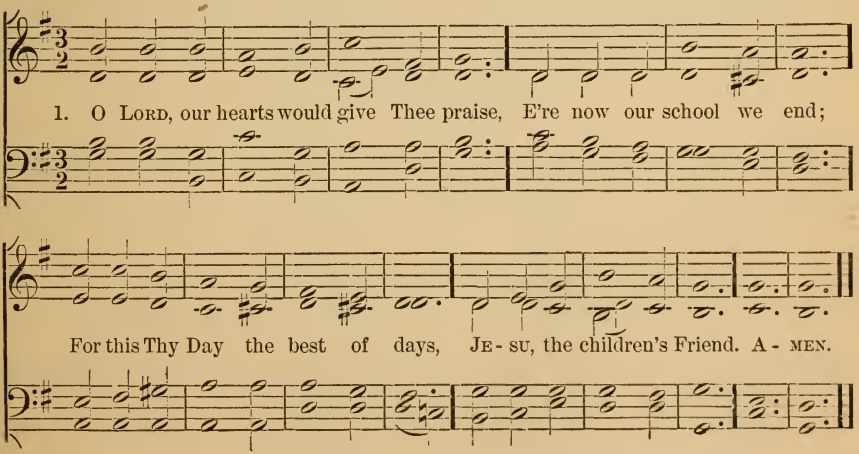
G. Joseph, Breslau.


1. May the grace of Christ our Sav-iour, And the Father's boundless love,
With the Ho-ly Spir-it's fa-vour, Rest up-on us from a-bove. Amen.

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford. Amen.

201 O Lord, our hearts would give Thee praise.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes.


1. O Lord, our hearts would give Thee praise, E're now our school we end;
For this Thy Day the best of days, Je-su, the children's Friend. A-men.

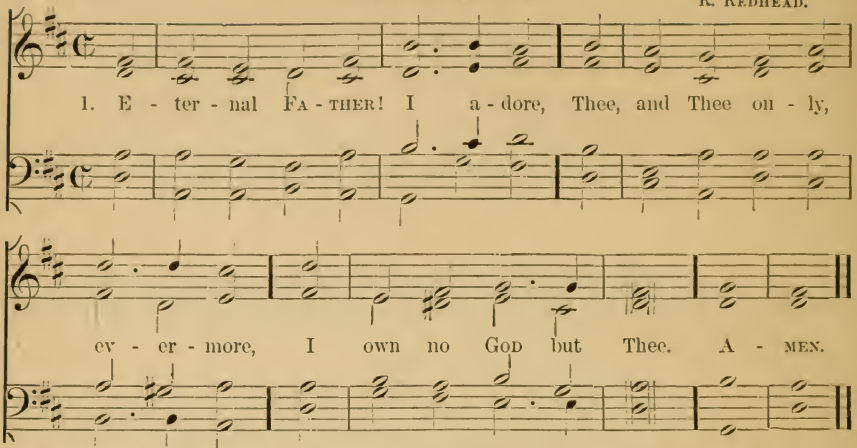
2 Lord, graft Thy word in every heart,
Our souls from sin defend,
That we from Thee may ne'er depart,
Jesu, the children's Friend.

3 Lord, bless our homes, and give us grace
Thy Sabbaths so to spend,
That we in Heaven may find a place
With Thee, the children's Friend. Amen.

202 Eternal Father! I adore.

LITANY OF THE LAW.

R. REDHEAD.



2 From every idol that could move,
My heart from Thine enduring Love;
Good LORD! deliver me.

3 From words profane, from praise and prayer
Without due reverence and care,
Good LORD! deliver me.

4 From thoughts, and words, and deeds of mine
On that blest day so wholly Thine,
Good LORD! deliver me.

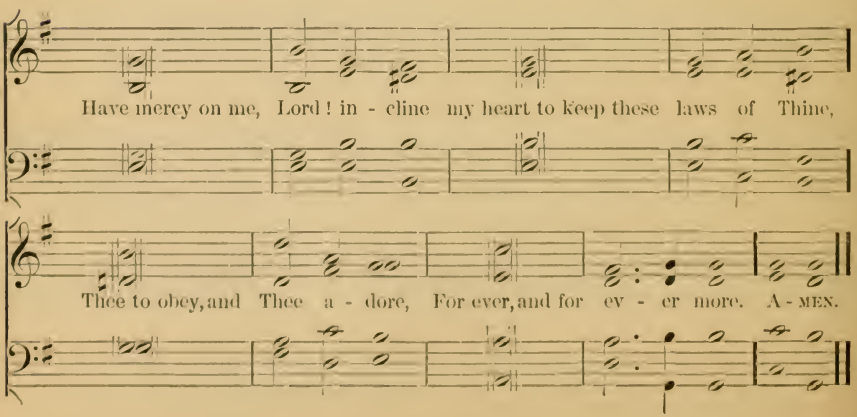
5 From pride that will not bow with awe
To parent, pastor, throne, and law,
Good LORD! deliver me.

6 From passion that too often leads
To bitter words, and bloody deeds,
Good LORD! deliver me.

7 From sinful thought and wand'ring eye,
Words idle, all impurity,
Good LORD! deliver me.

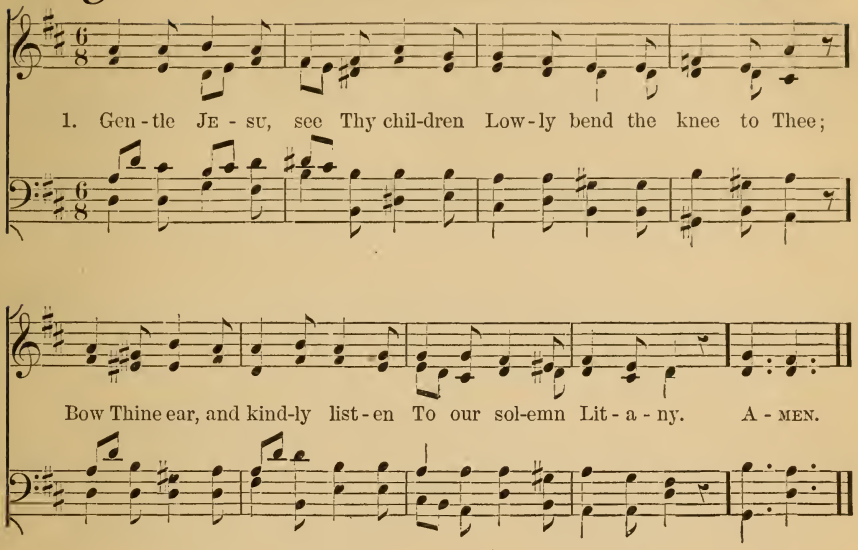
8 From will or deed that would when strong
Do to a weaker brother wrong,
Good LORD! deliver me.

9 From words that slander or deceive,
From aught that could my neighbour grieve,
Good LORD! deliver me.

10 From coveting, which doth let in
So much of selfishness and sin,
Good LORD! deliver me. AMEN.

Have mercy on me, Lord! in - cline my heart to keep these laws of Thine,
Thee to obey, and Thee a - dore, For ever, and for ev - er more. A - MEN.

203* Gentle Jesu, see Thy children.

LITANY OF CONTRITION. J. I. T.



2 By Thy Fasting and Temptation
In the desert lone and drear,
Let not Satan ever tempt us
From Thy side, O Saviour dear.

3 By Thy Bloody Sweat and anguish,
And Thy prayer, "Thy will be done,"
Help us cheerfully to suffer
All Thou sendest, Holy One.

4 By Thy Cross and bitter Passion,
By the spear and cup of gall,
Help Thy children, gentle Jesu,
Thee to give their heart, their all.

5 By Thy holy Death and Burial,
By Thy rising from the grave,
By Thy glorious Ascension,
Save Thy children, Jesu, save.

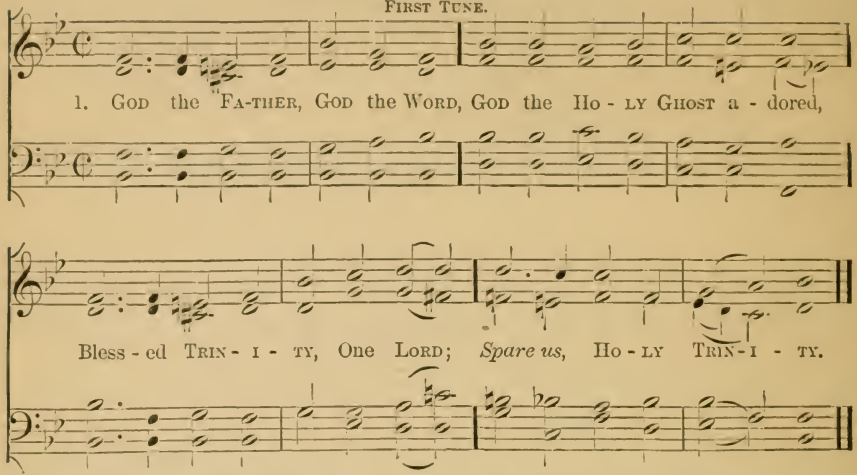
6 By the coming of the Spirit
Make our hearts a home for Thee;
And be Thou our blessèd portion,
Lord, for all eternity. Amen.

204† God the Father, God the Word.

T. MORLEY.

LITANY OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

FIRST TUNE.



2 Jesu, David's Root and Stem,
Jesu, Bright and glorious Gem,
Jesu, Babe of Bethlehem;
Hear us, O Child Jesu.

3 Jesu, Saviour ever mild,
Born for us a little Child
Of the Virgin undefiled;
Hear us, O Child Jesu.

4 Jesu, by the Mother-Maid
In Thy swaddling-clothes arrayed,
And within a manger laid;
Hear us, O Child Jesu.

5 Jesu, at Whose infant Feet
Shepherds, coming Thee to greet,
Knelt to pay their worship meet;
Hear us, O Child Jesu.

6 Jesu, to Thy temple brought,
Whom, as them the Spirit taught,
Simeon and Anna sought;
Hear us, O Child Jesu.

7 Jesu, unto Whom of yore
Wise men, hast'ning to adore,
Gold and myrrh and incense bore,
Hear us, O Child Jesu.

8 Jesu, forced away to flee,
By King Herod's cruelty,
From the roof that sheltered Thee.
Hear us, O Child Jesu.

9 Jesu, Whom Thy Mother found
Sitting in the temple's bound,
With the Doctors placed around:
Hear us, O Child Jesu.

10 Jesu, Lord of life and death,
Who, to her that gave Thee breath,
Subject wast in Nazareth;
Hear us, O Child Jesu.

11 From all pride and vain conceit,
From all spite and angry heat,
From all lying and deceit,
Deliver us, Child Jesu.

12 From all sloth and idleness,
From rejoicing at distress,
From jealousy and greediness;
Deliver us, Child Jesu.

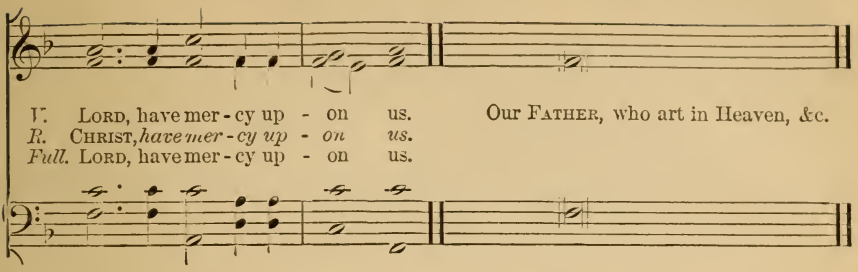
13 From disobedience, murmuring,
Thoughts in prayer-time wandering,
From each evil word and thing;
Deliver us, Child Jesu.

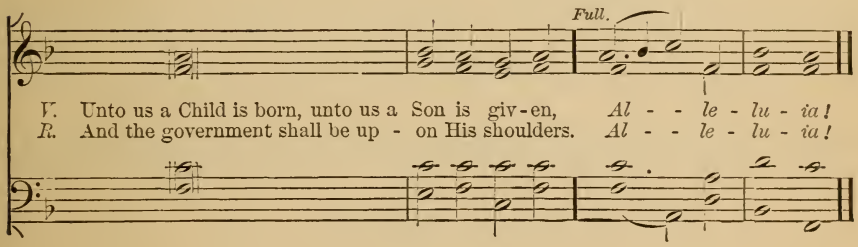
14 By Thy coming from the skies
Here to dwell in mortal wise,
To enlighten darkened eyes;
Save us, O Child Jesu.

15 By Thy Birth and childish years,
By Thy sorrows and Thy tears,
By Thine infant wants and fears;
Save us, O Child Jesu.

16 By those first-shed drops of gore
Which Thou didst for sinners pour,
By the Name we bow before;
Save us, O Child Jesu.

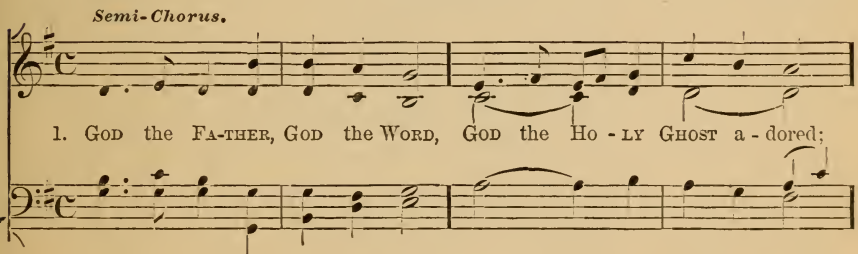
17 By Thine own unconquered might,
By Thy never-fading light,
By Thy mercies infinite;
Save us, O Child Jesu.

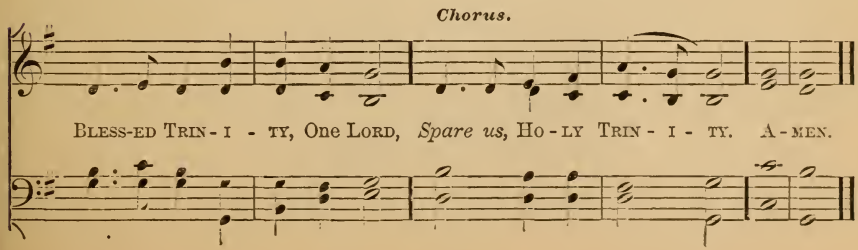




204 God the Father, God the Word.

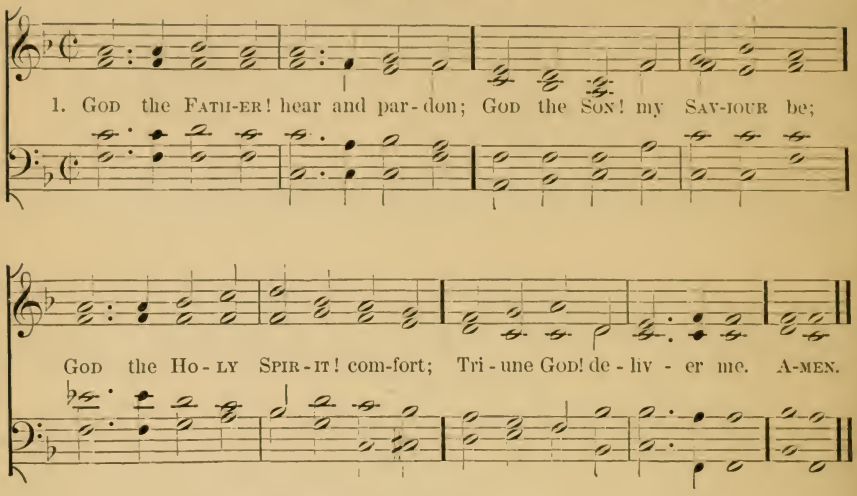
Second Tune. Anon.





205 God the Father! hear and pardon.

LITANY OF LOVE. R. REDHEAD.



2 Not my sins, O Lord, remember,
Nor Thine own avenger be;
But for Thy great tender mercies,
Saviour God! deliver me.

3 By Thy holy Incarnation,
By its awful mystery,
By Thy Birth and Circumcision,
Saviour God! deliver me.

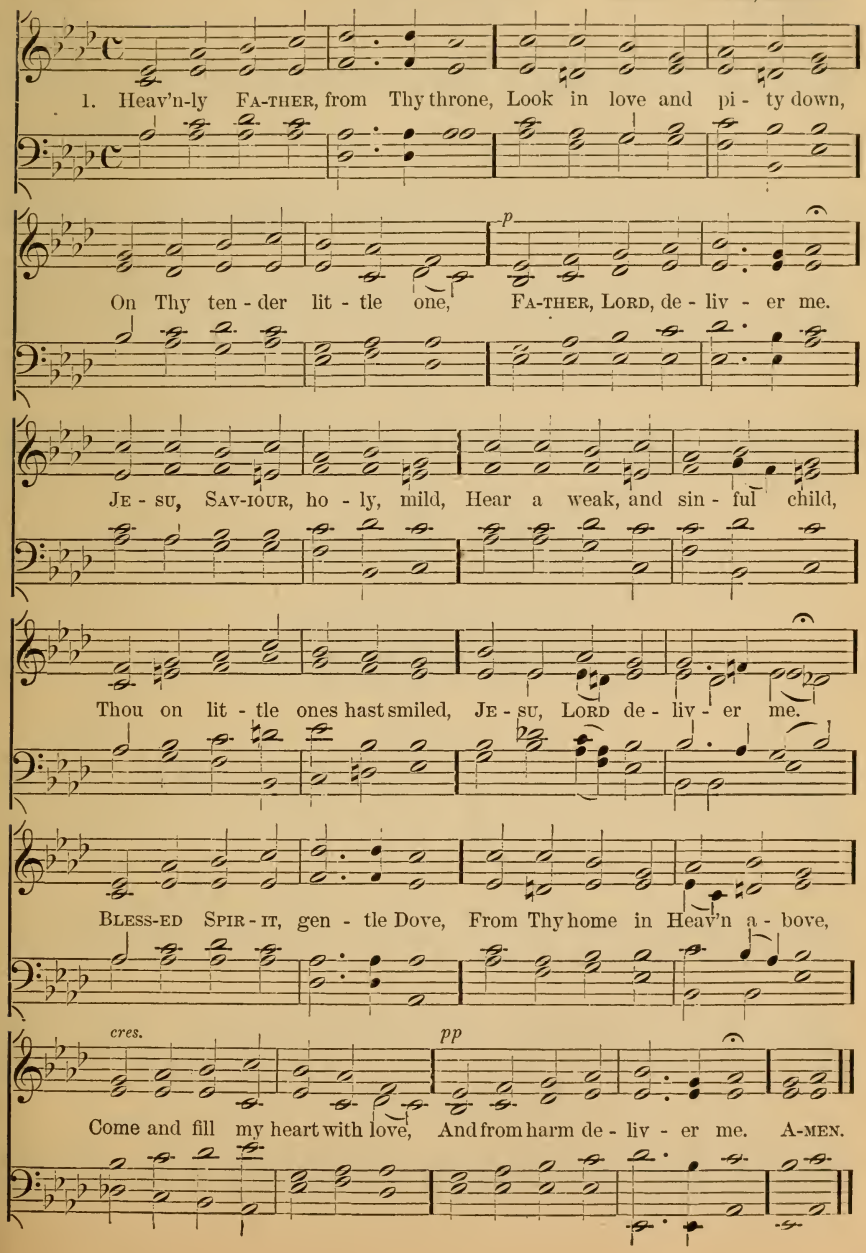
4 By Thy Baptism in Jordan,
When the Dove came down on Thee;
By Thy Fasting and Temptation,
Saviour God! deliver me.

5 By Thy Cross, and by Thy Passion,
Bloody Sweat, and Agony;
By Thy precious Death and Burial,
Saviour God! deliver me.

6 By Thy glorious Resurrection,
Thine Ascent to be my plea;
By the Holy Spirit's coming,
Saviour God! deliver me.

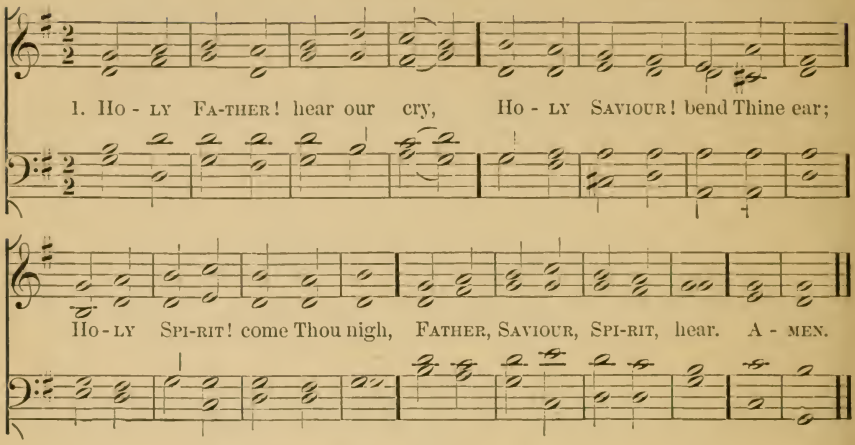
7 In all time of tribulation,
In the world's prosperity,
At my death, and in Thy Judgment,
Saviour God! deliver me. Amen.

206 Heavenly Father, from Thy throne.

A CHILD'S LITANY. Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doc.

1. Heav'n-ly FA-THER, from Thy throne, Look in love and pi - ty down,
p
On Thy ten - der lit - tle one, FA-THER, LORD, de - liv - er me.
JE - SU, SAV-IOUR, ho - ly, mild, Hear a weak, and sin - ful child,
Thou on lit - tle ones hast smiled, JE - SU, LORD de - liv - er me.
BLESS-ED SPIR - IT, gen - tle Dove, From Thy home in Heav'n a - bove,
cres.
pp
Come and fill my heart with love, And from harm de - liv - er me. A-MEN.

207 Holy Father! hear our cry.

TO THE TRINITY. *Ancient Stabat Mater.*

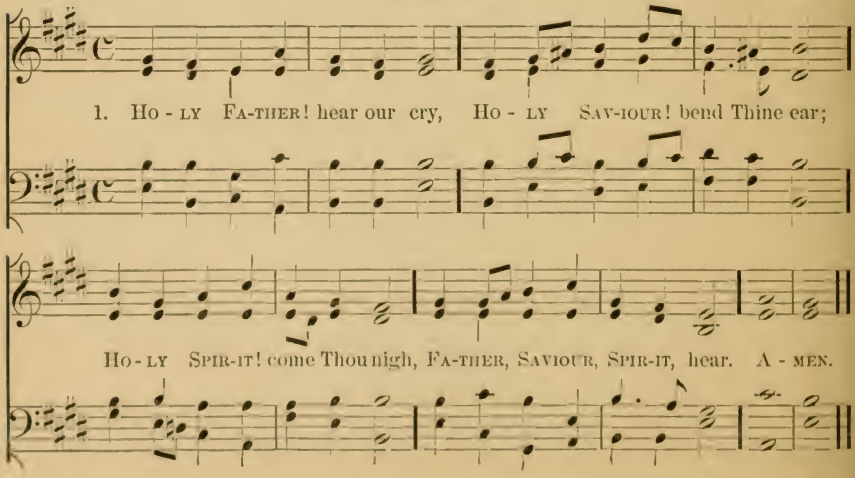


2 Father, save us from our sin,
Saviour we Thy mercy crave,
Gracious Spirit! make us clean,
Father, Son, and Spirit! save.

3 Father! let us taste Thy Love,
Saviour! fill our souls with peace,
Spirit! come, our hearts to move,
Father, Son, and Spirit bless. Amen.

207

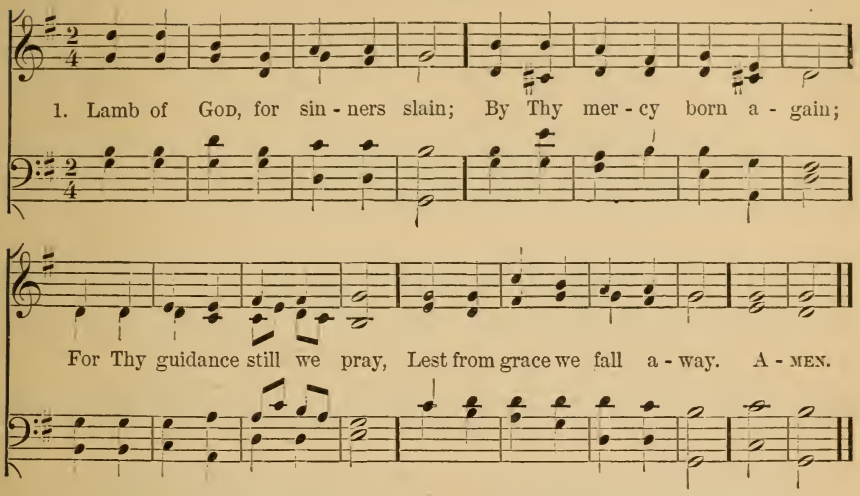
Second Tune. S. Wesley.



208* Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

J. H. Willcox, Mus. Doc.

LITANY OF PENITENCE.



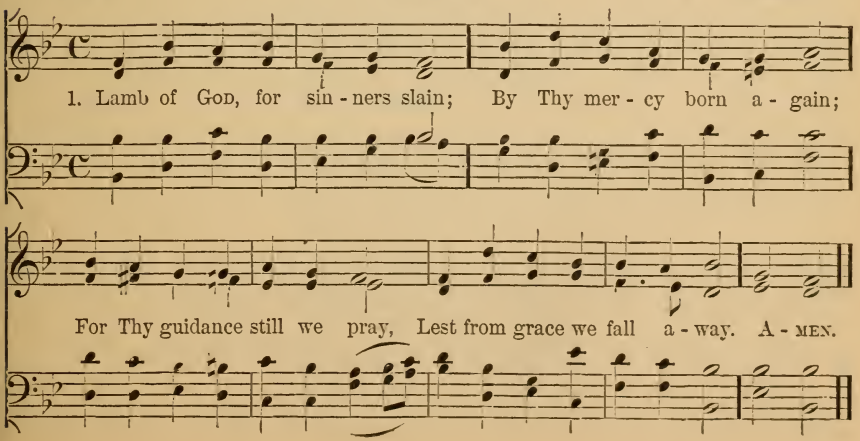
2 By the mystic, cleansing flood,
By the Water and the Blood,
Washed and sanctified to Thee,
Holy may we ever be.

3 Aid us with Thy daily grace,
Steadfastly to run our race;
Grant us victory in the strife,
And the price of endless life.

4 Praise to Thee, from all on earth,
God, Who gavest us new birth:
Praise from all the heavenly Host;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

208

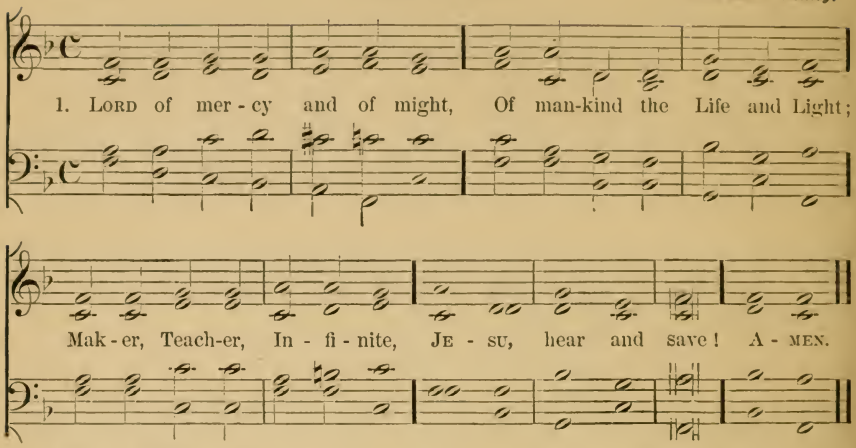
Second Tune. Rev. F. A. J. Hervey.



209 Lord of mercy and of might.

TO THE SAVIOUR.

Cistercian Litany.



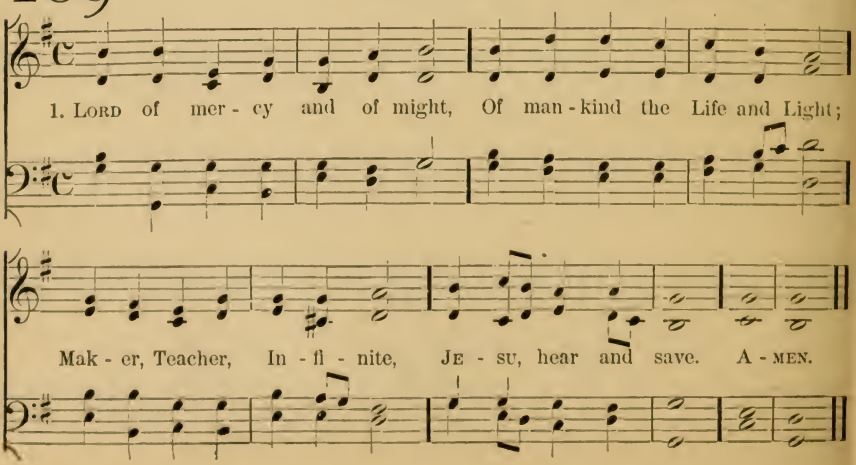
2 Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesu, hear and save!

3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on Angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesu, hear and save!

4 Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us, help us, when we cry,
Jesu, hear and save! Amen.

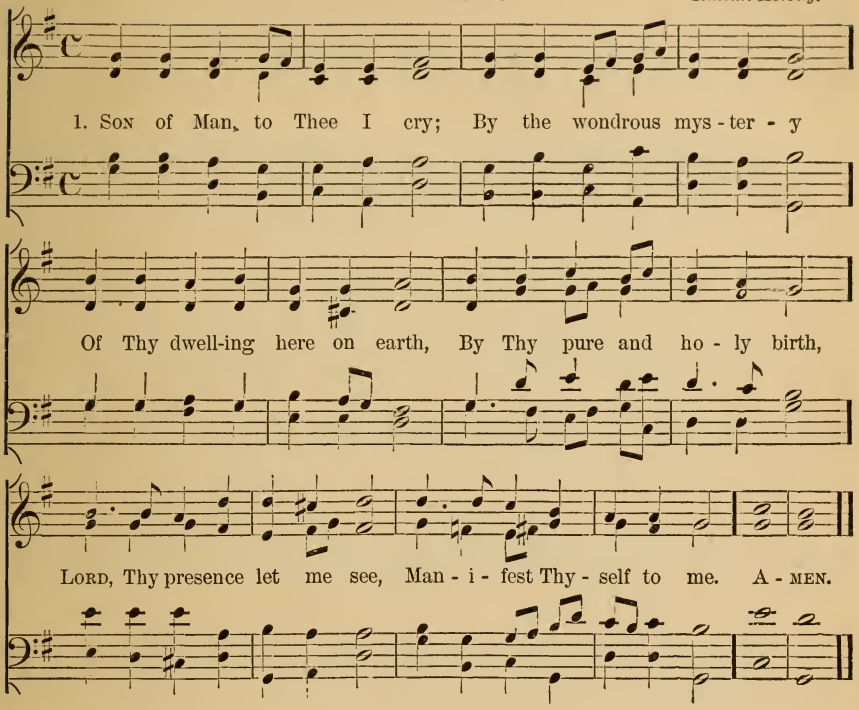
209

SECOND TUNE. R. BROWN-BORTHWICK.



210 Son of Man, to Thee I cry.

OF THE PRESENCE. *Italian Melody.*


1. Son of Man, to Thee I cry; By the wondrous mys - ter - y
Of Thy dwell-ing here on earth, By Thy pure and ho - ly birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see, Man - i - fest Thy - self to me. A - men.

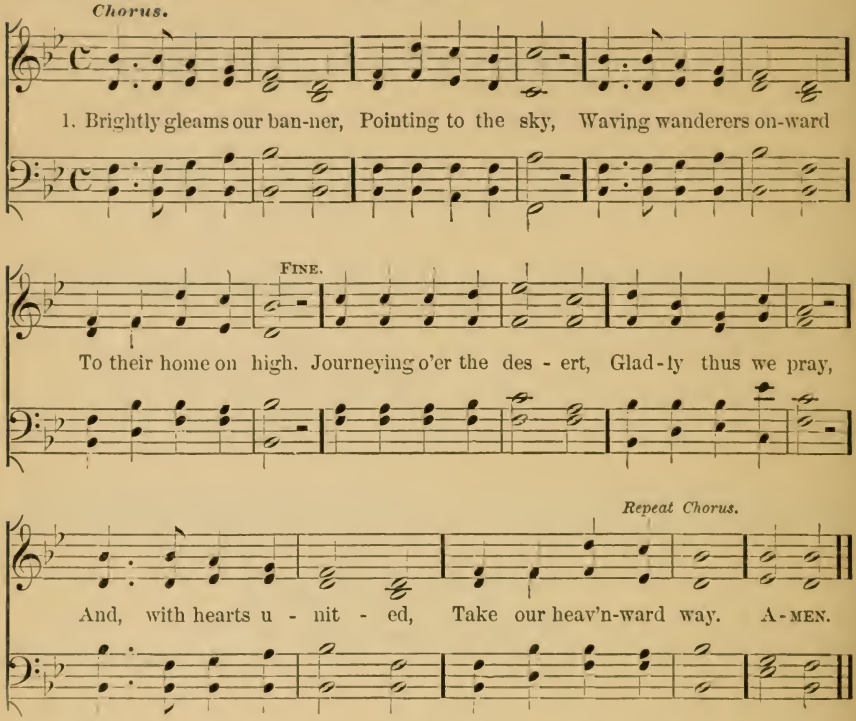
2 Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

3 Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me now to do Thy will;
Then Thy presence let me see!
Manifest Thyself to me! Amen.

211 Brightly gleams our banner.

FIRST TUNE.


Chorus.
1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wanderers on-ward
FINE.
To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des - ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
Repeat Chorus.
And, with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'n-ward way. A-MEN.

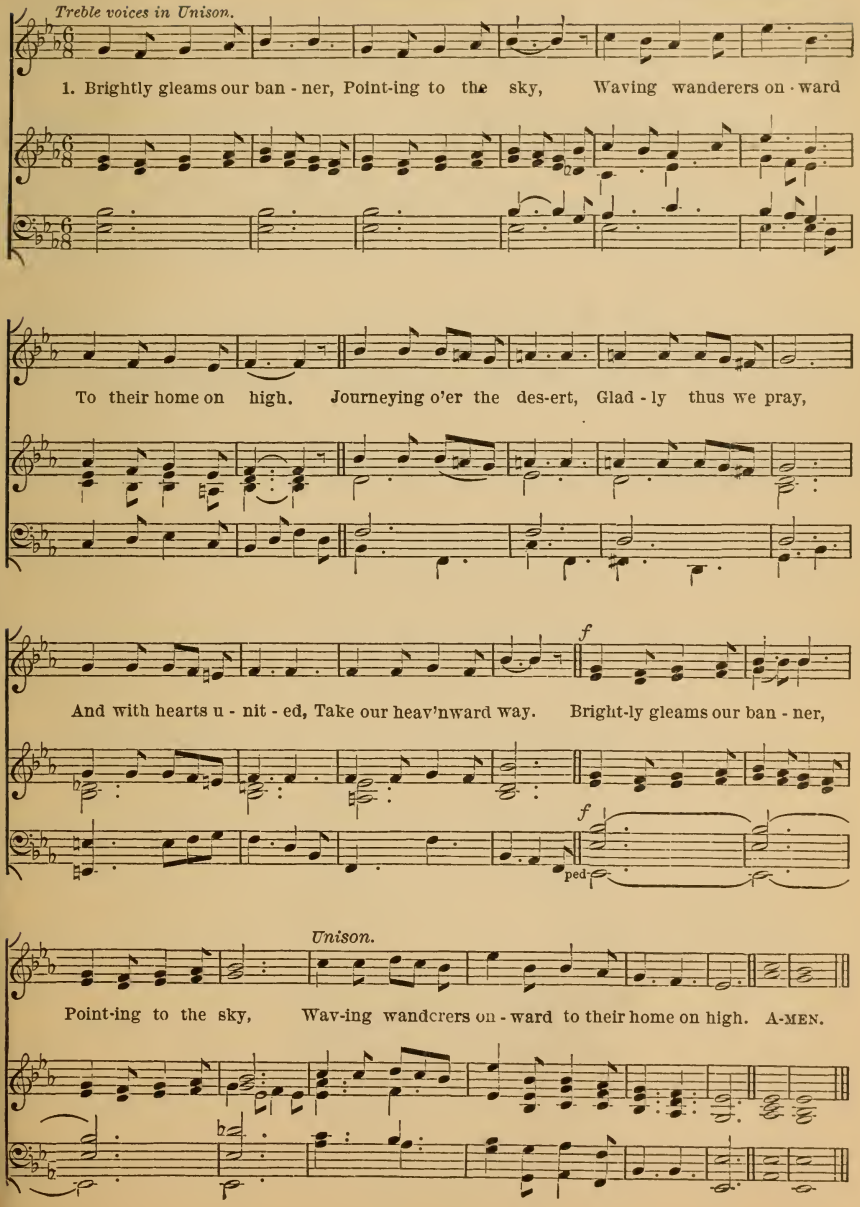
2 JESU, LORD and Master,
At Thy Sacred Feet,
Here with hearts rejoicing,
See Thy children meet;
Often have we left Thee,
Often gone astray,
Keep us, mighty SAVIOUR,
In the narrow way.
Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

3 All our days direct us,—
Make us meek and mild,
By Thy Childhood's Pattern,—
Mary's Holy Child.
Bid Thine Angels shield us,
When the storm-clouds lower,
Pardon Thou - protect us
At death's solemn hour.
Brightly gleams our banner, &c.

4 Then with Saints and Angels,
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises,
At Thy Throne of love;
When the toil is over,
Then comes rest and peace,
JESUS in His beauty,
Songs that never cease.
Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high. AMEN.

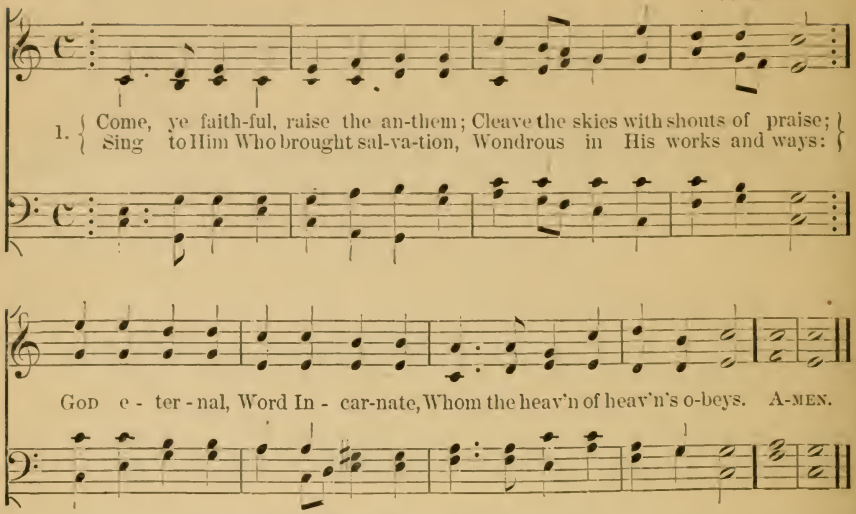
211 Brightly gleams our banner.

SECOND TUNE. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


Treble voices in Unison.
1. Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Waving wanderers on - ward
To their home on high. Journeying o'er the des-ert, Glad - ly thus we pray,
f
And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way. Bright-ly gleams our ban - ner,
f
ped
Unison.
Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing wandcrers on - ward to their home on high. A-MEN.

212 Come ye faithful, raise the anthem.

J. NEANDER.


1. { Come, ye faith-ful, raise the an-them; Cleave the skies with shouts of praise; {
{ Sing to Him Who brought sal-va-tion, Wondrous in His works and ways: {
God e - ter - nal, Word In - car-nate, Whom the heav'n of heav'n's o-beys. A-MEN.

2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the sea, or spread the sky,
Love eternal, free and boundless,
Moved the LORD of life to die;
Fore-ordained the Prince of princes
For the throne of Calvary.

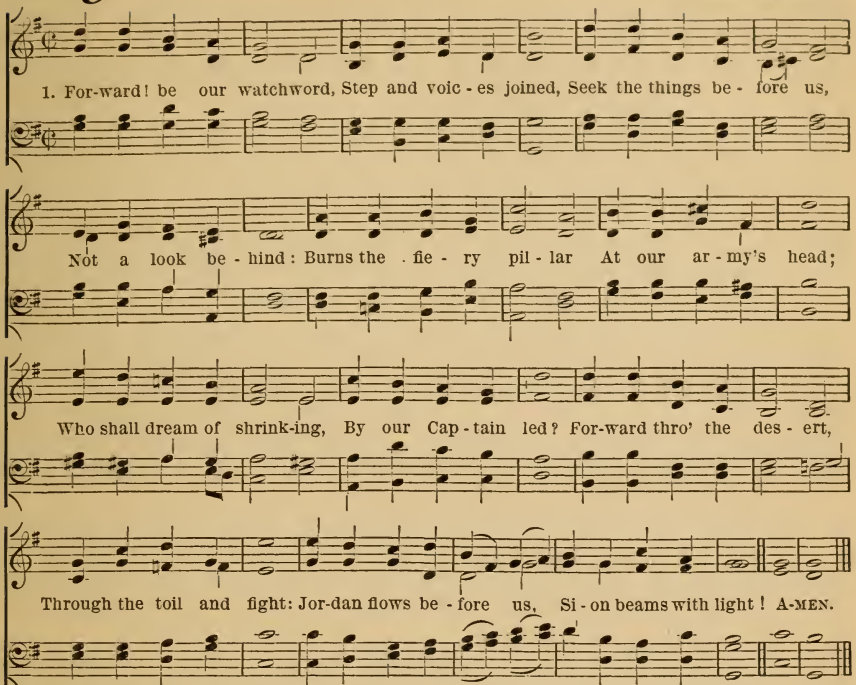
3 Now above the sapphire pavement,
High in unapproachèd light,
Lo! He lives and reigns for ever,
Victor after hard-won fight,
Where the song of the redeemèd
Rings unceasing day and night.

4 Yet this earth He still remembers,
Still by Him the flock are fed:
Yea, He gives them food immortal,
Gives Himself, the Living Bread:
Leads them where the precious Fountain
From the smitten Rock is shed.

5 Trust Him then, ye fearful pilgrims:
Who shall pluck you from His hand?
Pledged He stands for your salvation,
Pledged to give the promised land,
Where among the ransomed nations
Ye too round His throne shall stand. AMEN.

213 Forward! be our watchword.

HENRY SMART.

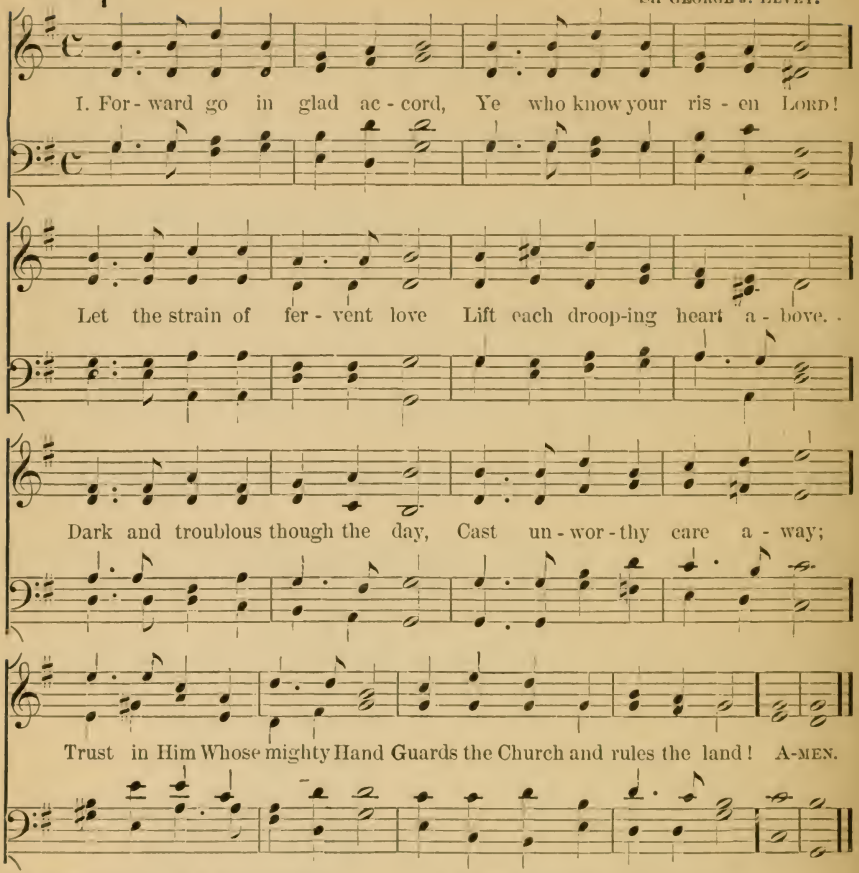

1. For-ward! be our watchword, Step and voic - es joined, Seek the things be - fore us,
Not a look be - hind: Burns the fie - ry pil - lar At our ar - my's head;
Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap - tain led? For-ward thro' the des - ert,
Through the toil and fight: Jor-dan flows be - fore us, Si - on beams with light! A-MEN.

2 Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind:
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace:
Faint not, till in glory
Gleams our FATHER'S Face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height:
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light!

3 Into GOD'S high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault and carving,
Lights of varied tone;
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our City bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of Light.

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our GOD prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech or word;
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight! AMEN.

214 Forward go in glad accord.

Sir GEORGE J. ELVEY.

I. For - ward go in glad ac - cord, Ye who know your ris - en LORD!
Let the strain of fer - vent love Lift each droop-ing heart a - bove.
Dark and troublous though the day, Cast un - wor - thy care a - way;
Trust in Him Whose mighty Hand Guards the Church and rules the land! A-MEN.

2 Forward still!—and let the strain
Tell of triumph yet again;
For the LORD, Who reigns on high,
Leads His own to victory:
Through the world's opposing might,
Through the gathering gloom of night;
Strong in faith, let holy song
Cheer us as we march along.

3 Now let all, as children dear,
In our Father's courts appear;
Let the choral harmony
Tell the spirits' unity:
Here nor hate nor strife be found;
Here let love and peace abound;
Let us offer, while we sing,
Loyal hearts to serve our King.

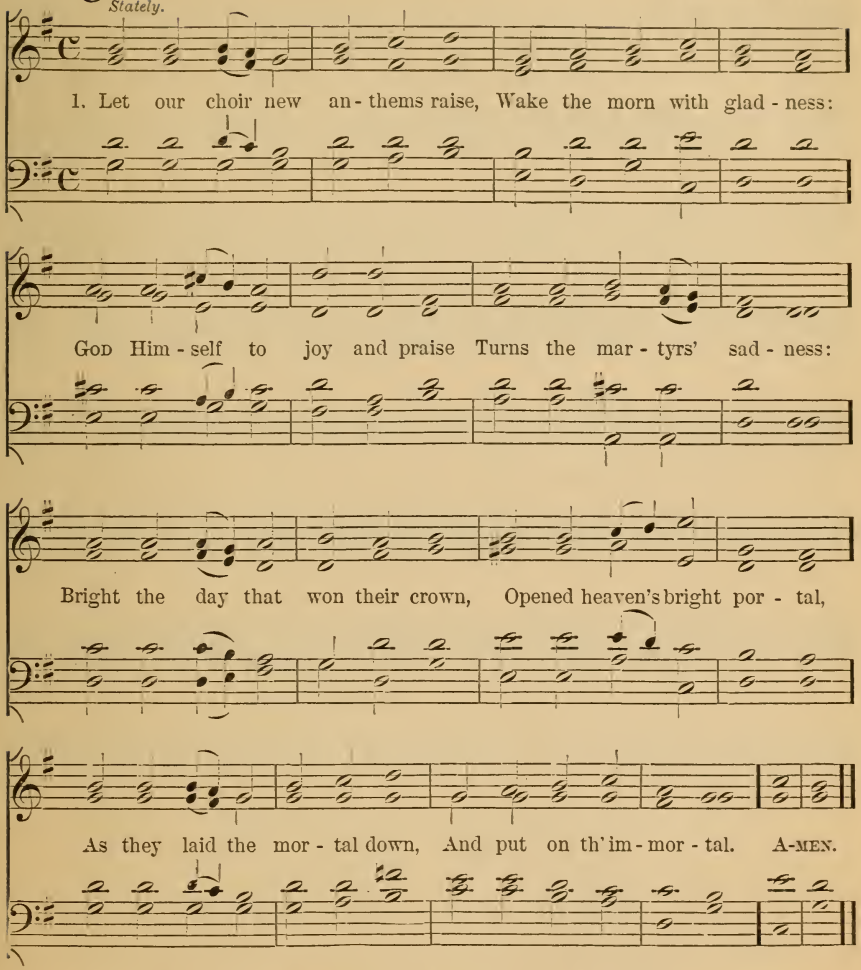
4 Forward go, despond no more!
JESUS calls, and goes before!
He will guard His chosen Bride,
He will never leave Her side;
Kingdoms flourish and decay,
Heaven and earth will pass away;
Evermore the Church shall raise
Songs of triumph, joy, and praise.

5 Forward go!—the saints above
Still prolong the strain of love;
Soon may we, within the gate,
See with them our King in state:
There will He His choir unite,
All arrayed in robes of white;
There will songs of purest joy,
All their blissful life employ. AMEN.

215 Let our choir new anthems raise.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

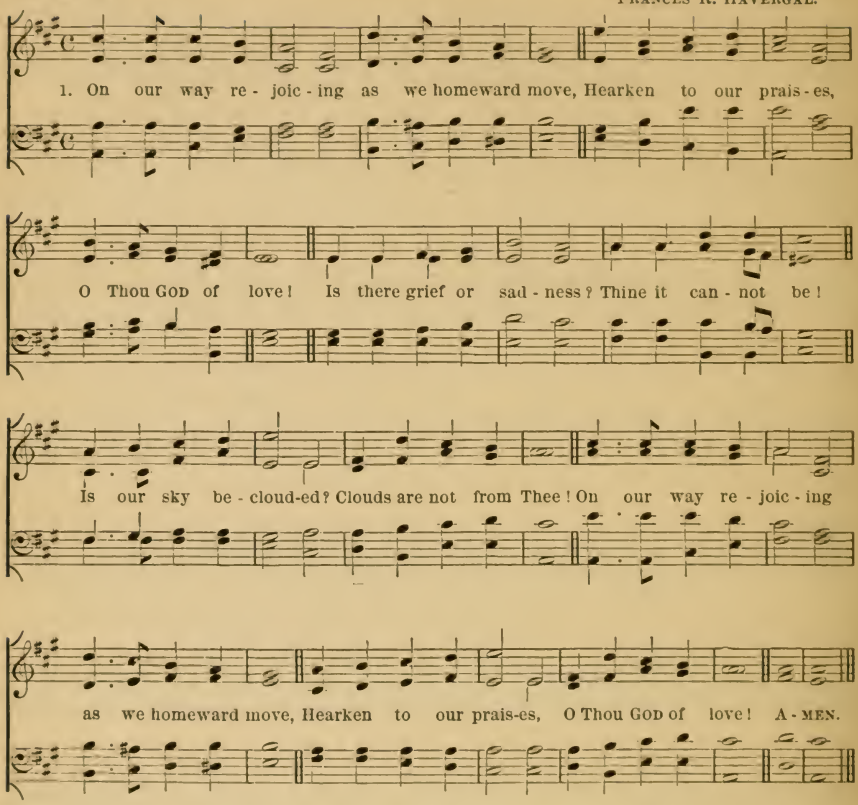
Stately.


1. Let our choir new an - thems raise, Wake the morn with glad - ness:
God Him - self to joy and praise Turns the mar - tyrs' sad - ness:
Bright the day that won their crown, Opened heaven's bright por - tal,
As they laid the mor - tal down, And put on th' im - mor - tal. A-MEN.

2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavour;
For by faith they saw the Land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Faith they had that knew not shame,
Love that could not languish,
And eternal hope o'ercame
That one moment's anguish.
Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow!
Spurn the night of fear, and then—
Oh, the glorious morrow! AMEN.

216 On our way rejoicing.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1. On our way re - joic - ing as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es,
O Thou GOD of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!
Is our sky be - cloud-ed? Clouds are not from Thee! On our way re - joic - ing
as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais-es, O Thou GOD of love! A - MEN.

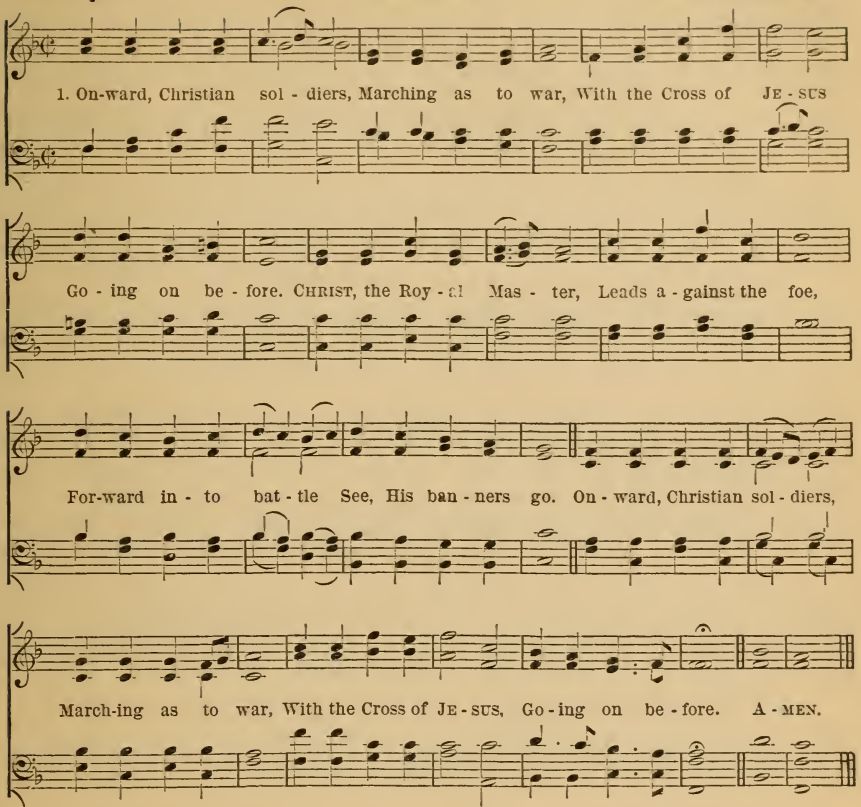
2 If with honest-hearted love for GOD and man,
Day by day Thou find us doing what we can,
Thou Who giv'st the seed-time wilt give large increase,
Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
On our way rejoicing, &c.

3 On our way rejoicing gladly let us go;
Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe!
CHRIST without, our safety, CHRIST within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy?
On our way rejoicing, &c.

4 Unto GOD the FATHER joyful songs we sing;
Unto GOD the SAVIOUR thankful hearts we bring;
Unto GOD the SPIRIT bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing now and evermore!
On our way rejoicing, &c. AMEN.

217 Onward, Christian soldiers.

FIRST TUNE. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of JE - SUS
Go - ing on be - fore. CHRIST, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe,
For-ward in - to bat - tle See, His ban - ners go. On - ward, Christian sol - diers,
March-ing as to war, With the Cross of JE - SUS, Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

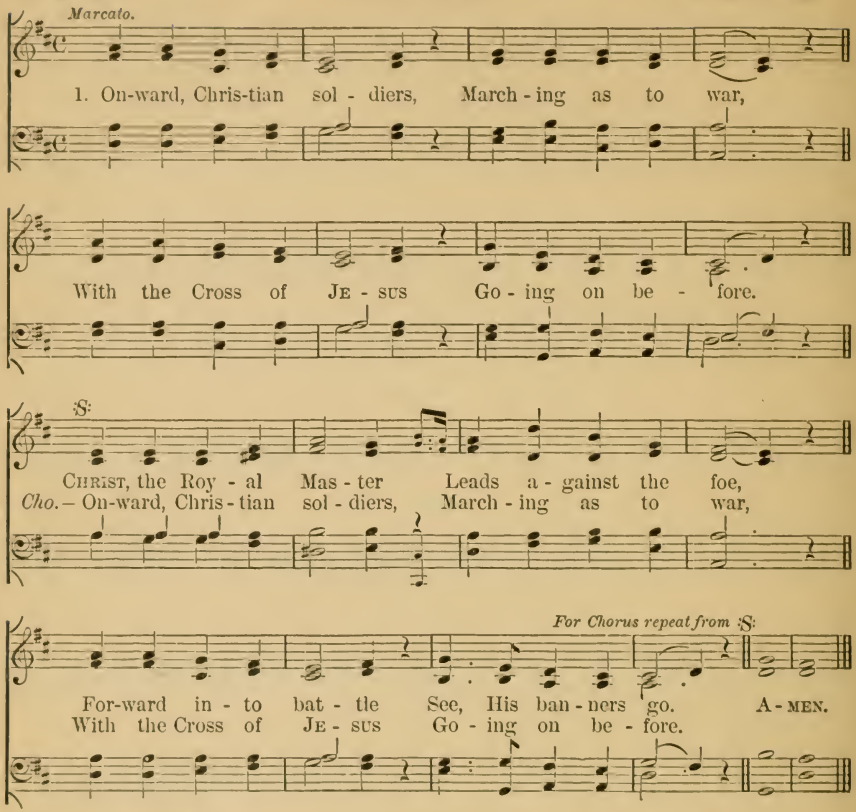
2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of GOD;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have CHRIST's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song—
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto CHRIST the King,
This through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, &c. AMEN.

217† Onward, Christian soldiers.

SECOND TUNE. *From* PLEYEL.

Marcato.
1. On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,
With the Cross of JE - SUS Go - ing on be - fore.
CHRIST, the Roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe,
Cho.– On-ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,
For Chorus repeat from :S:
For-ward in - to bat - tle See, His ban - ners go. A - MEN.
With the Cross of JE - SUS Go - ing on be - fore.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward, &c.

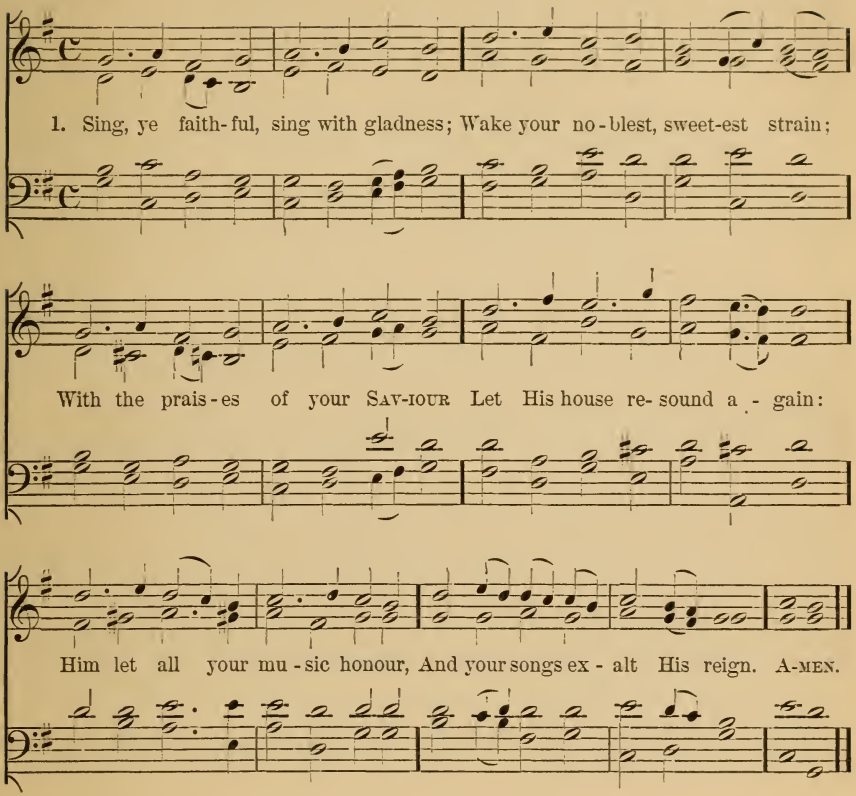
3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of GOD;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward, &c.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish.
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain;
Gates of Hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have CHRIST's own promise,
And that cannot fail.
Onward, &c.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph-song—
Glory, laud, and honour,
Unto CHRIST the King,
This through countless ages,
Men and Angels sing.
Onward, &c. AMEN.

218† Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness.

From GLUCK.


1. Sing, ye faith-ful, sing with gladness; Wake your no-blest, sweet-est strain;
With the prais-es of your SAV-IOUR Let His house re-sound a-gain:
Him let all your mu-sic honour, And your songs ex-alt His reign. A-MEN.

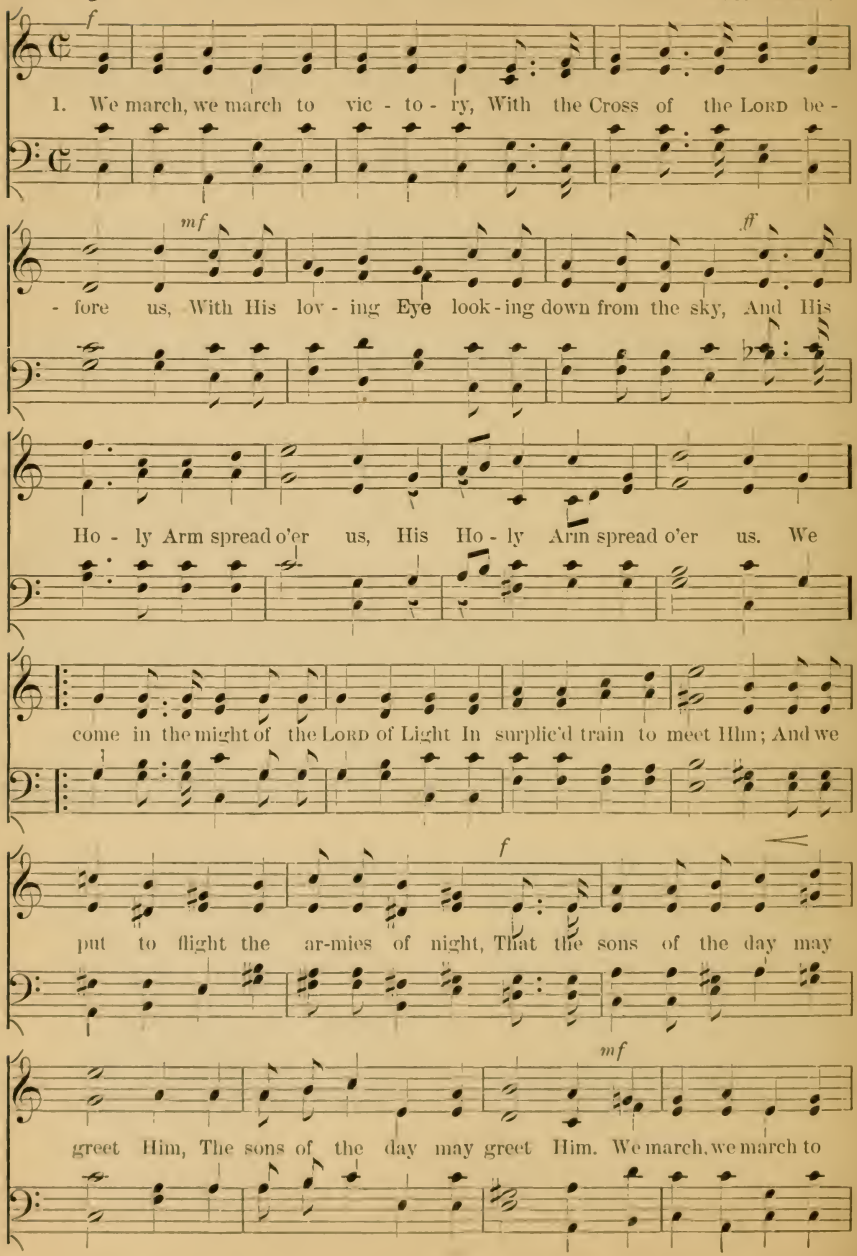
2 Sing how He came forth from Heaven,
Bowed Himself to Bethlehem's cave,
Stooped to wear the servant's vesture,
Bore the pain, the Cross, the grave,
Passed within the gates of darkness,
Thence His banished ones to save.

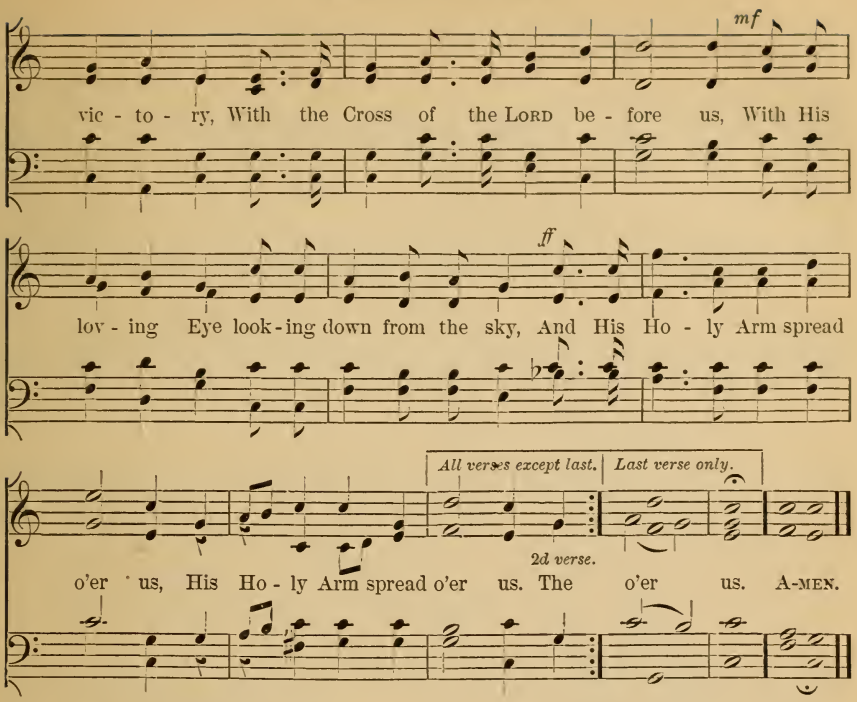
3 So He tasted death for all men,
He of all mankind the Head,
Sinless One among the sinful,
Prince of Life among the dead;
So He wrought the full redemption,
And the captor captive led.

4 Now on high, yet ever with us,
From His FATHER'S throne the SON
Rules and guides the world He ransomed,
Till the appointed work be done,
Till He see, renewed and perfect,
All things gathered into one.

5 Day of promised restitution!
Fruits of all His sorrows past!
When the crown of His dominions
He before the Throne shall cast,
And throughout the wide creation
GOD be all in all at last. AMEN.

219 We march, we march to victory.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

f
1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the Cross of the LORD be -
mf
ff
- fore us, With His lov - ing Eye look - ing down from the sky, And His
Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. We
come in the might of the LORD of Light In surplic'd train to meet Him; And we
f
put to flight the ar-mies of night, That the sons of the day may
mf
greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him. We march, we march to

Processional.

mf
vic - to - ry, With the Cross of the LORD be - fore us, With His
ff
lov - ing Eye look - ing down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread
All verses except last.
Last verse only.
2d verse.
o'er us, His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. The o'er us. A-MEN.

2 The bands of the alien flee away
When our chant goes up like thunder,
And the van of the LORD, in serried array,
Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.
We march, we march, &c.

3 We tread to the roll of the organ swell,
With the watchword duly given;
And we challenge the Prince of the Hosts of Hell
To fight for the Gates of Heaven.
We march, we march, &c.

4 Our sword is the Spirit of GOD on High,
Our helmet is His salvation;
Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
Our watchword —the Incarnation.
We march, we march, &c.

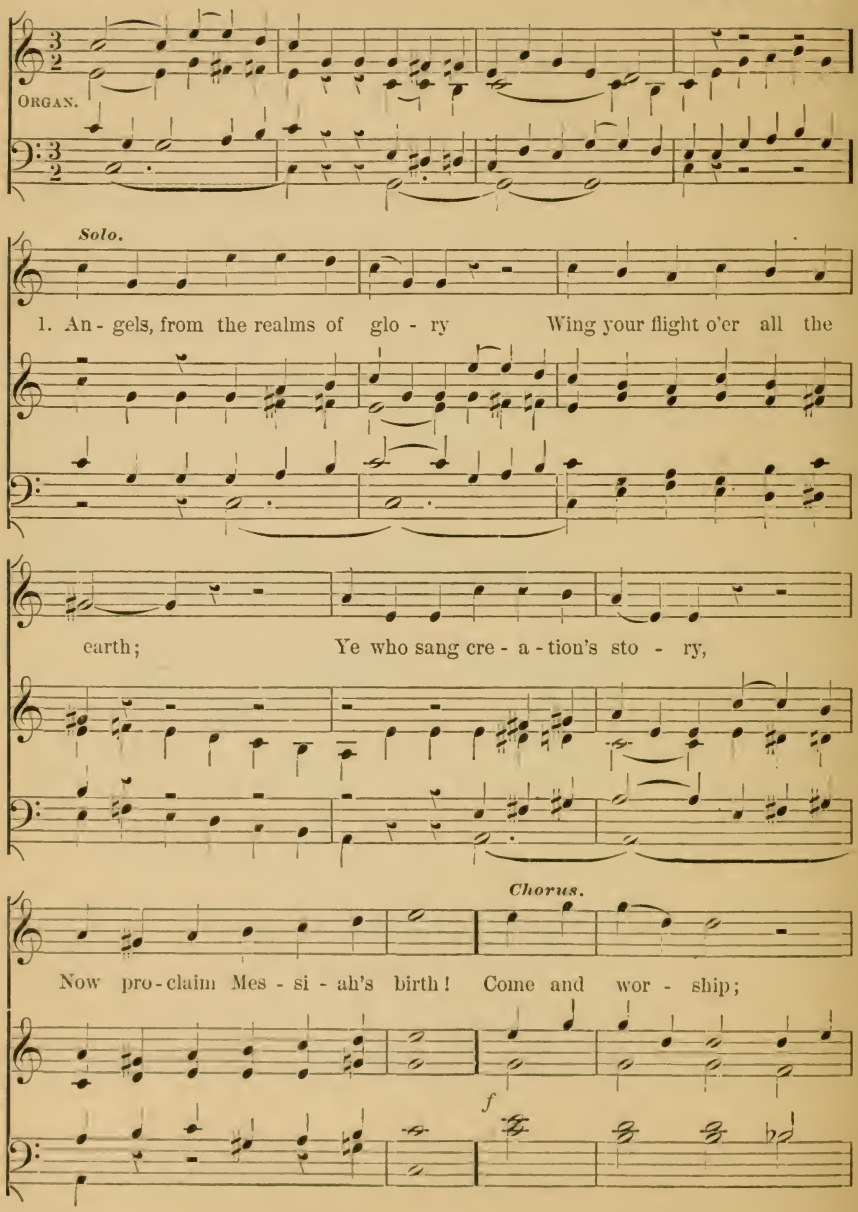
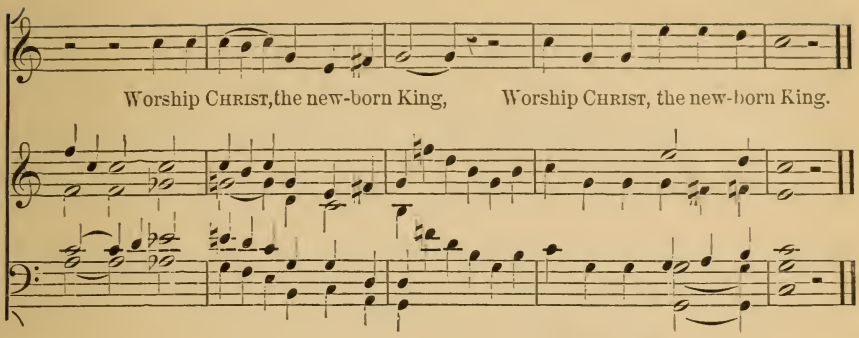
5 We tread in the might of the LORD of Hosts,
And we fear not man nor devil:
For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts,
To defend His Church from evil.
We march, we march, &c.

6 And the choir of Angels with song awaits
Our march to the golden Sion;
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
And burst the bars of iron;
We march, we march, &c.

7 Then onward we march, our arms to prove,
With the banner of CHRIST before us,
With His Eye of love looking down from above.
And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.
We march, we march, &c.

220* Angels, from the realms of glory.

Dr. H. S. Cutler.

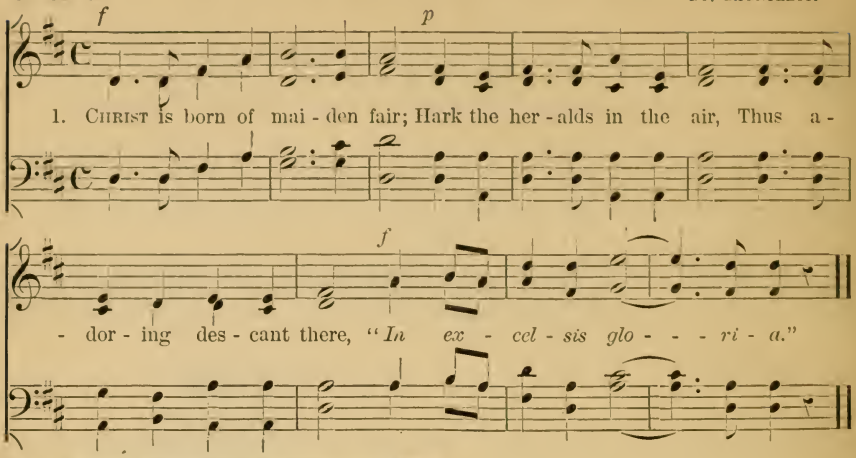

Organ.
Solo.
1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry Wing your flight o'er all the
earth; Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry,
Chorus.
Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth! Come and wor - ship;
f

2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant-light:
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great Desire of nations,
Ye have seen His natal star:
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

221 Christ is born of maiden fair.

Dr. Gauntlett.

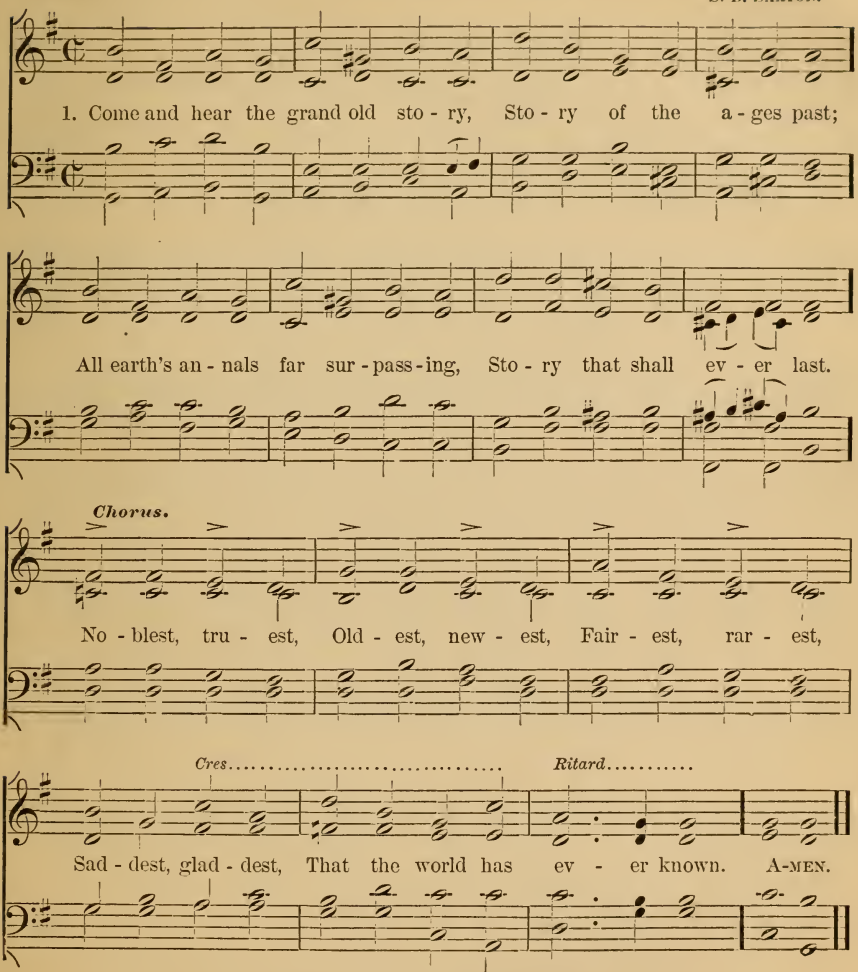


2 Shepherds saw those Angels bright,
Carolling in glorious light;
"God, His Son is born to-night,
In excelsis gloria."

3 Christ is come to save mankind,
As in holy page we find,
Therefore this song bear in mind,
"*In excelsis gloria.*"

222* Come and hear the grand old story.

S. B. Saxton.

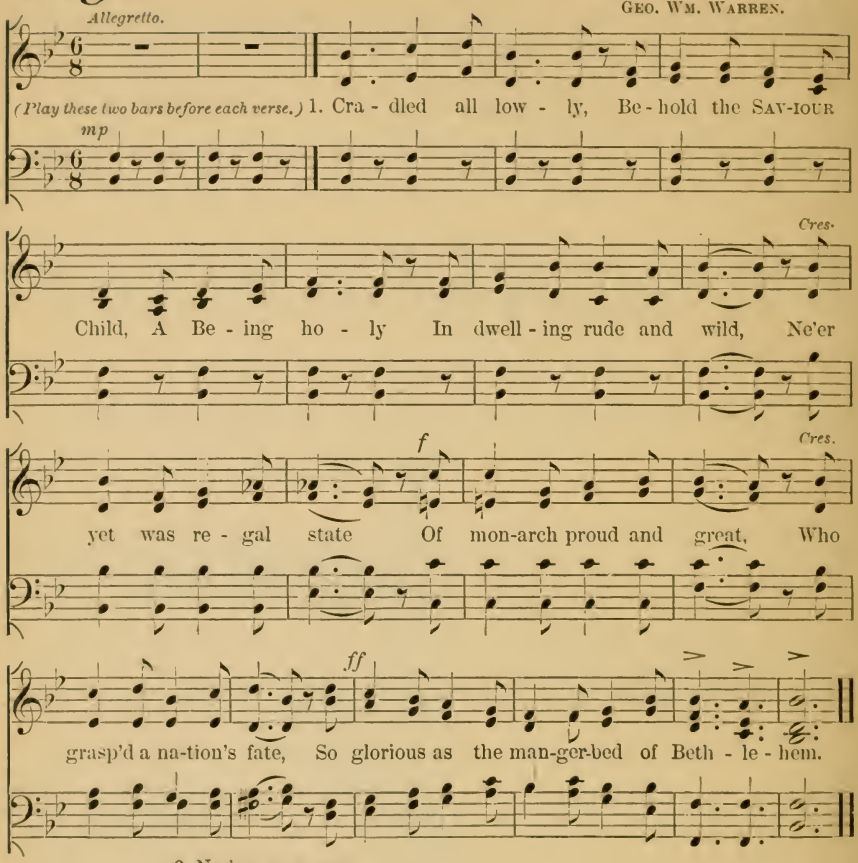

1. Come and hear the grand old sto - ry, Sto - ry of the a - ges past;
All earth's an - nals far sur - pass - ing, Sto - ry that shall ev - er last.
Chorus.
No - blest, tru - est, Old - est, new - est, Fair - est, rar - est,
Cres.
Ritard.
Sad - dest, glad - dest, That the world has ev - er known. A-men.

2 Christ, the Father's Son eternal,
Once was born a Son of man;
He Who never knew beginning.
Here on earth a life began.
Noblest, truest, &c.

3 Here in David's lowly city,
Tenant of the manger-bed,
Child of everlasting ages,
Mary's Infant lays His head.
Noblest, truest, &c. Amen.

223*

Cradled all lowly.

CH. GOUNOD.
Adapted for Children's Voices by
GEO. WM. WARREN.

Allegretto.
(Play these two bars before each verse.)
1. Cra - dled all low - ly, Be - hold the SAV-IOUR
mp
Cres.
Child, A Be - ing ho - ly In dwell - ing rude and wild, Ne'er
f
Cres.
yet was re - gal state Of mon-arch proud and great, Who
ff
grasp'd a na-tion's fate, So glorious as the man-ger-bed of Beth - le - hem.

2 No longer sorrow
As without hope, O earth!
A brighter morrow,
Dawn'd with that Infant's birth!
Our sins were great and sore,
But these the SAVIOUR bore,
And GOD was wroth no more,
His Own SON was the Child That lay in Bethlehem.

3 Babe weak and wailing,
In lowly village stall
Thy glory veiling,
Thou cam'st to die for all!
The sacrifice is done,
The world's atonement won
Till time its course hath run,
O JESU, SAVIOUR! Morning Star of Bethlehem.

Christmas Carols.

2 There pilgrims who in countries far
Had seen by night CHRIST's natal star,
Now, lowly bending, presents bring,
An offering to their GOD and King.
Rejoice! our SAVIOUR, &c.

3 Then rise, good Christians! rise and sing
Hosannas to the new-born King!
And with angelic hosts above
Proclaim to earth GOD's perfect love.
Rejoice! our SAVIOUR, &c.

4 Now blazing yule logs crown the hearth,
Diffusing warmth with light and mirth;
Now oft the Christmas tale is told
Of Christmas deeds in days of old.
Rejoice! our SAVIOUR, &c.

5 Now holly boughs bedeck the wall,
In lowly cot, and lofty hall;
Now Christmas gambols quaint and rare
Divert the sad, and banish care.
Rejoice! our SAVIOUR, &c.

6 Then open wide the stately hall,
And banquet spread for great and small;
And we, with garlands gay, will bring
The tuneful harp, and ever sing.
Rejoice! our SAVIOUR, &c.

NOTE. The first verse is from an old English Carol, the chorus of which is quoted by Mr. Irving in the Sketch Book.

"IN the century preceding the present, as midnight approached, the Carol-Singers and Bell-Ringers prepared to usher in the morning of the Nativity with the usual rejoicings, so that all at once bells rang in the middle of the night; singing was heard, and bands of music went playing through the towns and villages and outskirts, and round about to all the principal houses of the country families.

"In the West of England the Carol-Singers often used to repair to the Church-Porch, or to the Porch of some ancient house, to sing-in Christmas morning.

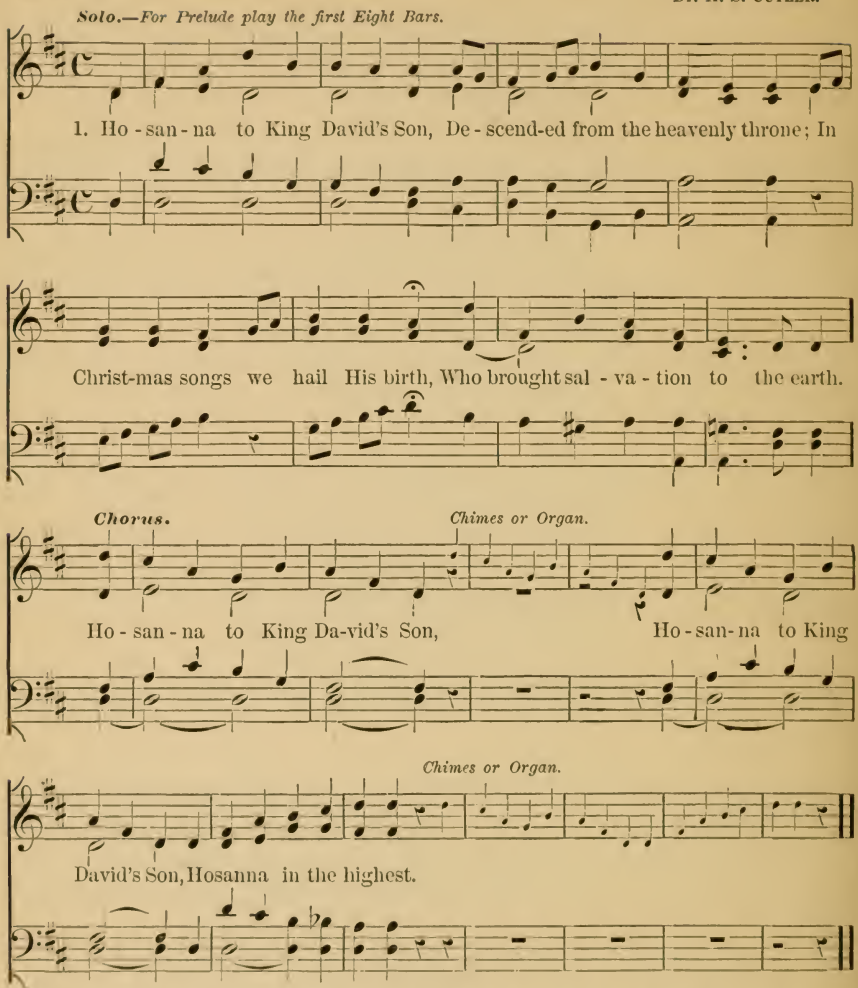
"The following scene is described by the author of the 'Sketch-Book,' on his visit to Yorkshire at this time of the year. He awoke in the night with the sound of music beneath his window, which then floated off to a distance. Then there was singing, which sounded in the porch. 'In the morning,' he says, 'as I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently, a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas Carol, the burden of which was—

'Rejoice! our Saviour, He was born
'On Christmas-day, in the morning.'"

Christmas, 1857. N. B. W.

226 Hosanna to King David's Son.

Dr. H. S. Cutler.


Solo.—For Prelude play the first Eight Bars.
1. Ho - san - na to King David's Son, De - scend-ed from the heavenly throne; In
Christ-mas songs we hail His birth, Who brought sal - va - tion to the earth.
Chorus.
Chimes or Organ.
Ho - san - na to King Da-vid's Son, Ho - san - na to King
Chimes or Organ.
David's Son, Hosanna in the highest.

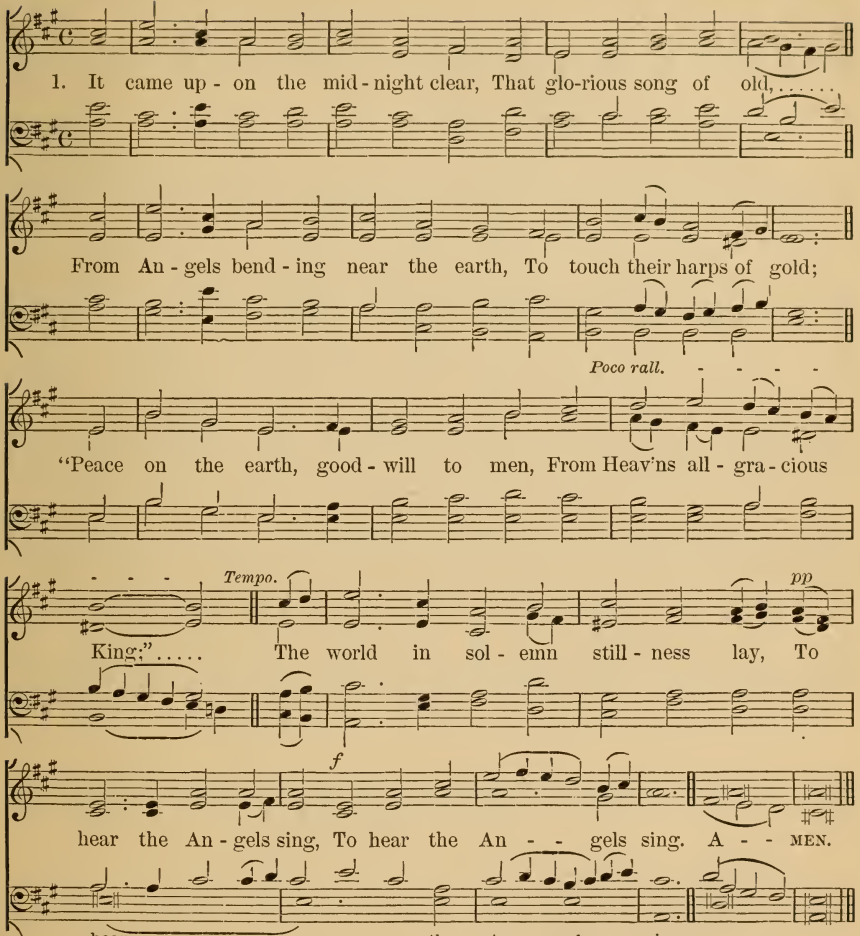
2 Hosanna to the new-born Child,
Of Virgin Mother, meek and mild!
In manger-cradle see Him laid,
By Whom the earth and heavens were made.
Hosanna to the Wonderful! &c.

3 Hosanna to the Incarnate Word,
In Bethlehem born! The mighty God!
Our hearts and tongues with joy shall raise
Their glad hosannas to His praise!
Hosanna to the mighty God! &c.

4 With shepherds on Judea's plains,
With Angels in their nobler strains;
Let our hosannas joyful rise
To join the anthems of the skies!
Hosanna, everlasting Father! &c.

5 Let every nation, every voice,
In merry Christmas songs rejoice;
Both old and young with gladness sing,
That Christ is born to be our King!
Hosanna to the Prince of Peace!

227* It came upon the midnight clear.

Rev. Dr. J. B. DYKES. 1873.

1. It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glo-rious song of old,
From An - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
Poco rall.
"Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From Heav'ns all - gra - cious
Tempo.
pp
King;" The world in sol - emn still - ness lay, To
f
hear the An - gels sing, To hear the An - gels sing. A - MEN.
hear
the An - gels sing.

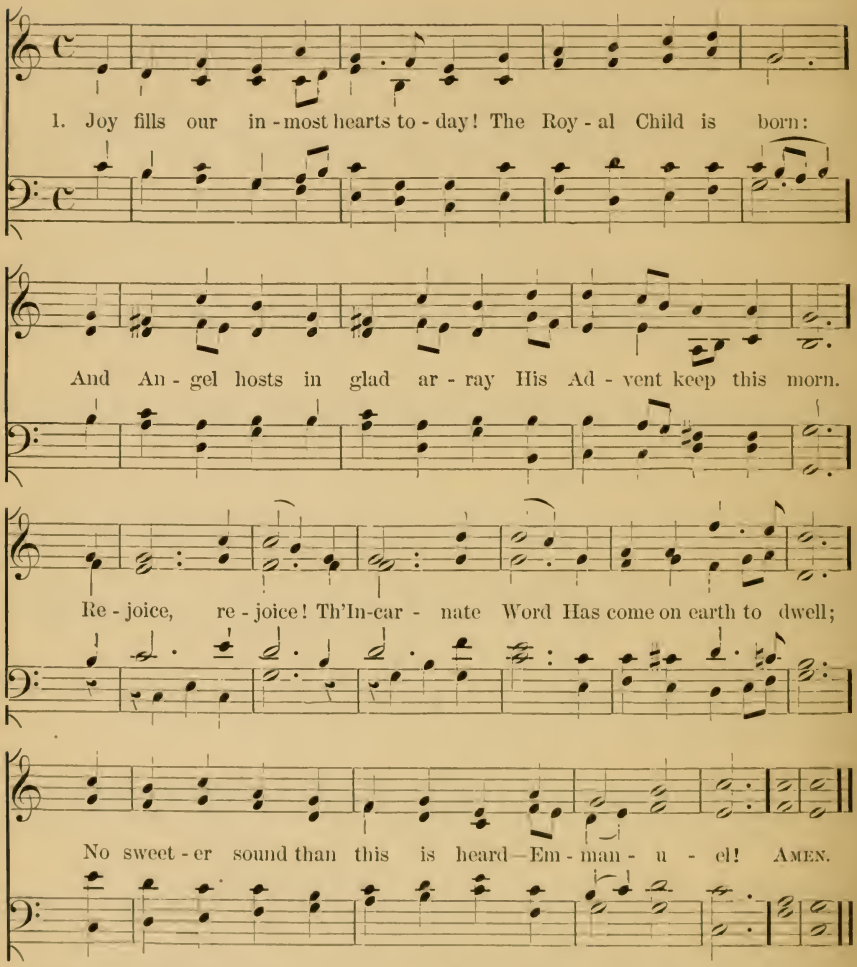
2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurl'd;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessèd Angels sing.

3 O ye beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow!
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the Angels sing.

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the time foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the Angels sing. AMEN.

228 Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day!

SAMUEL SMITH.


1. Joy fills our in-most hearts to-day! The Roy-al Child is born:
And An-gel hosts in glad ar-ray His Ad-vent keep this morn.
Re-joice, re-joice! Th'In-car-nate Word Has come on earth to dwell;
No sweet-er sound than this is heard—Em-man-u-el! AMEN.

2 Low at the cradle-throne we bend,
We wonder and adore;
And feel no bliss can ours transcend,
No joy was sweet before.
Rejoice, rejoice! &c.

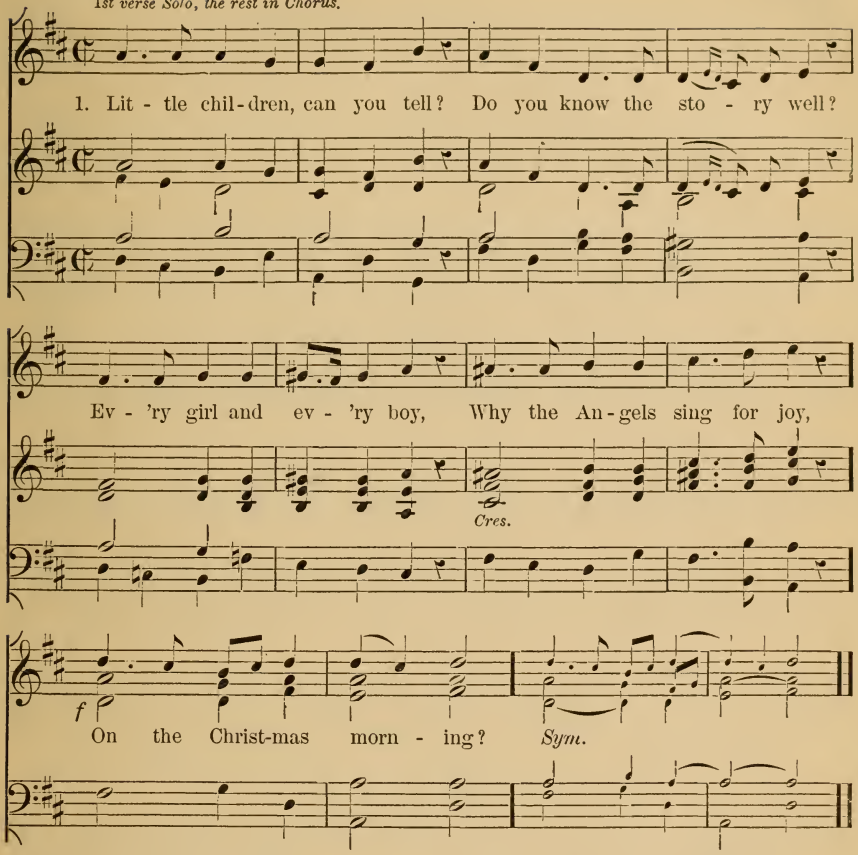
3 For us the world must lose its charms
Before the manger-shrine,
When, folded in Thy mother's arms,
We see Thee, Babe divine.
Rejoice, rejoice! &c.

4 Thou Light of uncreated Light,
Shine on us, Holy Child;
That we may keep Thy Birthday bright,
With service undefiled.
Rejoice, rejoice! &c. AMEN.

229* Little children, can you tell?

J. I. T.

1st verse Solo, the rest in Chorus.


1. Lit - tle chil-dren, can you tell? Do you know the sto - ry well?
Ev - 'ry girl and ev - 'ry boy, Why the An-gels sing for joy,
Cres.
f
On the Christ-mas morn - ing? Sym.

2 Yes, we know the story well;
Listen now, and hear us tell
Ev'ry girl and ev'ry boy
Why the Angels sing for joy
On the Christmas morning.

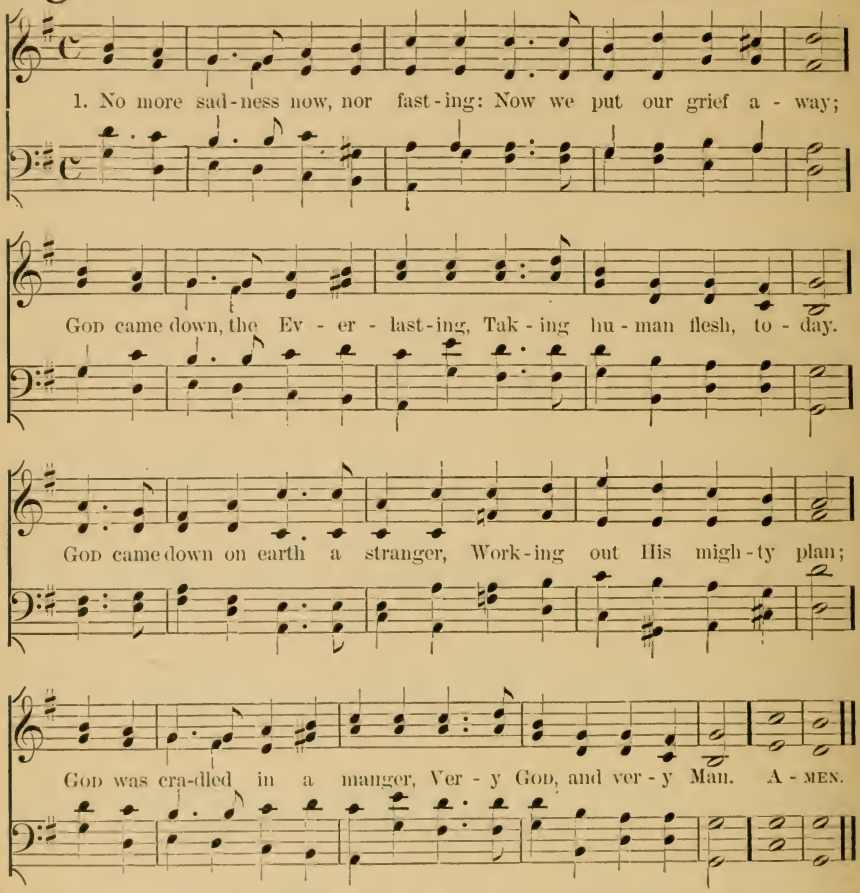
3 Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scattered round,
When a brightness filled the sky,
And a song was heard on high
On the Christmas morning.

4 "Joy and peace," the Angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang;
"Peace on earth! to men good-will,"
Hark! the Angels sing it still
On the Christmas morning.

5 For a little Babe that day
Cradled in a manger lay,
Born on earth our LORD to be;
This the wondering Angels see
On the Christmas morning.

6 Joy our little hearts shall fill,
Peace and love, and all good-will;
This fair Babe of Bethlehem,
Children loves, and blesses them
On the Christmas morning.

230 No more sadness now, nor fasting.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. No more sad-ness now, nor fast-ing: Now we put our grief a - way;
God came down, the Ev - er - last-ing, Tak - ing hu - man flesh, to - day.
God came down on earth a stranger, Work-ing out His migh-ty plan;
God was cra-dled in a manger, Ver - y God, and ver - y Man. A - MEN.

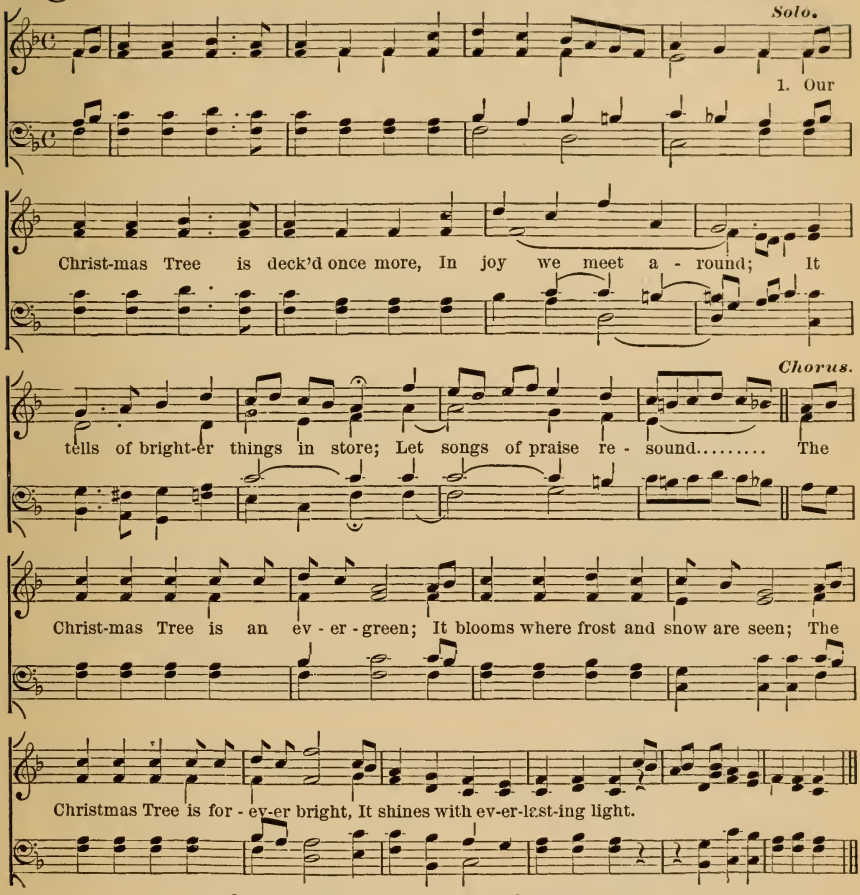
2 There were shepherds once abiding
In the field to watch by night,
And they saw the clouds dividing
And the sky above was bright;
And a glory shone around them
On the grass as they were laid;
And a holy Angel found them,
And their hearts were sore afraid.

3 "Fear ye not" he said, "for cheerful
Are the tidings that I bring,
Unto you, so weak and fearful,
CHRIST is born, the LORD and King."
As the Angel told the story
Of the SAVIOUR's lowly birth,
Multitudes were singing "Glory
Be to GOD, and peace on earth!"

4 Since Thy love for our salvation,
SAVIOUR, covered Thee with shame,
Let Thy Church, in every nation,
Sing the glory of Thy Name;
Let Thy HOLY SPIRIT make us
Full of humbleness and love,
Like Thyself, until Thou take us
To our FATHER's House above. AMEN.

231* Our Christmas Tree is decked once more.

Dr. H. S. Cutler.


Solo.
1. Our
Christ-mas Tree is deck'd once more, In joy we meet a - round; It
Chorus.
tells of bright-er things in store; Let songs of praise re - sound..... The
Christ-mas Tree is an ev - er - green; It blooms where frost and snow are seen; The
Christmas Tree is for - ev-er bright, It shines with ev-er-last-ing light.

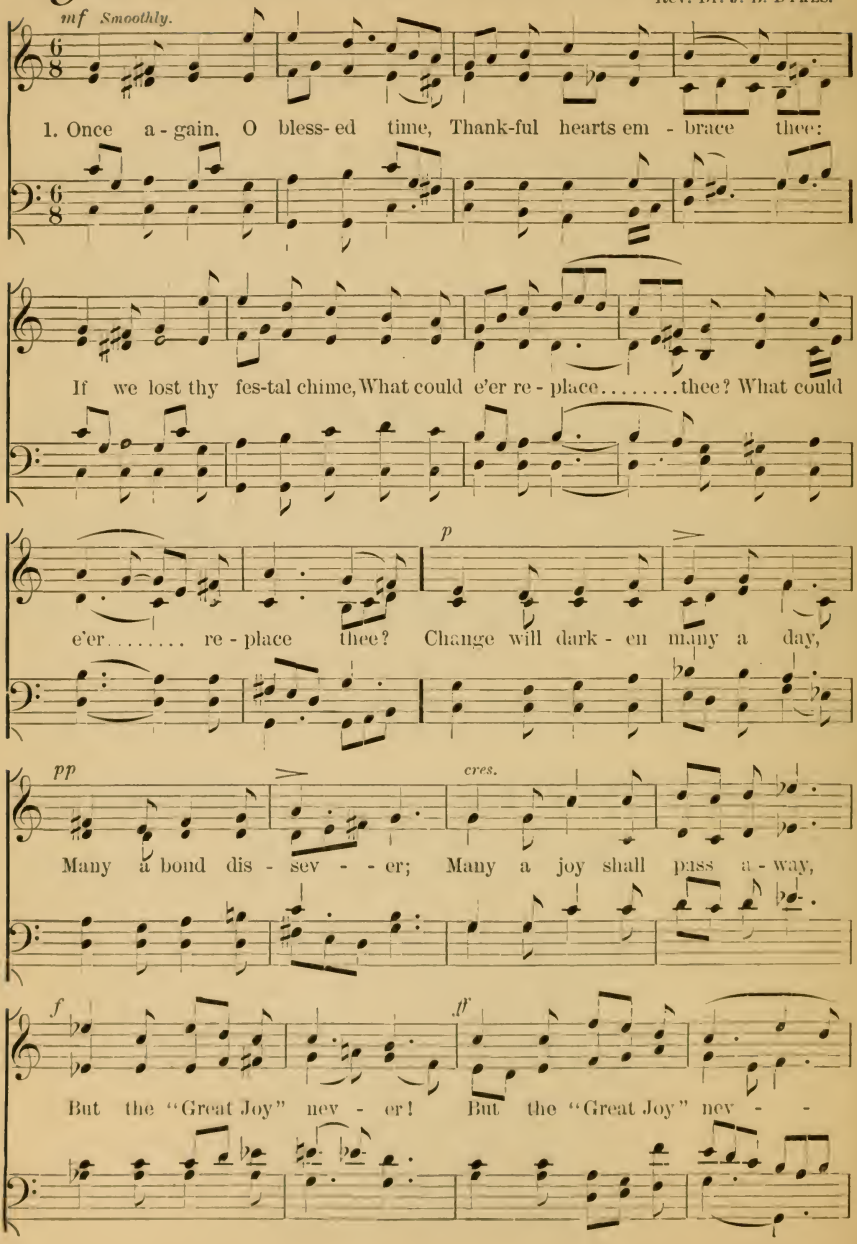
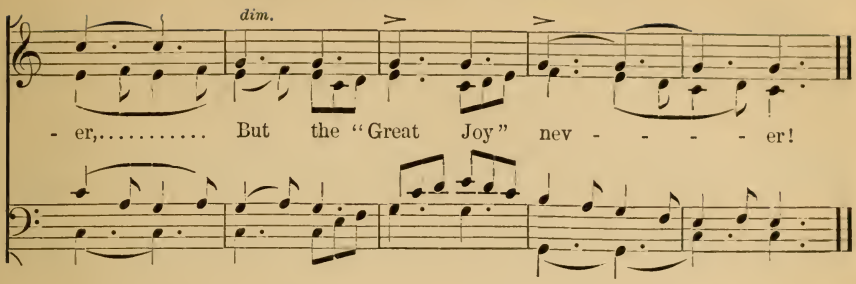
2 Our Christmas Tree is fresh and green,
While skies are cold and drear;
Its harvest store of fruit is seen,
When winter blights the year.
The Christmas Tree is an ever-green, &c.

3 Our Christmas Tree is shining bright,
While evening shades surround;
Thus God doth give His children light,
When darkness falls around.
The Christmas Tree is an ever-green, &c.

4 Kind friends! whose hands have deck'd this Tree,
Our grateful thanks receive;
Yet, Lord! for Christmas joys, to Thee
Our highest praise we give.
The Christmas Tree is an ever-green, &c.

232 Once again, O blessèd time.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Dykes.


mf Smoothly.
1. Once a - gain, O bless- ed time, Thank-ful hearts em - brace thee:
If we lost thy fes-tal chime, What could e'er re - place..... thee? What could
p
e'er..... re - place thee? Change will dark - en many a day,
pp
cres.
Many a bond dis - sev - - er; Many a joy shall pass a - way,
f
ff
But the "Great Joy" nev - er! But the "Great Joy" nev - -

2 Once again the Holy Night
Breathes its blessing tender;
Once again the Manger Light
Sheds its gentle splendour;
O could tongues by Angels taught
Speak our exultation
In the Virgin's Child that brought
All mankind Salvation!

3 Welcome Thou to souls athirst,
Fount of endless pleasure:
Gates of Hell may do their worst,
While we clasp our Treasure:
Welcome, though an age like this
Puts Thy Name on trial,
And the Truth that makes our bliss
Pleads against denial!

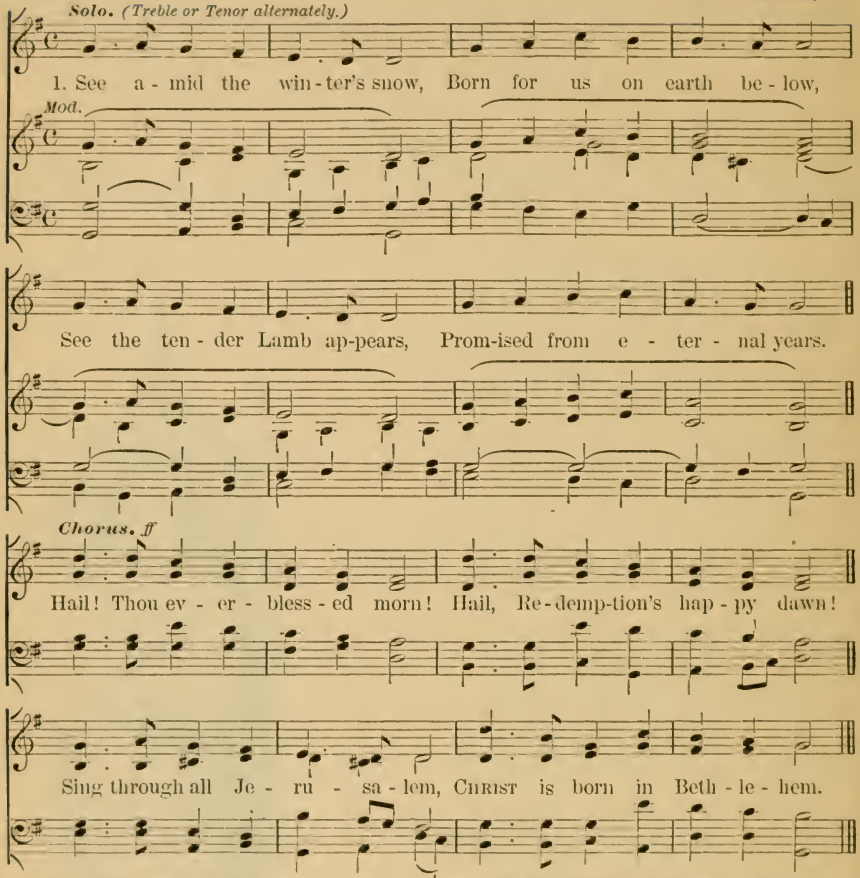
4 Yea, if others stand apart,
We will press the nearer;
Yea, O best fraternal Heart,
We will hold Thee dearer;
Faithful lips shall answer thus
To all faithless scorning,
"Jesus Christ is God with us,
Born on Christmas morning."

5 So we yield Thee all we can,
Worship, thanks, and blessing;
Thee true God, and Thee true Man
On our knees confessing;
While Thy Birthday morn we greet
With our best devotion,
Bathe us, O most true and sweet!
In Thy Mercy's ocean.

6 Thou That once, 'mid stable cold,
Wast in babe-clothes lying,
Thou Whose Altar-veils enfold
Power and Life undying,
Thou Whose Love bestows a worth
On each poor endeavour,
Have Thou joy of this Thy Birth
In our praise for ever.

233 See amid the winter's snow.

Sir John Goss.


Solo. (Treble or Tenor alternately.)
1. See a - mid the win - ter's snow, Born for us on earth be - low,
Mod.
See the ten - der Lamb ap-pears, Prom-ised from e - ter - nal years.
Chorus. ff
Hail! Thou ev - er - bless - ed morn! Hail, Re-demp-tion's hap - py dawn!
Sing through all Je - ru - sa - lem, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.

2 Lo, within a manger lies
He Who built the starry skies;
He, Who throned in height sublime,
Sits amid the Cherubim!
Hail! Thou ever-blessèd, &c.

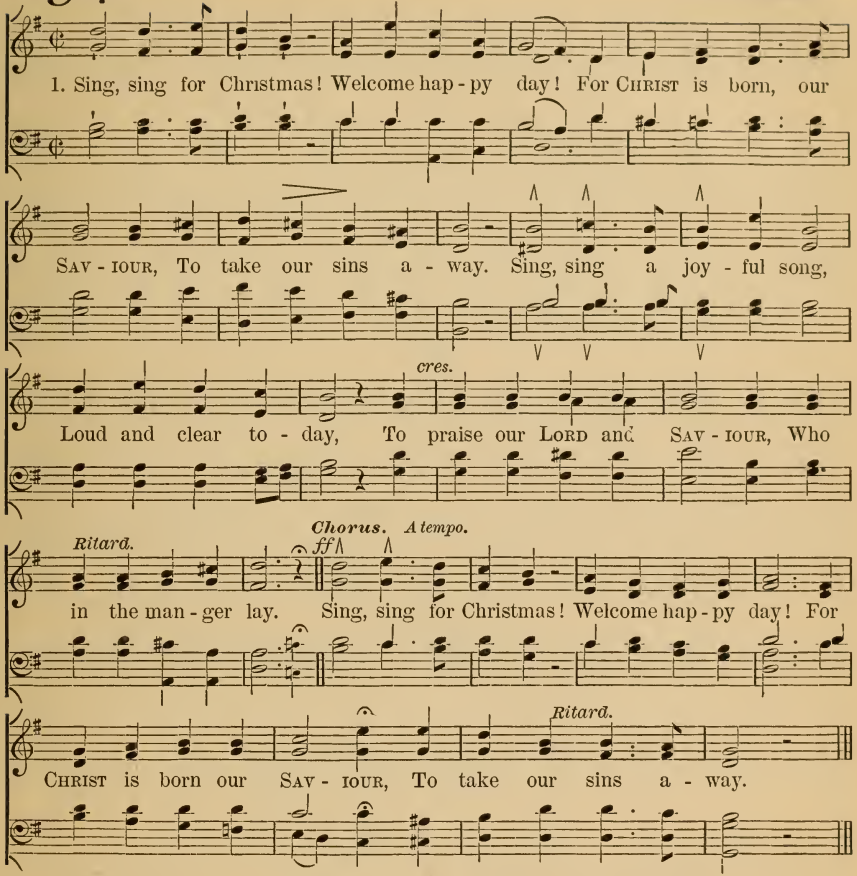
3 Say, ye holy Shepherds, say,
What your joyful news to-day;
Wherefore have ye left your sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?
Hail! Thou ever-blessèd, &c.

4 "As we watched at dead of night,
Lo, we saw a wondrous light;
Angels singing peace on earth,
Told us of the Saviour's Birth."
Hail! Thou ever-blessèd, &c.

5 Sacred Infant, all Divine,
What a tender love was Thine;
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!
Hail! Thou ever-blessèd, &c.

6 Teach, O teach us, Holy Child,
By Thy Face so meek and mild,
Teach us to resemble Thee,
In Thy sweet humility!
Hail! Thou ever-blessèd, &c.

234† Sing, sing for Christmas.

W. W. ROUSSEAU.

1. Sing, sing for Christmas! Welcome hap - py day! For CHRIST is born, our
SAV - IOUR, To take our sins a - way. Sing, sing a joy - ful song,
cres.
Loud and clear to - day, To praise our LORD and SAV - IOUR, Who
Chorus. A tempo.
Ritard.
ff
in the man - ger lay. Sing, sing for Christmas! Welcome hap - py day! For
Ritard.
CHRIST is born our SAV - IOUR, To take our sins a - way.

2 Tell, tell the story
Of the wondrous night
When shepherds who were watching
Their flocks till morning light,
Saw Angel hosts from Heaven,
Heard the Angel voice,
And so were told the tidings
Which makes the world rejoice.—*Cho.*

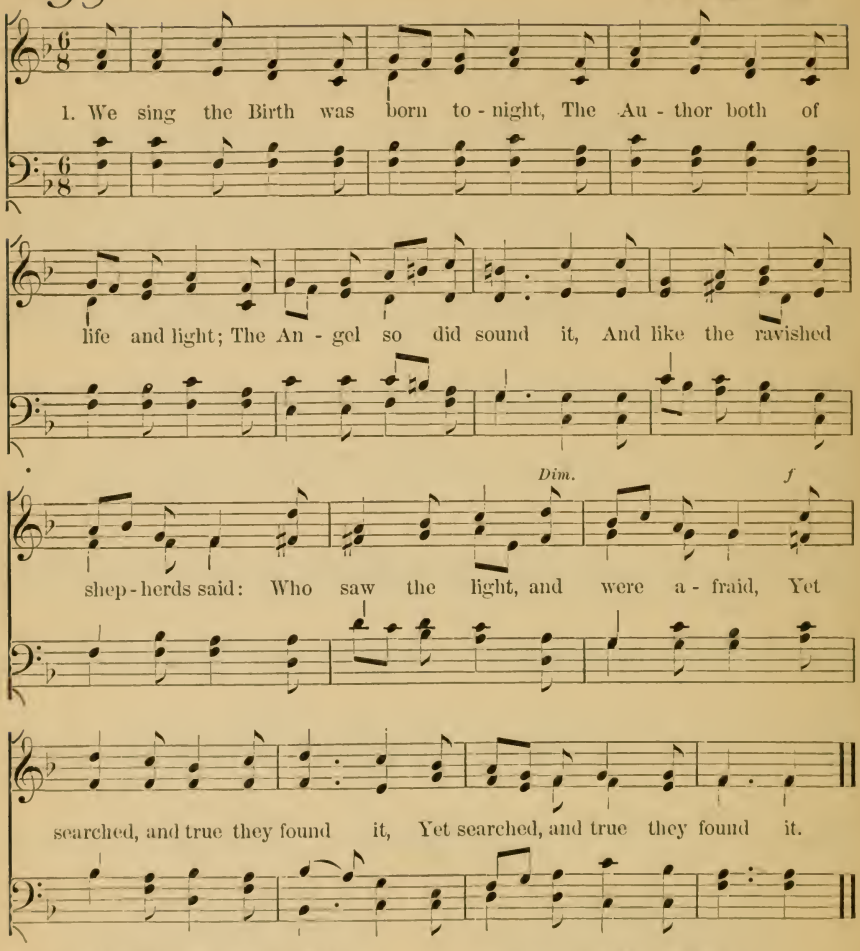
3 Soft, softly shining,
Stars were in the sky,
And silver fell the moonlight
On hill and mountain high,
When suddenly the night
Outshone the bright mid day,
With Angel hosts who herald
The reign of peace for aye.—*Cho.*

4 Hark, hear them singing,
Singing in the sky,
"Be worship, honour, glory,
And praise to GOD on high!
Peace, peace, good-will to men
Born the Child from Heaven!
The CHRIST, the LORD, the SAVIOUR,
The SON to you is given!"—*Cho.*

5 Sing, sing for Christmas!
Echo, earth, the cry
Of worship, honour, glory,
And praise to GOD on high!
Sing, sing the joyful song,
Let it never cease,
Of glory in the highest,
On earth, good-will and peace.—*Cho.*

235* We sing the Birth was born to-night.

E. J. Hopkins. 1873.


1. We sing the Birth was born to - night, The Au - thor both of
life and light; The An - gel so did sound it, And like the ravished
Dim.
f
shep - herds said: Who saw the light, and were a - fraid, Yet
searched, and true they found it, Yet searched, and true they found it.

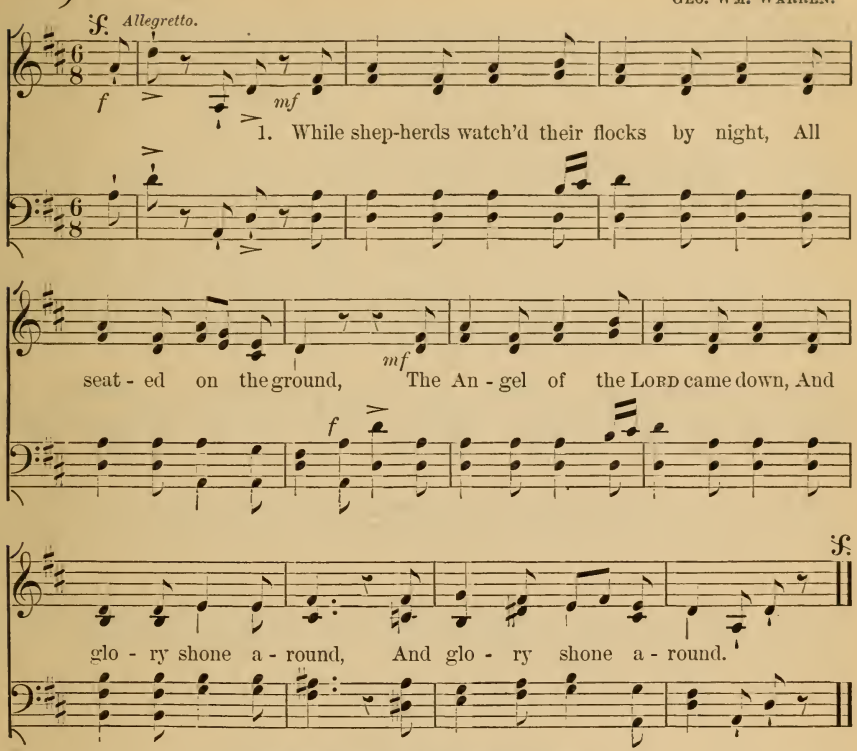
2 The Son of God, the Eternal King,
That did us all salvation bring,
And freed the soul from danger;
He Whom the whole world could not take,
The Word, Which heaven and earth did make
Was now laid in a manger.

3 The Father's wisdom willed it so,
The Son's obedience knew no No,
Both wills were in one stature;
And as that wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on Him our nature.

4 What comfort by Him do we win,
Who made Himself the price of sin,
To make us heirs of Glory!
To see this Babe, all innocence,
A martyr born in our defence;
Can man forget this story?

236* While shepherds watched their flocks.

GEO. WM. WARREN.

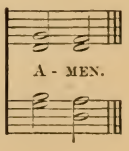

Allegretto.
1. While shep-herds watch'd their flocks by night, All
seat - ed on the ground, The An - gel of the LORD came down, And
glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.

2 "Fear not" said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind:
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

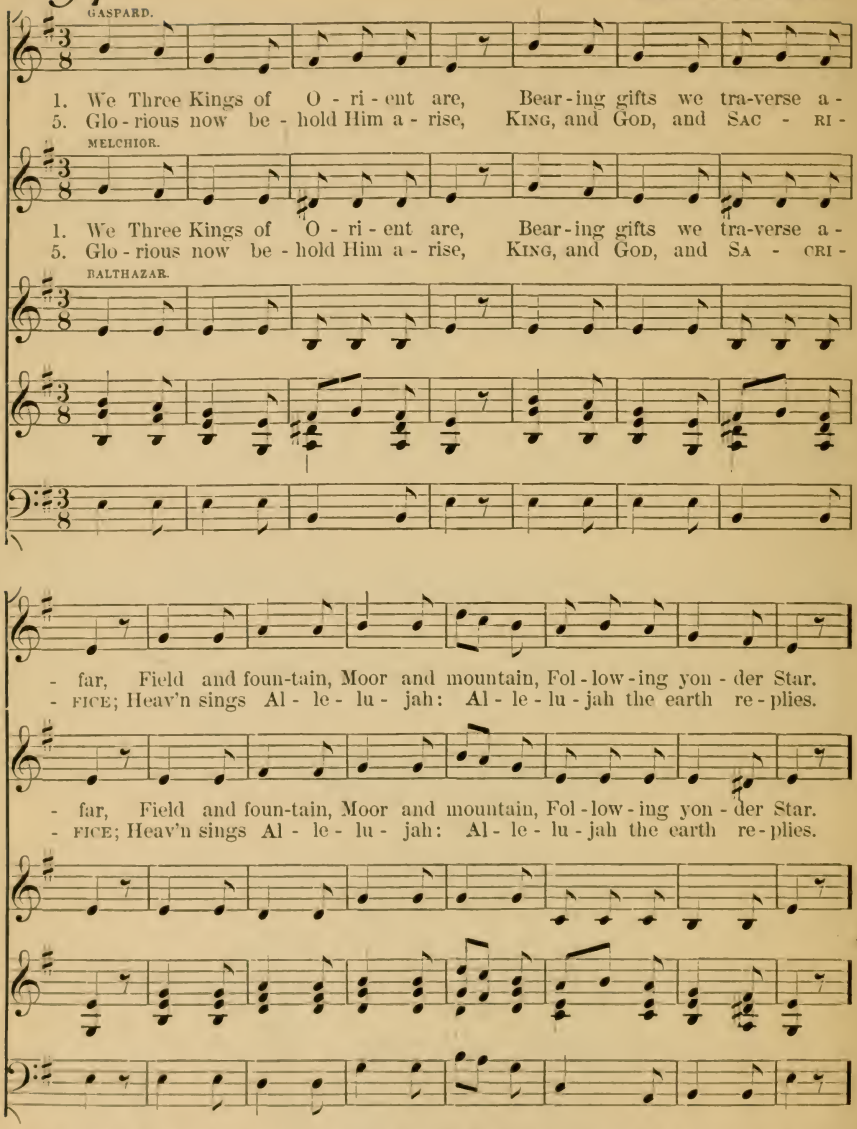
3 "To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The SAVIOUR, Who is CHRIST the LORD;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

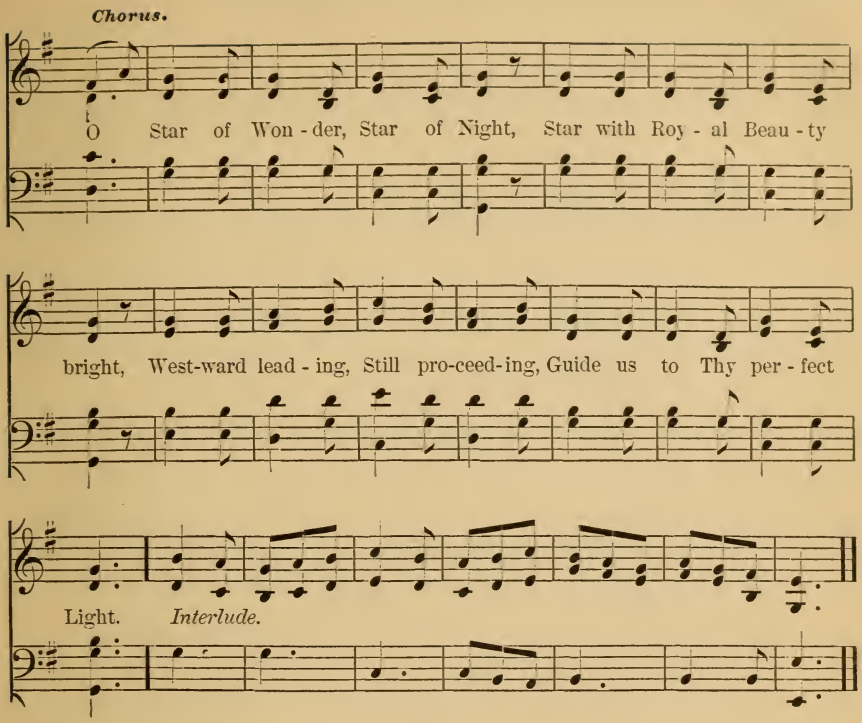
5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of Angels, praising GOD, and thus
Address'd their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to GOD on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

237 We Three Kings of Orient are.

Words and Music by JR.


GASPARD.
1. We Three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra-verse a -
5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, KING, and GOD, and SAC - RI -
MELCHIOR.
1. We Three Kings of O - ri - ent are, Bear - ing gifts we tra-verse a -
5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, KING, and GOD, and SA - CRI -
BALTHAZAR.
- far, Field and foun-tain, Moor and mountain, Fol - low - ing yon - der Star.
- FICE; Heav'n sings Al - le - lu - jah: Al - le - lu - jah the earth re - plies.
- far, Field and foun-tain, Moor and mountain, Fol - low - ing yon - der Star.
- FICE; Heav'n sings Al - le - lu - jah: Al - le - lu - jah the earth re - plies.

N. B.—Each of verses 2, 3, and 4, is sung as a solo, to the music of Gaspard's part in the 1st and 5th verses, the accompaniment and chorus being the same throughout. Only verses 1 and 5 are sung as a trio. Men's voices are best for the parts of the Three Kings, but the music is set in the G clef for the accommodation of children.


Chorus.
O Star of Won - der, Star of Night, Star with Roy - al Beau - ty
bright, West-ward lead - ing, Still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to Thy per - fect
Light. Interlude.

GASPARD.

2 Born a KING on Bethlehem plain,
GOLD I bring to crown Him again,
King for ever,
Ceasing never
Over us all to reign.
O Star, &c.

MELCHIOR.

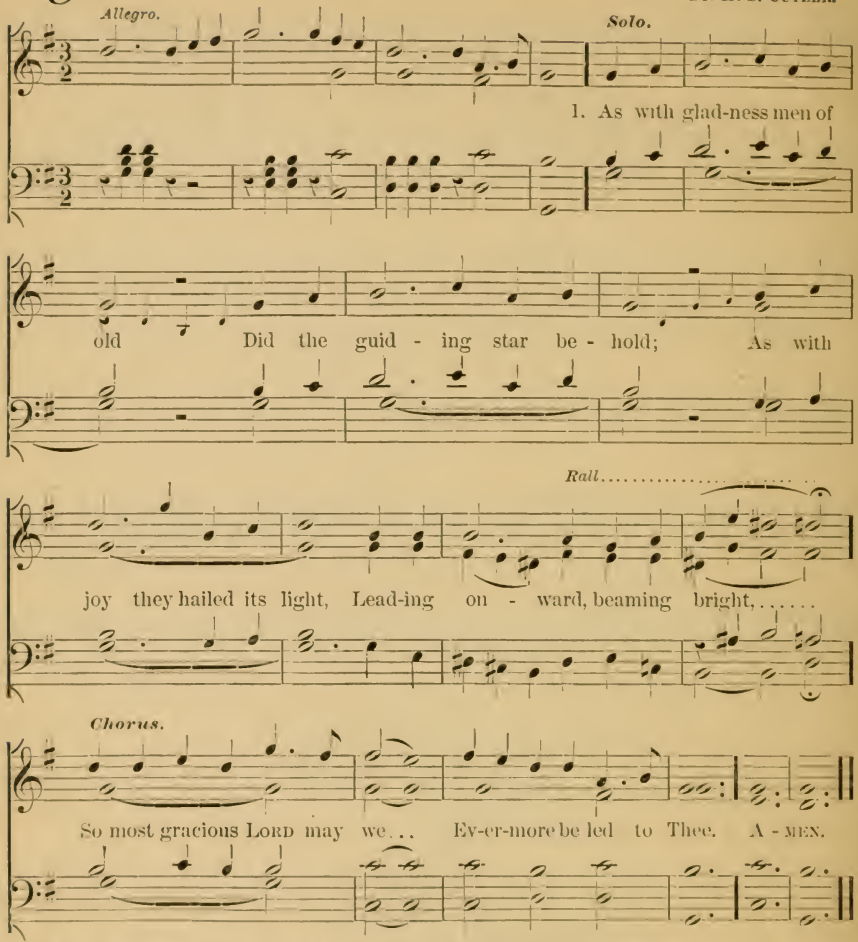
3 FRANKINCENSE to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh:
Prayer and praising
All men raising,
Worship Him GOD on High.
O Star, &c.

BALTHAZAR.

4 MYRRH is mine; its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;—
Sorrowing, sighing,
Bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
O Star, &c. AMEN

238* As with gladness men of old.

Dr. H. S. Cutler.


Allegro.
Solo.
1. As with glad-ness men of
old Did the guid - ing star be - hold; As with
Rall.
joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on - ward, beaming bright,
Chorus.
So most gracious Lord may we... Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A - men.

2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him Whom Heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

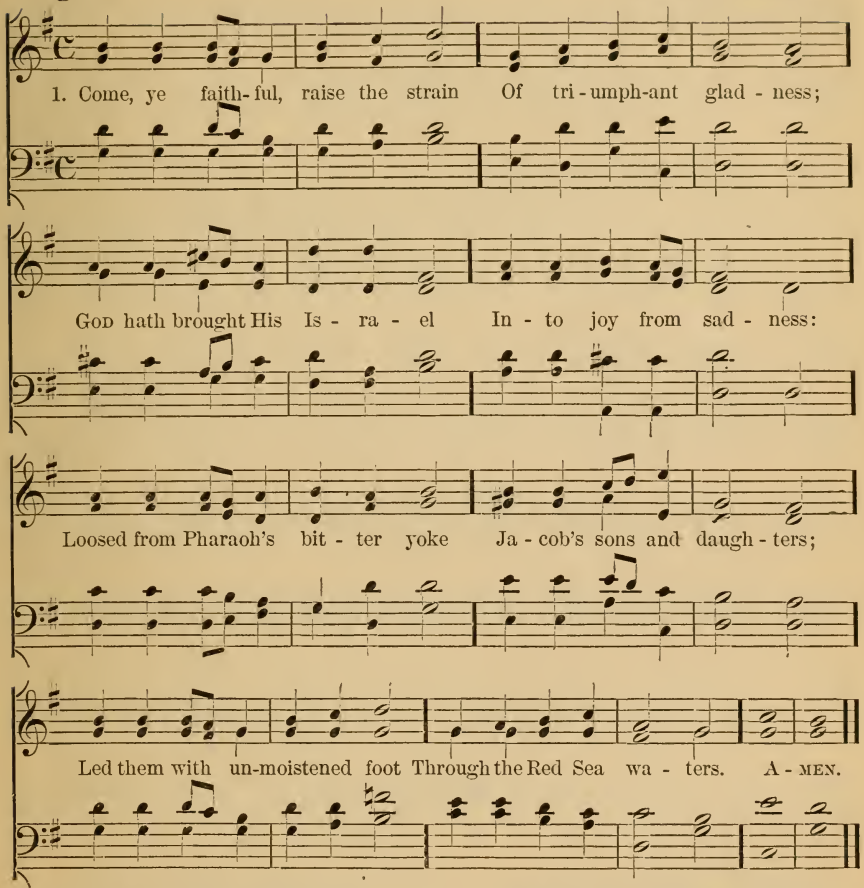
3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesu, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light;
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,
Thou its Sun which goes not down;
There for ever may we sing
Alleluias to our King. Amen.

239 Come, ye faithful, raise the strain.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

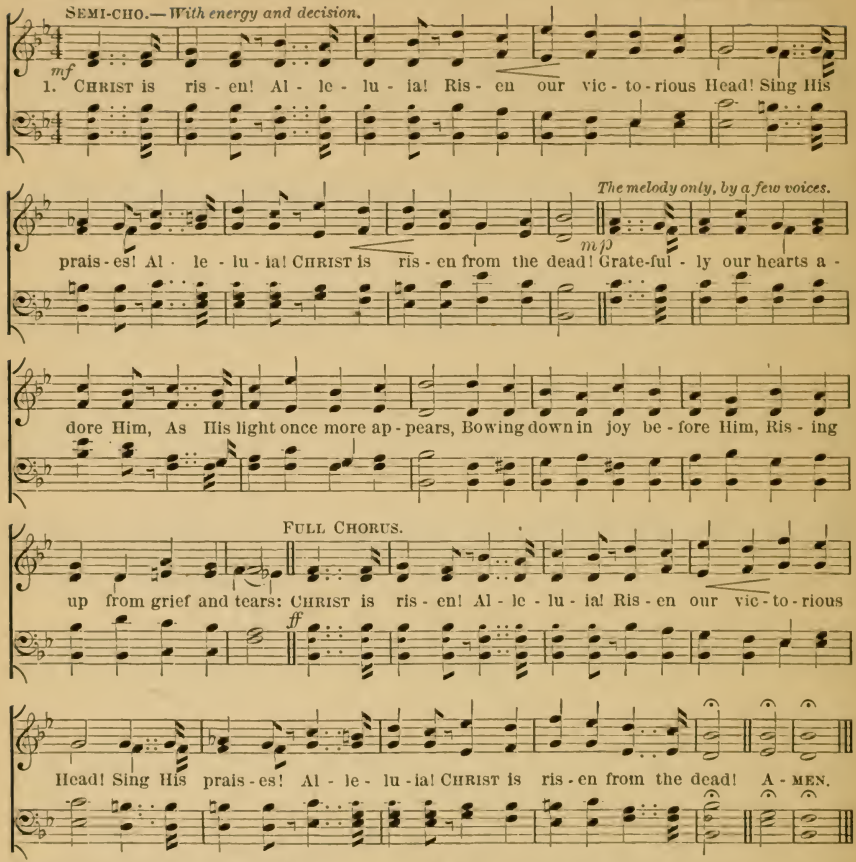

1. Come, ye faith-ful, raise the strain Of tri-umph-ant glad-ness;
God hath brought His Is-ra-el In-to joy from sad-ness:
Loosed from Pharaoh's bit-ter yoke Ja-cob's sons and daugh-ters;
Led them with un-moistened foot Through the Red Sea wa-ters. A-MEN.

2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
CHRIST hath burst His prison;
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen:
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render,
Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
JESU'S Resurrection.

4 Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal;
Alleluia, with the SON
GOD the FATHER praising;
Alleluia yet again
To the SPIRIT raising. AMEN.

240† Christ is risen! Alleluia!

HENRY WILSON.

SEMI-CHO.—With energy and decision.
mf
1. CHRIST is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en our vic - to - rious Head! Sing His
The melody only, by a few voices.
prais - es! Al - le - lu - ia! CHRIST is ris - en from the dead! Grate-ful - ly our hearts a -
mp
dore Him, As His light once more ap - pears, Bowing down in joy be - fore Him, Ris - ing
FULL CHORUS.
up from grief and tears: CHRIST is ris - en! Al - le - lu - ia! Ris - en our vic - to - rious
ff
Head! Sing His prais - es! Al - le - lu - ia! CHRIST is ris - en from the dead! A - MEN.

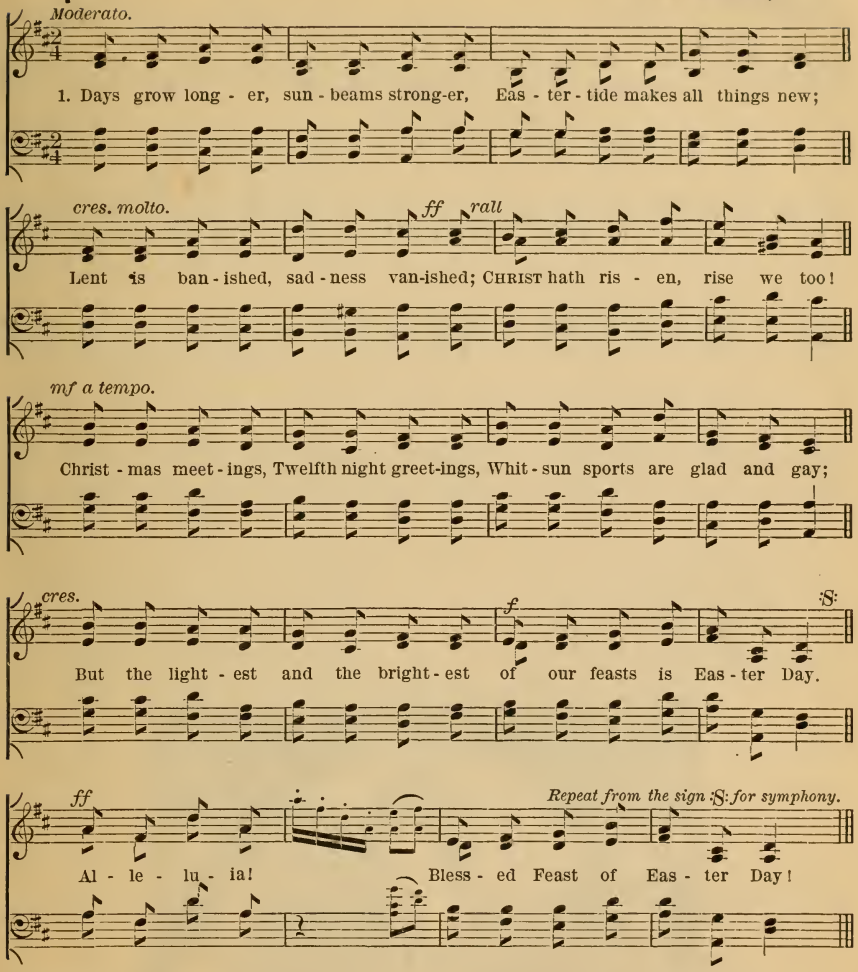
2 CHRIST is risen! all the sadness
Of our Lenten fast is o'er,
Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more:
Death and hell before Him bending,
He doth rise, the Victor now,
Angels on His steps attending
Glory round His wounded brow;
CHO.—CHRIST is risen! &c.

3 CHRIST is risen! all the sorrow
That last evening round Him lay,
Now hath found a glorious morrow
In the rising of to-day:
And the grave its first-fruits giveth,
Springing up from holy ground,
He was dead, but now He liveth,
He was lost, but He is found:
CHO.—CHRIST is risen! &c.

4 CHRIST is risen! henceforth never
Death or hell shall us enthrall,
Be we CHRIST's, in Him for ever
We have triumph'd over all;
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis His day of Resurrection!
Let us rise and keep the Feast:
CHO.—CHRIST is risen! &c.

241 Days grow longer, sunbeams stronger.

GEO. WM. WARREN, 1862.


Moderato.
1. Days grow long - er, sun - beams strong-er, Eas - ter - tide makes all things new;
cres. molto.
ff
rall
Lent is ban - ished, sad - ness van-ished; CHRIST hath ris - en, rise we too!
mf a tempo.
Christ - mas meet - ings, Twelfth night greet-ings, Whit - sun sports are glad and gay;
cres.
f
S
But the light - est and the bright - est of our feasts is Eas - ter Day.
ff
Repeat from the sign S for symphony.
Al - le - lu - ia!
Bless - ed Feast of Eas - ter Day!

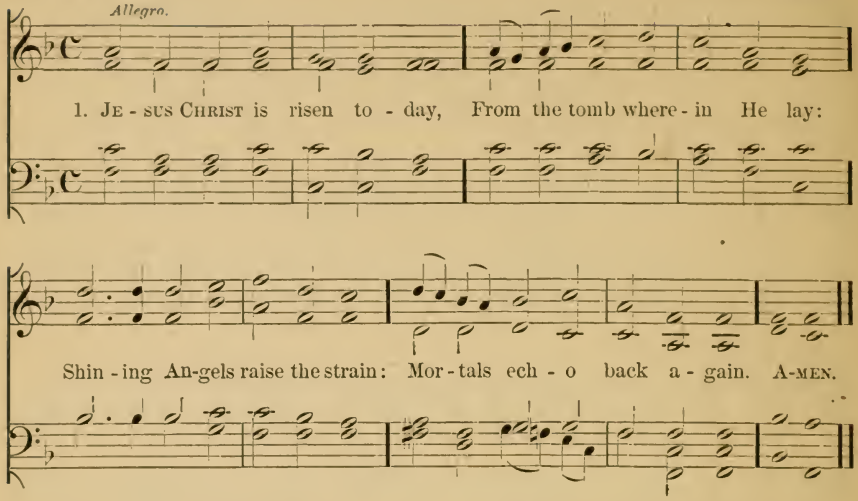
2 Earthly story crowns with glory
Him who earthly foes o'ercame:
Victor's laurel ends the quarrel;
Honour dwells about His Name:
Vanquish'd legions, conquer'd regions,
Kings deposed and princes bound,—
Exultation, acclamation,
Fill His ears and float around.
Alleluia! Blessèd Feast of Easter Day.

3 Then unending and transcending
Be the glory of the SON:
For transcendent and resplendent
Was the vict'ry He hath won:
Death hath yielded, life is shielded,
Satan bound, and Hell in chains:
Chased is terror, fled is error,
Grief is past, and joy remains.
*‖: Alleluia! Blessèd Feast of Easter Day.‖:

* 2d time slowly, and with all power.

242* Jesus Christ is risen to-day.

Dr. H. S. Cutler.

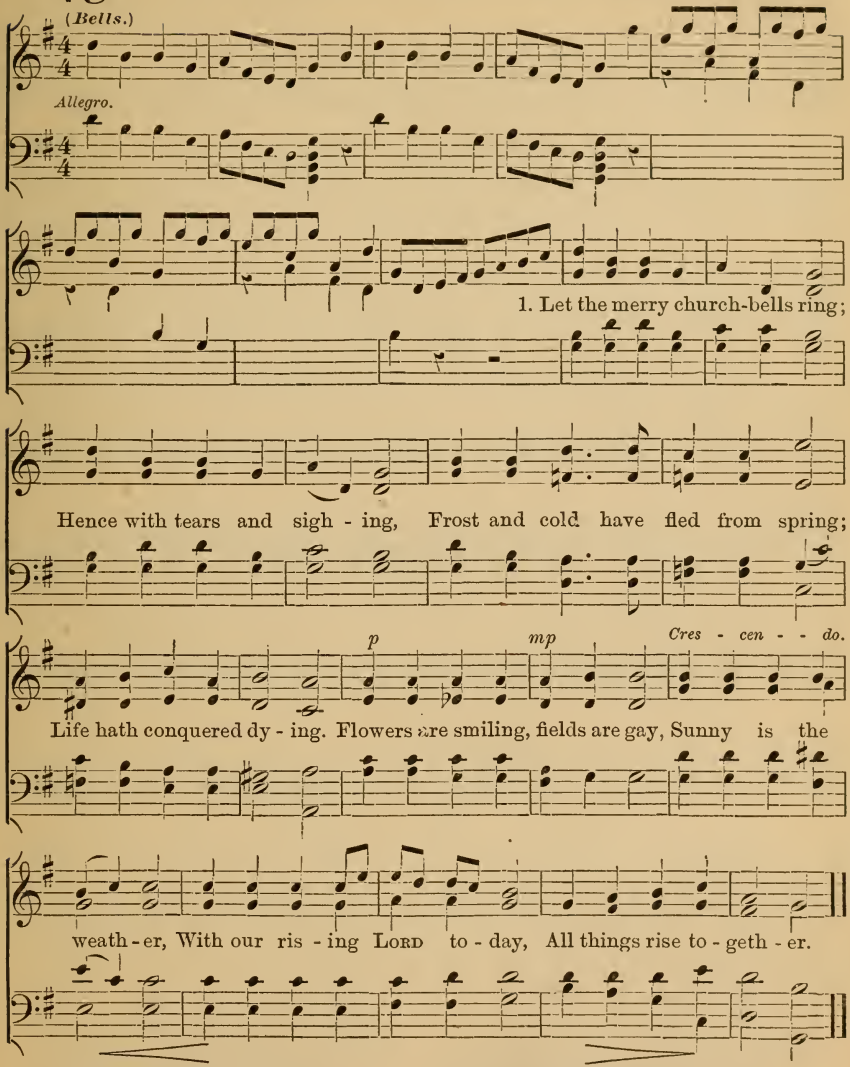

Allegro.
1. Je - sus Christ is risen to - day, From the tomb where - in He lay:
Shin - ing An-gels raise the strain: Mor - tals ech - o back a - gain. A-men.

2 God's creation springs anew,
Heaven opens on our view;
Jesus Christ hath burst the grave,
Sinners to release and save.

3 Sun of Righteousness! the Light
Of this Easter morning bright,
Springs through all the mists of sin:
Make us pure and clean within.

4 May we then, like Thee arise
Glad, triumphant to the skies;
Scattering shades of death away,
Rising to immortal day. Amen.

243* Let the merry church-bells ring.

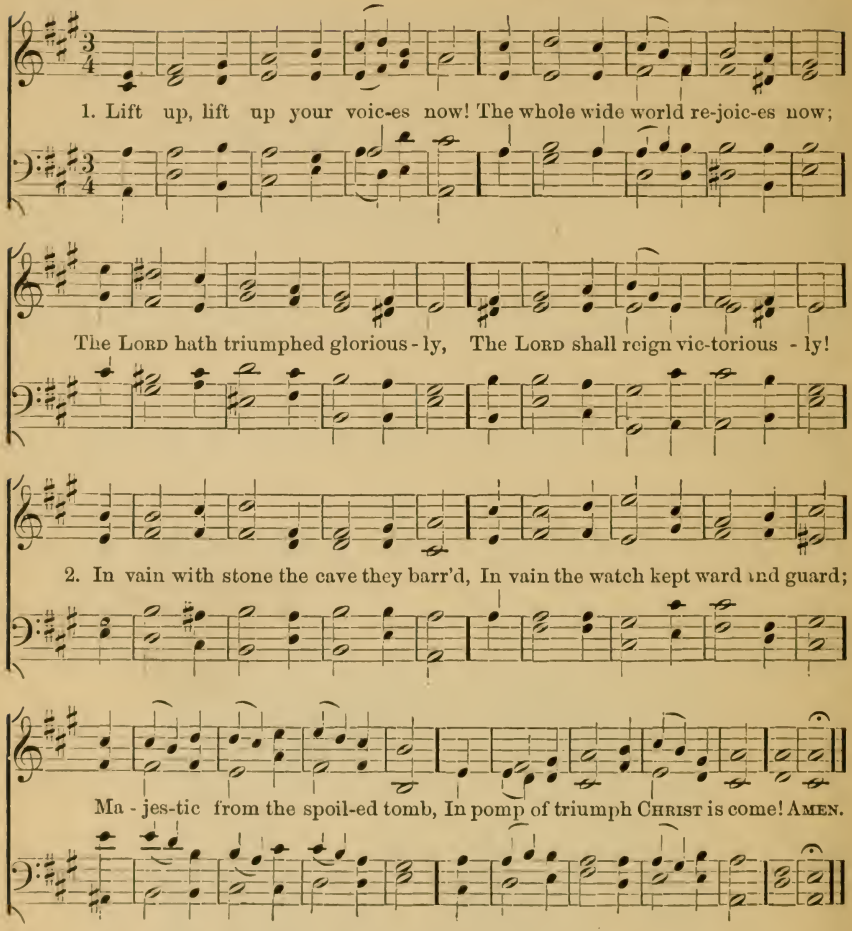
Dr. Henry S. Cutler.

(Bells.)
Allegro.
1. Let the merry church-bells ring;
Hence with tears and sigh - ing, Frost and cold have fled from spring;
p
mp
Cres - cen - - do.
Life hath conquered dy - ing. Flowers are smiling, fields are gay, Sunny is the
weath - er, With our ris - ing Lord to - day, All things rise to - geth - er.

2 Let the birds sing out again,
From their leafy chapel;
Praising Him, with Whom in vain
Satan sought to grapple.
Sounds of joy come fast and thick,
As the breezes flutter;
Resurrexit, non est hic,
Is the strain they utter.

3 Let the past of grief be past,
This our comfort giveth;
He was slain on Friday last,
But to-day He liveth.
Mourning heart must needs be gay,
Nor let sorrow vex it,
Since the very grave can say,
Christus resurrexit.

244* Lift up, lift up your voices now.

WALTER B. GILBERT, *Mus. B. Oxon.*


1. Lift up, lift up your voic-es now! The whole wide world re-joic-es now;
The LORD hath triumphed glorious - ly, The LORD shall reign vic-torious - ly!
2. In vain with stone the cave they barr'd, In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
Ma - jes-tic from the spoil-ed tomb, In pomp of triumph CHRIST is come! AMEN.

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe,
A countless host He frees from woe;
And Heaven's high portal open flies,
For CHRIST has risen, and man shall rise.

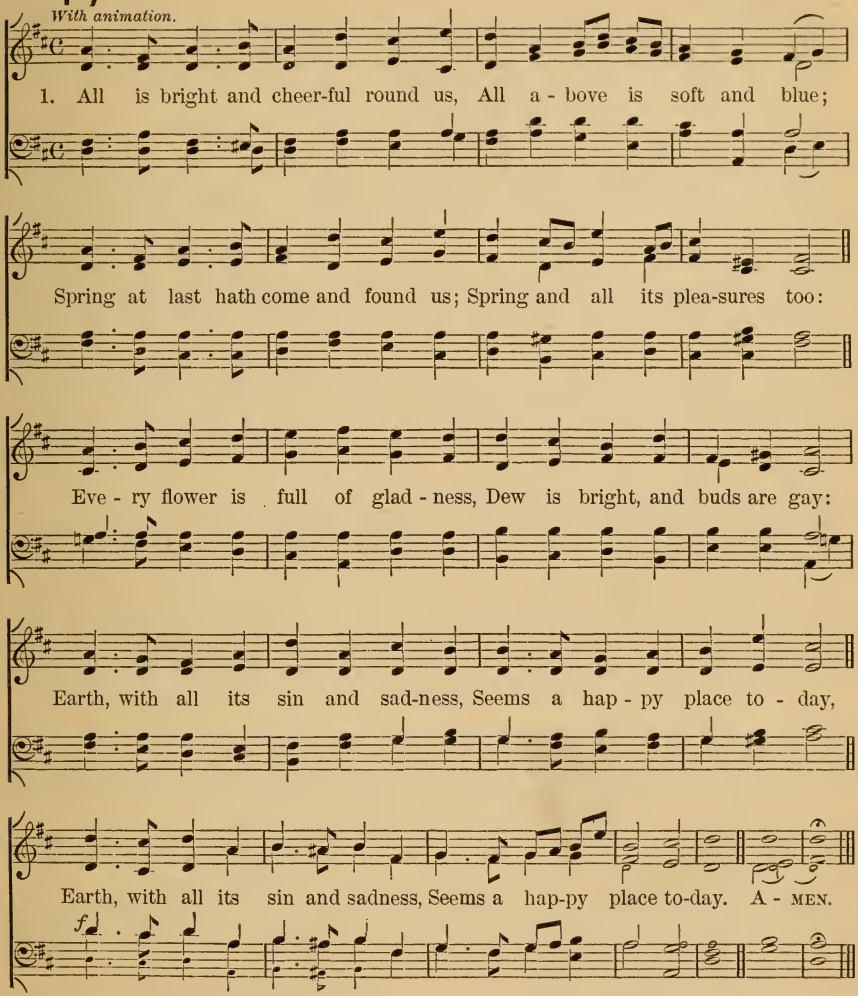
4 And all He did, and all He bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For CHRIST has won, and man shall win.

5 O VICTOR, aid us in the fight,
And lead thro' death to realms of light;
We safely pass where Thou hast trod;
In Thee we die, to rise to GOD.

6 Thy flock, from sin and death set free,
Glad Alleluia raise to Thee;
And ever with the heavenly Host
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.
AMEN.

247* All is bright and cheerful round us.

HENRY WILSON.

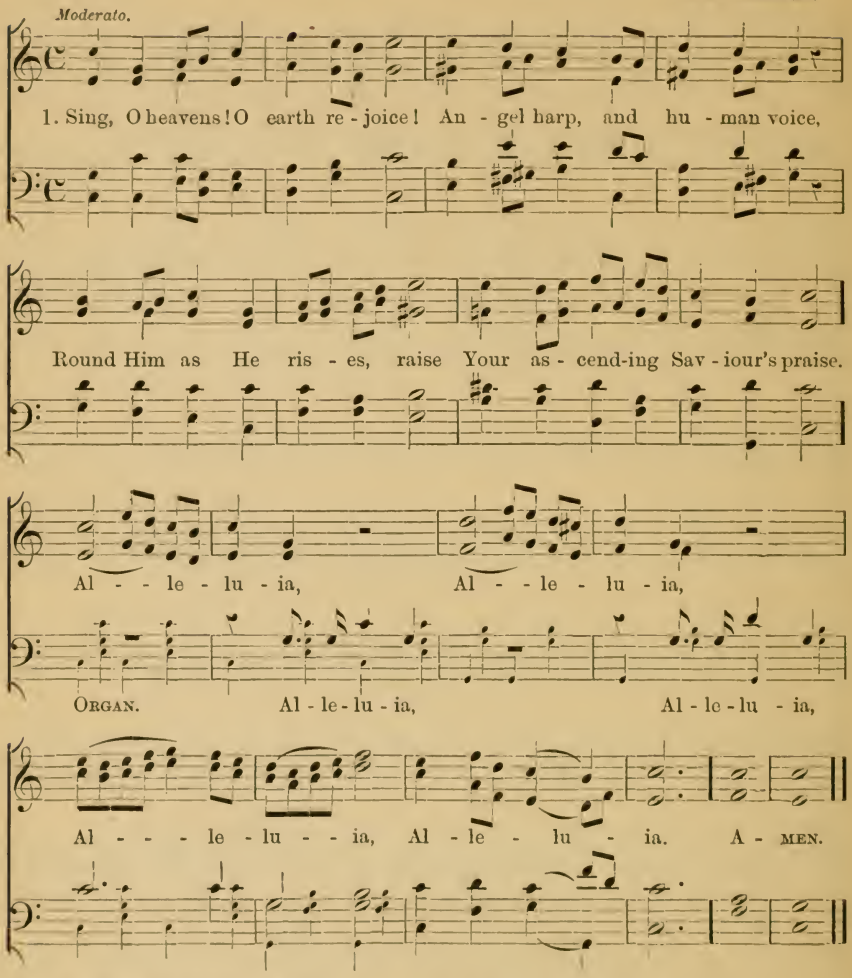

With animation.
1. All is bright and cheer-ful round us, All a - bove is soft and blue;
Spring at last hath come and found us; Spring and all its plea-sures too:
Eve - ry flower is full of glad - ness, Dew is bright, and buds are gay:
Earth, with all its sin and sad-ness, Seems a hap - py place to - day,
Earth, with all its sin and sadness, Seems a hap-py place to-day. A - MEN.
f

2 If the flowers that fade so quickly,
If a day that ends in night,
If the skies that clouds so thickly
Often cover from our sight,—
If they all have so much beauty,
What must be GOD's land of rest,
Where His sons that do their duty,
After many toils are blest?

3 There are leaves that never wither;
There are flowers that ne'er decay:
Nothing evil goeth thither;
Nothing good is kept away.
They that came from tribulation,
Washed their robes and made them white,
Out of every tongue and nation,
Now have rest, and peace, and light.

AMEN.

248* Sing, O Heavens, O earth, rejoice!

WM. DRESSLER.

Moderato.
1. Sing, O heavens! O earth re - joice! An - gel harp, and hu - man voice,
Round Him as He ris - es, raise Your as - cend-ing Sav - iour's praise.
Al - - le - lu - ia, Al - - le - lu - ia,
ORGAN. Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,
Al - - - le - lu - - ia, Al - le - lu - ia. A - MEN.

2 Bruisèd is the serpent's head,
Hell is vanquish'd, Death is dead,
And to CHRIST, gone up on high,
Captive is captivity.
Alleluia!

3 All His work and warfare done,
He into His Heaven is gone,
And, beside His FATHER'S throne,
Now is pleading for His own.
Alleluia!

4 Asking gifts for sinful men,
That He may come down again,
And, the fallen to restore,
In them dwell for evermore.
Alleluia!

5 Sing, O Heavens! O earth, rejoice!
Angel harp, and human voice,
Round Him, in His glory, raise
Your ascended SAVIOUR'S praise.
Alleluia! AMEN.

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(He Who is our great Example), *see* "Christian children must be holy."
8 Hear Thy children, gentle Jesu.....*Stonefield.*
206 Heavenly Father, from Thy throne.....
139 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing.....*Bishop Wordsworth.*
70 Holy Father, great Creator.....*Alexander Viets Griswold.*
207 Holy Father, hear our cry.....*Horatius Bonar.*
71 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.....*Bishop Heber*, 1827.
224 Holy night! peaceful night.....
65 Holy Spirit, Blessèd Dove.....*E. Wiglesworth.*
66 Holy Spirit, hear us.....*"Child's Book of Praise," by C. F. H.*
38 Hosanna, raise the pealing hymn.....*"Hymnal Companion," (Eng.)*
226 Hosanna to King David's Son.....*Frederick Ogilby.*
73 How bright those glorious spirits shine.....*I. Watts*, 1709, *W. E. Cameron*, 1770.
91 How precious is the Book divine.....*John Fawcett*, 1782.
140 How sweet the Name of Jesus sounds.....*John Newton*, 1779.
141 Humble praises, Holy Jesu.....
142 Hushed was the evening hymn.....*"Church Hymns and Tunes."*

143 I love the Holy Angels.....*"Hymns for very Little Ones."*
80 I love Thy kingdom, Lord.....*Dr. Dwight*, 1800.
43 In the Cross of Christ I glory.....*John Bowring.*
145 In the Lord put I my trust.....*J. S. B. Monsell.*
147 In the soft season of thy youth.....*"Salisbury Collection."*
97 In the vineyard of our Father.....
144 In our work and in our play.....*"Church Hymns and Tunes."*
146 In Thy Name, O Lord, assembling.....*Thomas Kelly*, 1815.
227 It came upon the midnight clear.....*Edmund H. Sears*, 1860.
148 I think when I read that sweet story of old.....*J. Luke*, 1841.

149 Jerusalem the golden.....*S. Bernard of Morlaix*, tr. *J. M. Neale.*
150 Jesu, high in glory.....
151 Jesu, meek and gentle.....*G. R. Prynne*, 1836.
9 Jesu, tender Shepherd, hear me.....*Mary L. Duncan*, 1830.
39 Jesu, the very thought of Thee.....*S. Bernard*, 1120, tr. *Ed. Caswall*, 1848.
242 Jesus Christ is risen to-day.....
152 Jesus Christ, our Saviour.....*W. Whiting.*
3 Jesus, holy, undefiled.....*Cecil F. Alexander.*
153 Jesus is our Shepherd.....*Hugh Stowell.*
154 Jesus loves me.....
155 Jesus, Saviour of my soul.....*Charles Wesley*, 1740.
156 Jesus, Saviour, Son of God.....
98 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.....*Isaac Watts*, 1719.
228 Joy fills our inmost hearts to-day.....*"Church Hymns and Tunes."*

208 Lamb of God, for sinners slain.....*J. R. Woodford.*
157 Lamb of God, I look to Thee.....*Charles Wesley.*
158 Lead, kindly light.....*John Henry Newman*, 1833.
159 Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us.....*J. Edmeston*, 1820.
215 Let our choir new anthems raise.....

243 Let the merry church bells ring.....
109 Let us with a gladsome mind.....tr. *John Milton.*
244 Lift up, lift up your voices now.....*John Mason Neale.*
24 Lift up the Advent strain.....*J. Chandler.*
60 Lift up your heads, eternal gates.....*Metrical Psalm.*
110 Light's abode, Celestial Salem.....*John Mason Neale.*
229 Little children, can you tell?.....
160 Little children, come to Jesus.....(*Mrs.*) *C. L. Holmes.*
161 Little children, who would ever.....*E. Wiglesworth.*
198 Lord dismiss us with Thy blessing.....*W. Shirley,* 1754.
162 Lord Jesus Christ, we come to Thee.....*Bohemian Brethren.*
163 Lord Jesus, God and Man.....*Henry W. Baker,* 1860.
199 Lord, now we part in that blest Name.....*"Church Hymnal" (Dublin.)*
111 Lord of every land and nation.....
209 Lord of mercy, and of might.....*Bishop Heber.*
112 Love divine, all love excelling.....*Charles Wesley,* 1740.

200 May the grace of Christ, our Saviour.....*J. Newton,* 1779.
86 My soul, be on thy guard.....*George Heath,* 1781.

164 Nearer, my God, to Thee.....*Sarah F. Adams,* 1848.
230 No more sadness now, nor fasting.....
10 Now the day is over.....*S. Baring Gould.*
11 Now the light has gone away.....*Frances Ridley Havergal.*
61 Now to our Saviour, let us raise.....*John Mason Neale.*
113 Now to the Lamb that once was slain.....*Isaac Watts.*

62 O clap your hands ye oceans.....*"Peoples' Hymnal."*
165 O come, dear child, along with me.....*"Hymns for Infant Children."*
166 O happy band of pilgrims.....*John Mason Neale.*
167 O heavenly Father, bow Thine ear.....*Henry C. Lockwood.*
44 O Jesu, Thou art standing.....*W. W. How,* 1864.
53 O Lamb of God, Most Holy.....*E. Wiglesworth.*
201 O Lord, our hearts would give Thee praise.....*"Hymnal Companion."*
232 Once again, O blessèd time.....*Wm. Bright.*
168 One is kind above all others.....*Marianne Nunne.*
216 On our way rejoicing as we homeward move.....*"Church Hymns and Tunes."*
217 Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war.....*S. Baring Gould,* 1860.
169 O Paradise! O Paradise!.....*F. W. Faber.*
40 O Thou, Who by a star didst guide.....*John Mason Neale.*
231 Our Christmas Tree is deck'd once more.....*Frederick Ogilby.*

114 Praise, O praise our God and King.....*H. W. Baker,* 1861.
115 Praise to Jesus, Lord and God.....*Wm. Ball.*
116 Praise to Thee, O glorious King.....*B. H. Hall.*
74 Praise we the Lord this day.....*"Church Hymns and Tunes."*

170 Rock of Ages, cleft for me.....*A. M. Toplady,* 1776.
117 Round the Lord in glory seated.....*Bishop Mant,* 1837.

171 Sadly bend the flowers.....*Frances Ridley Havergal.*
172 Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us.....*G. Duffield.*
173 Saviour, source of every blessing.....*R. Robinson.*
99 Saviour, sprinkle many nations.....*Bishop Coxe,* 1851.
83 Saviour, Who Thy flock art feeding.....*W. A. Muhlenberg,* 1823.
233 See amid the winter's snow.....*Wm. E. Caswall.*
174 Shepherd of Israel, from above.....*W. Hiley Bathurst,* 1831.
175 Shepherd sweet, and fair, and holy.....*G. T. Congreve.*
248 Sing, O Heavens.....
218 Sing, ye faithful, sing with gladness.....*"Church Hymns and Tunes."*
234 Sing, sing for Christmas.....*J. H. Egar.*
118 Sing to the Lord.....
50 Sion, Sion, haste to meet Him.....*E. Wiglesworth.*
87 Soldiers of Christ, arise.....*Charles Wesley,* 1740.
4 Son of God, eternal Word.....*Bishop Wordsworth.*
210 Son of man, to Thee I cry.....*Bishop Mant.*
67 Spirit of God, that moved of old.....*Cecil F. Alexander.*
176 Summer suns are glowing.....*"Church Hymns and Tunes."*
19 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.....*John Keble,* 1827.
45 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing.....*W. Shirley,* 1774.

177 Tender Shepherd, Thou hast stilled.....Tr. *Catherine Winkworth,* 1858.
81 The Church's one Foundation.....*S. J. Stone.*
88 The Cross is on our brow.....*W. Chatterton Dix.*
12 The day is past and gone.....*J. Leland,* d. 1841.
245 The Day of Resurrection.....*S. John Damascene* 780; tr. *J. M. Neale.*
92 There is a book who runs may read.....*John Keble,* 1827.
46 There is a green hill far away.....*Cecil F. Alexander.*
178 There's a Friend for little children.....*Albert Midlane.*
179 The roseate hues of early dawn.....*Cecil F. Alexander.*
47 The Saviour's love to man we bless.....*J. Mason Neale.*
75 The Son of God goes forth to war.....*Bishop Heber.*

29 The Son of God, so high, so great ..... *Cecil F. Alexander.*
180 The year is swiftly waning ..... *Frederick Iliffe.*
89 Thine for ever, God of love ..... *Mary F. Maude.*
15 This is the day of light ..... *John Ellerton.*
76 Those eternal bowers ..... *"Hymns of the Eastern Church."*
13 Thou That once on mother's knee ..... *Francis Turner Palgrave.*
93 Thrice Blessed Word of God ..... *E. Wiglesworth.*
14 Through the day Thy love has spared us ..... *T. Kelly*, 1806.
181 Through the night of doubt and sorrow ..... *"Church Hymns and Tunes."*
90 Thy Cross, O Lord, the holy sign ..... *Hugh Stowell.*
63 To-day above the sky He soared ..... *J. Mason Neale.*
16 To-day's the happiest, happiest day ..... *"Hymns for Little Ones."*
119 To our Redeemer's glorious Name ..... *Anne Steele.*
182 Two little feet .....

183 Up above the bright blue sky ..... *"Hymns for Infant Children."*

184 We are but little children weak ..... *Cecil F. Alexander.*
185 We are but strangers here ..... *Jackson.*
186 We are little Christian children ..... *Cecil F. Alexander.*
187 We are little Christians ..... *E. Wiglesworth.*
188 We are little pilgrims ..... *E. Wiglesworth.*
17 We come, Lord, to Thy feet ..... *"Hymnal Companion."*
246 Welcome, happy morning ..... tr. *John Ellerton.*
219 We march, we march to victory ..... *Gerard Moultrie.*
235 We sing the Birth was born to-night ..... *Ben Jonson*, d. 1638.
48 We sing the praise of Him Who died ..... *T. Kelley*, 1820.
189 We thank Thee, heavenly Father ..... *"Children's Choral Book."*
237 We three Kings of Orient are ..... *John H. Hopkins, Jr.*
190 What a strange and wondrous story ..... *"Hymns for Church and Home."*
191 When, His salvation bringing ..... *J. King.*
192 When little Samuel woke .....
84 When of old the Jewish mother ..... *Cecil F. Alexander.*
193 When the world is brightest ..... *"Church Hymns and Tunes."*
194 Where is the Holy Jesus ..... *"Church Hymns and Tunes."*
236 While shepherds watched their flocks by night ..... *N. Tate*, 1703.
77 Who are these in bright array? ..... *J. Montgomery.*
78 Who are these like stars appearing ..... *Theo. Schenk*, tr. *F. E. Cox.*
195 Who is this so weak and helpless ..... *Wm. W. How.*
100 With hearts in love abounding ..... *Harriet Auber.*
197 Within the Temple's hallowed walls ..... *Cecil F. Alexander.*
32 With Thee, O Lord, begins the year ..... *John Mason Neale.*
196 Winter reigneth o'er the land ..... *"Church Hymns and Tunes."*

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